THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LIVES

OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA;

COMPRISING A PERIOD OF EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS,
From 1079 to 1163.

WITH THEIR GENUINE

LETTERS,

FROM THE COLLECTION OF AMBOISE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Perſonne n'eſt obligé d'écrire l'hiſtoire; mais quiconque l'entreprend ſ'engage à dire la vérité toute entiere.

FLEURY DISC. 4.

By the Rev. JOSEPH BERINGTON.

BIRMINGHAM: PRINTED BY M. SWINNEY;
FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW,
AND R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

1601/389.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE indulgence with which the public has received the Hiſtory of Abeillard and Heloiſa, *induces me to venture on this ſecond edition. I have made no alterations in the work itſelf; becauſe the expediency of doing it was not ſuggeſted even by the critics. But I have prefixed an* Introduction *of ſome length, containing a general view of that part of the eleventh century, which had preceded the period I deſcribed. It will be given* gratis *to the purchaſers of the firſt edition. The whole volume I now mean ſhould be an Introduction to the hiſtory of the ſucceeding periods, which I purpoſe, at my leiſure, to carry down to the beginning of the ſixteenth century. It compriſes three hundred and fifty years. Two large volumes, I hope, will contain the whole, which ſhall be publiſhed ſeparately.*

The

ADVERTISEMENT.

The PREFACE.

THE Hiſtory of the Lives of Abeillard and Heloiſa, which I now offer to the public, has, in ſome ſenſe, been the work of many years. No one has ever read Mr. Pope's inimitable poem, without being intereſted in the fate of the lovers, whoſe ſad and tender ſtory, he, as a poet, has told ſo well. This intereſt I felt, and I was prompted to inquire more into the real hiſtory of their lives. The firſt annals of the church, I could meet with, ſoon gave me the information I wanted, and I found that the general impreſſion made by the poet's tale was not to be relied on. Abeillard, I ſaw, had not one trait of the character, he had portrayed; and that Heloiſa merited a much more favourable delineation. I alſo diſcovered that they were great and conſpicuous perſonages, who had commanded the attention of the age, and whoſe virtues their contemporaries even had been careful to celebrate. I then viewed the other characters, and the general events of the period, in which they lived, and they were

intereſting, I ſaw, and momentous. Should I ever become an author, I thought, I would attempt *the Hiſtory of the Lives of Abeillard and Heloiſa*.—My motives then are laudable.

At a time, when truths of every kind are ſo eagerly inveſtigated, and thoſe of hiſtory in particular, I have choſen a dark period; and if I can bring it before the public in any form that may raiſe attention, my deſign will be ſatisfied. I own, I have ſome confidence in the impoſing names of Abeillard and Heloiſa.—The learned reader muſt not expect to find any thing abſolutely new. Where was I to look for novelty in the records of the eleventh and twelfth centuries? But as I have taken the liberty to form my own judgment on the characters and facts, I have deſcribed, it may be that, ſometimes, I ſhall ſeem to ſuggeſt new ideas, or to preſent an old object in a new point of view. It will be well, if ſome critics may not think it would have been better, I had adhered more religiouſly to ſome opinions, which age ſeems to have ſanctioned. I would have done it, could I have been prevailed on to believe that our anceſtors were not men, open to prejudice and falſe impreſſions. There are circumſtances, when it is rather advantageous to be

placed

placed at ſome diſtance from an object. Its light is not ſo dazzling, the medium is leſs troubled, and the eye of the ſpectator is more ſerene and ſteady. What errors has not the cool ſagacity of modern criticiſm corrected in the too credulous annals of former times?

In writing the preſent hiſtory I had then more in view, than the bare delineation of the two principal characters: but of theſe I have never loſt ſight. It was impoſſible, indeed, ſo to draw the events of the period together, as to make them appear like branches from the leading object; for, in their origin, they were not connected with it. At any time, how little connection has the life of a literary man, and much leſs that of a cloiſtered nun, with the ſchemes of politicians, and the feats of warriors? What links, the then diſunited ſtate of mankind threw into the events, I truſt, I have not broken; and perhaps ſome harmony of parts, and unity of deſign, may be diſcovered.

They who, from the title of my work, ſhall expect the entertainment of a novel, will be diſappointed. I profeſs to give a genuine hiſtory; and am I to blame, if Abeillard and Heloiſa were not ſo romantic, as the heroes of modern tales; or if their

lives were leſs crowded with extraordinary and incredible adventures? Heloiſa, however, will ſometimes, I think, be able to keep pace with the wildeſt flights of fancy.—But the reader muſt be unconſcionably unreaſonable in his expectations, who, whatever be his caſt of character, ſhall not find, in ſuch a variety of matter, ſomething to gratify his curioſity. I have treated of love, religion, philoſophy, politics, and war. The cruſades are great events, and the characters of diſtinguiſhed men, but little known to the generality of readers, are doubtleſs intereſting objects.—My inability to perfect ſo various a plan I am not aſhamed to own, and in this ſentiment, I can call more confidently for indulgence.

A few years ago I tranſlated, for my amuſement, the letters of Abeillard and Heloiſa, and that circumſtance it was, which revived the idea, I mentioned to have before entertained, of writing their hiſtory. The ſources of information were, I knew, genuine and abundant. I drew them round me; and nothing remained but to realiſe my favourite project.—The reader ſhall know what theſe ſources were.

In

In 1616, was publiſhed, for the firſt time, at Paris, a complete edition of Abeillard's works. They had been collected with much care by Francis d'Amboiſe, a great favourite in the courts of Charles IX. and his brother Henry III. and who gradually was promoted to offices of high truſt in the ſtate. From his childhood, he ſays[a], he had been always fond of looking into old libraries, and turning over duſty manuſcripts. In ſome of theſe reſearches he laid his hands on the letters of Abeillard and Heloiſa; he read them with much pleaſure, and was induced to purſue his inquiries. He found other works of the ſame author; but they were ill-written, and not to be unravelled, without great labour. Nothing can withſtand the indefatigable toil of a true antiquarian. Amboiſe procured other manuſcripts: he collated them together, and finally produced one fair copy, which made ample compenſation, he ſays, for all the labour he had taken. Even poſterity, he thinks, will be grateful to him, and know how to value the pleaſure and the profit, they will derive from his reſearches. With how partial an eye, indeed, do we contemplate our own favourite purſuits!

[a] Præf. Apolog. p. 2.

Not

Not ſatisfied with the dear copy he poſſeſſed, Amboiſe ſtill wiſhed to enlarge it. He applied to different monaſteries, and he again ſearched the libraries in Paris, and not without ſucceſs. His friends applauded his zeal, and gave him their aſſiſtance. His manuſcripts ſwelled to a large bulk, and he read, arranged, and ſelected what pleaſed him beſt. The riſing ſun, he ſays, often found him at his taſk. So far fortune had ſmiled upon his labours, and he did not doubt but ſoon he ſhould be able to preſent the public with the rich jewel he poſſeſſed. But little was wanting to give it the laſt finiſh. Warm with the idea, he went over to the Paraclet. The abbeſs, Madame de Rochefoucauld, received him with the greateſt politeneſs. He declared the motive of his journey: ſhe took him by the hand, and led him to the tomb of Abeillard and Heloiſa. Madame was his relation. Together they examined the library of the abbey; and ſhe ſhewed him many hymns, and prayers, and homilies, written by their founder, which were ſtill uſed in their church[b].—Amboiſe then returned to Paris, and prepared his work for the preſs.

[b] Præf. Apolog. p. 6.

As

As the reputation of his author, he knew, had been much aſperſed by ſome contemporary writers, he wiſhed to remove the undeſerved ſtigma, and to preſent him as immaculate, as might be, before the eyes of a more diſcerning age. With this view he wrote a long *apologetic preface*, which, he meant, ſhould be prefixed to the work. In this preface, a compoſition inelegant and affected, Amboiſe labours much to ſhew that, Abeillard was the greateſt and beſt man, and Heloiſa the greateſt and beſt woman, whom the annals of human kind had recorded. He firſt, very fairly, adduces the teſtimony of thoſe, who had ſpoken evil of them, whom he combats and refutes. To theſe ſucceeds a liſt of their admirers. He dwells on their every word, and gives more weight to their expreſſions; and the reſult is, what we were prepared to expect from the pen of Amboiſe.—The compilation, however, contains ſome curious matter, and may be read with pleaſure. The antiquarian himſelf did not, I believe, live to ſee his work before the public, for it was not printed till the year 1616, and that, as the king's licence expreſſes, by Nicholas Buon.

The

The reader will find, in the courſe of the following hiſtory, what this edition contains. The letters form, by much, the moſt curious part, and at the head of theſe is the *Hiſtoria Calamitatum*, or the *memoirs* of his own life, which Abeillard wrote to a friend, and which I often quote. It is indeed the only genuine repoſitory, from which many circumſtances of his life can be drawn.

To theſe *memoirs*, Andrew du Cheſne, under the affected appellation of *Quercetanus*, wrote illuſtrative notes, which are ſubjoined to Amboiſe's collection. They are very curious, and often throw great light on the ſubject.—Du Cheſne lived in the laſt century; and, from his great reſearches into the hiſtory and antiquities of France, he has deſerved to be ſtiled the father of their hiſtory. He and Amboiſe were friends. Some critics have aſcribed the whole edition of the works of Abeillard to him; but without ſufficient foundation.

It is from the authors, quoted by Amboiſe in his preface, or by Du Cheſne in his notes, that I have taken ſome anecdotes, and many particular circumſtances, which, intentionally, I have never failed to acknowledge. I could have no motive for appearing ungrateful to my benefactors.

Modern

Modern writers, who ſpeak of Abeillard, have taken their materials from his memoirs, and I was ſurpriſed, on many occaſions, to find them ſo inaccurate. His contemporaries treated him, as they were affected by paſſion, or intereſt, or partiality, or truth, and their opinions have been variouſly copied. But there is very little to be collected from the writers of the age. They were too intent on diſplaying the martial proweſs of their maſters, or on recording the extravagant pretenſions of the Roman pontiffs, or on blazoning the miraculous atchievements of their favourite ſaints, to attend to the comparatively unintereſting characters of more private life. Otho Friſingenſis, Geoffrey, a monk of Clairvaux, Bernard of Citaux, and Peter the venerable, abbot of Cluni, are the writers who principally mention Abeillard.

Bayle, among the moderns, a man of vaſt abilities, but which he too often abuſed to inſult religion and to injure virtue, in his *Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary*, has entered very diffuſely on the lives of Abeillard and Heloiſa. Agreeably to his wonted practice he had read every thing, which hiſtory had recorded of them, and all that he retails with the greateſt profuſion. In his notes he pours out his

own obſervations, which are ſometimes hazarded, and his criticiſms, which are not always juſt. Whatever his teeming memory could, on the occaſion, ſuggeſt, he heaps together, and his prurient imagination runs to modern anecdotes and ancient fables, in queſt of obſcenity and vulgar imagery. Modeſty had never a more determined adverſary to contend with. There is much, I know, to be learned from this man; but I would not look for pearls in a dunghill. On the preſent occaſion, he has been of little uſe to me: the facts he relates, I could draw from their ſource, and I could not copy his looſe digreſſions, or his indecent alluſions.— His ſtrictures on Heloiſa are remarkably unjuſt, and it is clear that he wilfully miſrepreſented her character. Expreſſions in her letters, which malevolence may pervert, are to him demonſtrations of her guilt, and the language of confidence and ſincerity is the ſpeech of meretricious impudence.— As his own heart, probably, was inſenſible to the impreſſions of virtue, and he could not pity diſtreſs, I am not much ſurpriſed at the indecency of *his* remarks, and the general flippancy of *his* pen; but that two clergymen of the church of England, ſhould have tranſlated the moſt exceptionable

paſſages

paſſages of his dictionary, and ſhould have added, by their tranſlation, to their groſsneſs, is not quite ſo pardonable.—I am not ſufficiently ſevere either on Bayle or his tranſlators.

In Moreri, or rather in the voluminous work which goes under his name, the life of Abeillard is very accurately given, as to its principal incidents. Some miſtakes there are, which might have been eaſily corrected, by more attention to his own memoirs.—The more I have had occaſion to examine the works of others, the more have I been convinced that hiſtories, ſuppoſed the moſt authentic, are very little to be relied on. Characters miſrepreſented, dates miſtaken, and facts miſtated, are then moſt common, when we look for accuracy, preciſion, and truth. The circumſtance indeed is natural; for it is, on theſe occaſions, that the hiſtorian is moſt ſwayed by paſſion, by party, by prejudice. When there is no motive to miſlead his judgment, or to bias his will, he will deviate leſs, unleſs his negligence or inattention be great: but in trifles, (if the buſineſs of mankind can ever be ſo denominated), it matters little whether truth or falſhood preponderate.—What really are the qualities to conſtitute the beſt hiſtorian, is hard to ſay.

To require that he ſhould be of no country, is requiring a thing impoſſible; and to ſay that he ſhould have no religion, is a puerile demand. The philoſophical unbeliever is generally intolerant in his practice, and always prejudiced in his ideas. The race has been tried as hiſtorians without ſucceſs. Till a man can be found without paſſions, and then he would be inſipid; without prejudice, and then he would want intereſt; without party, and then he would not be read; we muſt be ſatisfied with ſuch hiſtorians as the common lot of humanity can ſupply, and read their writings, with the ſame indulgence, as we do a romance. If they give us pleaſure, it will be well; and the moſt ſanguine author ſeldom looks for a better reward to his labours. I mean not this as any apology for my own work; for I profeſs to be as accurate as I can, and as truthful as the character of my records will allow.

In 1720, the lives of Abeillard and Heloiſa were publiſhed in two volumes at Paris. Dom Gervaiſe, third abbot of la Trappe, is the author. He wrote them during his confinement at Notre-dame de Reclus, where he ſpent the fifty laſt years of his life. At the recommendation of de Rancé, firſt

abbot

abbot of la Trappe, and who, worn down by auſterities, had ſurrendered his charge, Dom Gervaiſe was elected to the important office. By nature headſtrong and impetuous, bizarre in his humour, and ſingular in his maxims, (diſpoſitions, which the inceſſant labour and dreadful rigours of the place had not corrected), he was ill-formed to conduct an inſtitution, which demanded a man of peace, of prudence, of conſtancy, of benevolence. The general regulations of the abbey he wiſhed again to reform, and, as much as might be, to depart from the wiſe maxims of their founder. De Rancé ſaw the danger which threatened his new eſtabliſhment, and he was yet able to avert it. Dom Gervaiſe, by an order from court, was diſmiſſed. For ſome time, irritated and reſtleſs, he wandered from ſolitude to ſolitude, till, by another order, he was confined, as I juſt mentioned. Here, for he was a man of ſome abilities, and of much reading, he applied himſelf to the compilation of various works[c].

The work before me is written with care and honeſty. Dom Gervaiſe had leiſure, and he employed it in peruſing the beſt records. The ſtile is

[c] Dict. Hiſt.

is heavy, his reflections often unintereſting, and his periods looſe, negligent, and redundant. Tho' ſo unhappily conſtituted, as I deſcribed him, ſtill he had a mind, which was turned to piety, or he affected to appear religious and abſtracted. In theſe diſpoſitions he viewed Abeillard as a great ſaint, and ſuch he delineates his character, and Heloiſa, his wife, was not, he thinks, a leſs perfect pattern of all the virtues. Dom Gervaiſe ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

" Cet Abeillard ſi connu, et en meme tems ſi " inconnu, va donc paroitre au naturel dans cet " ouvrage. On le verra né avec un bel eſprit, ca- " pable des ſciences les plus ſublimes, devenu grand " Philoſophe malgré ſes inclinations un peu trop " tendres: la fin tragique de ſon amour pour He- " loiſe l'ayant conduit à une génereuſe pénitence. " Entré dans l'etat monaſtique, il y paroitra un " des plus illuſtres abbez de ſon tems, et comme " un martyr par l'auſterité de ſa vie, et par les cru- " elles perſécutions qu'il ſouffre pour maintenir la " diſcipline réguliere. La grandeur de ſon ame, " ſa patience héroique, éclatent dans toutes ſes tra- " verſes. Cependant on le voit fondateur d'ordre, " legiſlateur de loix, qui vont de pair avec celles

" des

" des Baſiles et des Pacomes; ſavant theologien, qui
" a ſouvent pris la plume pour défendre les vérités
" orthodoxes attaquées de ſon tems; un grand
" maitre qui a formé de ſaints prélats, dont les
" lumieres ont long tems eclairé l'egliſe, qu'il a lui
" meme enrichie de ſavans erits, dont nous avons
" encore la meilleure partie. Mais la plus rare de
" toutes ces grandes qualités eſt, qu'avec ce génie
" qui lui acquit une reputation des plus etendues,
" il eut la modeſtie et l'humilité du plus parfait
" religieux.—L'enchainment des matieres, qui ne
" permet pas d'écrire la vie d'Abeillard ſans tracer
" en meme tems celle d'Heloiſe, découvre le tri-
" omphe de la grace ſur un cœur le plus attaché à
" la créature. Sa pénitence eſt un example pour
" celles qui ont eu le malheur de l'avoir ſuivie dans
" ſa chute. Pendant vingt deux années qu'elle a
" ſurvecu à ſon époux, elle eſt un modele des ver-
" tus religieuſes et de conduite pour les ſuperieures.
" Enfin Heloiſe nous donne à douter ſi la vie
" d'Abeillard eſt plus digne de nos admirations
" que la ſienne[d]."

After this opening, which is in the true ſtile of panegyric, I was not to expect much truth of character:

[d] Pref. p. 3.

character: for Abeillard, I was well aware, had more in his compoſition of the ſinner than the ſaint, and in Heloiſa the triumphs of grace were not always ſo brilliant as thoſe of nature. No views can be more oppoſite than thoſe of Bayle and Gervaiſe; but unhappily truth never lies in the extremes. Their portraits are fancy-pieces, which may ſerve to delineate the minds of the artiſts, rather than the originals they are ſaid to repreſent. I have, however, derived ſome advantage from Gervaiſe, and in general I have followed his arrangement of materials. The objects we view very differently, and conſequently our works have but a faint reſemblance. Whoſe eye be moſt juſt, the reader may determine. I can ſay, that I neglected nothing to clear the medium, and to fix a proper point of view.

I alſo procured extracts from the *Annals* of Argentré and Papire Maſſon, from the *Hiſtory of Britany* by Lobineau, and from Paſquier's *Reſearches*. With theſe materials, joined to the information which the writers of the age ſupplied, I found myſelf in poſſeſſion of all the evidence, which my ſubject ſeemed to require. As far then as any hiſtory can be pronounced genuine, the work I preſent

preſent to the public may, I flatter myſelf, be deemed ſo.

It has been thought by ſome that, I have choſen a ſubject which did not merit ſo much attention.—To the obſervation I know not what to reply: let the work make its own apology. It was at leaſt benevolent in me to wiſh to free from obloquy two characters, that had been much aſperſed; and the public, I think, ſhould be pleaſed with a narration, which brings to their better acquaintance names, which ſo long were familiar to their ears. In common life the incident is particularly agreeable. After all, what are the important matters which may be ſuppoſed to *merit* the reſearches of the learned, and the notice of the public? I am not diſpoſed to think lightly of my contemporaries, or of their taſtes and purſuits; but, I truſt, the hiſtory of Abeillard and Heloiſa will not in all company, even the moſt popular, ſee reaſon to bluſh. I ſpeak of the ſubject only.

A few years ago, I remember, the *Memoirs* of Petrarch were in every body's hands, and the general intereſt they excited was great. Shall I detract from the reputation of the Italian poet if I ſay that Abeillard was as great a man as he? As great a

poet he was not; nor was he employed, as Petrarch was, in the concerns of politics and the intrigues of courts. Fortune was more favourable to the Italian; but her beſt gifts, the plaudits of admiring cities, and the ſmiles of popes and potentates, could not make him happy, or ſettle the eternal reſtleſſneſs of his mind. Abeillard was equally admired by his contemporaries; his fame even had a wider ſpread: but the oppoſition of powerful enemies thwarted all his proſpects, and daſhed his life with bitterneſs. They were both lovers: and here as Abeillard was more ſucceſsful, ſo was his affection, while it laſted, more within the bounds of common ſenſe and reaſon. They both celebrated their miſtreſſes. At the time, the compoſitions of Abeillard were in great vogue, and they were repeated in the politeſt circles of Europe. Thoſe of Petrarch have come down the ſtream of time, buoyant, and ſwelled by the gale of popular applauſe. Refuſe our admiration to the various beauties they contain we cannot; but we may be permitted to think that Petrarch, when he praiſed his Laura, was too preciſe and ingenious to be ſincere. He wrote three hundred and eighteen ſonnets in her praiſe, and eighty-eight ſongs.

With

With more confidence Heloiſa may enter the liſts with Laura. The latter (a litttle beauty only excepted, and to that the poet's pencil ſeems to have given no light tinge of colouring), poſſeſſed few endowments of art or nature. Virtuous ſhe was and amiable; but we know ſhe could not write, and we do not know that ſhe could read. Heloiſa, on the contrary, we may preſume, had equal beauty; and ſhe had every qualification, which nature, in her kindeſt humours, could give, or education could perfect. I will not anticipate: but ſhe was gentle and mild as innocence; learned as the moſt learned of the age; her ſoul was Roman; and her heart was a heart of fire.—Had Abeillard and Heloiſa been bleſſed with a de Sade to collect their *Memoirs*, with family kindneſs, as Petrarch and Laura have, they might have acquired, perhaps, an equal ſhare of public notice and eſteem.—In his treatiſe *de vita Solitaria*, Petrarch ſpeaks of Abeillard, of his abilities, of ſome events of his life, and of his misfortunes[e].

But though I may view in a favourable light the two leading characters of my hiſtory, I was not leſs ſenſible, that, auxiliary force would be neceſſary to

[e] Lib. 2.

give them consistency and due weight, in the public eye: I have therefore called to my assistance all the great facts and the principal personages, who filled the period of the eighty-four years, which measured the lives of Abeillard and Heloisa. The authors, I consulted on these matters, are not numerous; for I was persuaded that, to write with accuracy, it was better not to heap together many volumes, which, if they did not perplex the judgment, could only serve the ostentatious purpose of crowding the line of references with the display of great names.—In ecclesiastical history, my chief guides were Fleury and Natalis Alexander; in the history of France, Daniel; and in that of England, Mr. Hume. Where I could, I also consulted the original sources themselves.

It is not, I am sure, necessary that I should say, how good a man, and how great an historian, abbé Fleury was. Among his many valuable works, his History of the Church, from its foundation to the council of Constance, stands foremost. It is rather indeed a learned compilation, than a regular and connected narration; but it contains every thing which, the most scrupulous inquirer can wish to look for, and it is told with a simplicity and honest candour,

candour, which, at once portrays the amiable character of the writer, and delights the reader; while he ſays that, ſuch muſt be the man, whom Truth would chuſe for her hiſtorian!—The preliminary *diſcourſes* or diſſertations, interſperſed in theſe volumes, are of infinite value. They are written with more elegance and more care than the general body of the hiſtory; and they treat of the manner of writing hiſtory, of the eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity, and of the various revolutions, which have attended its progreſs, of the cruſades, of the diſſentions betwixt the church and the civil power, and of the origin and decline of religious orders. On theſe ſubjects, ſo importont and ſo delicate, Fleury has ſaid all, that good ſenſe and the moſt conſummate wiſdom could ſuggeſt, and he has ſaid it with a freedom, which would do honour to the moſt unprejudiced and philoſophic mind. Without fear he brings to view the evils and groſs abuſes which have disfigured the chriſtian eſtabliſhment; for he lays it down as a maxim, that all truth ſhould be ſpoken; and with ſagacity he ſuggeſts the remedies which ſhould be applied.—With Fleury then I have made very free, and the reader will thank me for it.

Natalis

Natalis Alexander, or Alexander Noel, is another French hiſtorian, whom I often quote. He wrote very voluminouſly on eccleſiaſtical matters, and his reſearches are profound and learned. The diſſertations, which are numerous, are calculated to throw light on the dark and difficult points of hiſtory. His quotations, from ancient authors, are full and accurate, which renders his compilation itſelf a library.—I have likewiſe had recourſe to Platina and Maimbourg, principally for the hiſtory of the popes and the cruſades.

Theſe I have mentioned are Roman Catholic hiſtorians; and it will be aſked, if I have relied implicitly on their repreſentations?—Let it be obſerved that, I am deſcribing times which preceded the exiſtence of Proteſtaniſm four hundred years; the *ſources* of my information therefore muſt neceſſarily be catholic. As to modern writers, I choſe thoſe, in whom, it ſeemed, I could place moſt confidence; nor did I once think what mode of religion they had profeſſed. But it will not among the learned, I fancy, as yet be made a queſtion, which church has had the beſt hiſtorians.

Daniel, a dry and unintereſting narrator, I read for the hiſtory of Fance, and Hume, ſometimes, for that of England. Thus

Thus I have mentioned my principal authors, and acknowledged my obligaions. It remains that I ſay, into what arrangement I have thrown my materials.—The whole period compriſes eighty-four years, which I have divided into ſuch portions, as ſeemed beſt adapted to mark the epochs of Abeillard's life; and the concomitant events and characters of Europe I introduced, in their moſt natural and obvious order. I wiſhed, as far as I was able, to give every thing its proper place. The laſt period is much longer than the reſt; but the reader will ſee, from the dearth of matter I laboured under, in regard to the life of Heloiſa, that it could not otherwiſe be diſpoſed.

Before I began my work, I wrote, in the moſt polite manner, to the abbeſs of the Paraclet, requeſting if ſhe had any materials, which hitherto had not ſeen the light, that ſhe would favour me with them; and at the ſame time, I offered, with as much gallantry as I thought was due to a venerable abbeſs, to dedicate the work to her Ladyſhip. She has taken no notice of my letter. Probably ſhe thought I was a heritic, with whom it might be impious to co-operate (for I omitted to mention the circumſtance of my orthodoxy); or, which is

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moſt likely, ſhe did not wiſh her name ſhould appear at the head of a work, which, ſhe might think, would be rather a romance, than a ſerious hiſtory. However, I can aſſure the reader, that the abbey of the Paraclet poſſeſſes no records, of the leaſt moment, which have not, long ago, been before the public. Amboiſe, he has ſeen, rummaged every ſhelf of their library.

I have ſubjoined a tranſlation of the celebrated *letters*, with the originals themſelves, as given by Amboiſe & Gervaiſe. An edition of them was publiſhed in England, ſome years ago, which I have not ſeen. In other countries of Europe, as in this, various ſuppoſed tranſlations of the letters have been circulated, which the gay and idle may have read with pleaſure; but they bear no reſemblance to the original. They are the effuſions of fancy, and not deſigned either to delineate the characters of the lovers, or to promote the cauſe of virtue. It was ſuch a tranſlation, I believe, which Mr. Pope had ſeen. His poem, with fear and trembling, I have dared gently to criticiſe. As to my own tranſlation I feel for it no parental fondneſs: it gives, I hope, the ſenſe of the authors; and to that only I pretend. I do not poſſeſs that

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toiling and patient ſteadineſs, which conſtitutes a good tranſlator.—Some paſſages I have curtailed, and omitted others: the Latin, which is entire, will ſuggeſt the motive.

My work I now ſubmit to the public with all its imperfections. Where it merits praiſe, it will find it; and where it ſhould be cenſured, let cenſure freely fall. I know not what right the productions of the pen have to plead an exemption from blemiſhes, to which the faireſt forms of nature are ſometimes liable: but as candour will view theſe with indulgence, ſo will it the former. Wilfully I have not meant to bring a ſlovenly and unformed work before the public; and its unavoidable defects muſt be forgiven.

My hiſtory breaks off at a moſt brilliant and important epoch. It is, when Henry Plantagenet had juſt mounted the throne of England, when his diſſentions were ſoon to begin with Becket, when Frederick Barbaroſſa was in Germany, when Alexander III. was at Rome, and when the general aſpect of Europe ſeemed to promiſe events, great and intereſting. The period has already been ably treated; but ſhould the public favour encourage me, *perhaps* I may be tempted again to

review it, though a noble lord, narrative from age and unfair from prejudice, may be thought to have exhauſted the ſubject. A Roman Catholic writer, attached to his religion, but unſhackled in his thoughts, and free in his expreſſions, is, in this country, rather a new character in the republic of letters. My abilities, alas! cannot keep pace with my wiſhes.

Oſcott, near Birmingham,
December 31, 1786.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

Abeillard's birth and education—He travels and comes to Paris—State of learning—He ſtudies under Champeaux, and quarrels—Teaches at Melun and Corbeil—Subjects in debate—He falls ſick, and retires—Returns to Paris—Contends with de Champeaux, and triumphs—Goes again into Britany—Reſolves to ſtudy theology—Gregory VII. *pope—State of France—State of England—The firſt cruſade.* PAGE 1—55

BOOK II.

Abeillard goes to Laon, and ſtudies under Anſelm—Returns to Paris, and teaches—Heloiſa—Abeillard becomes her maſter—She eſcapes with him into Britany—He offers to marry her——They are married—He conveys her to Argenteuil—Fulbert's revenge—Paſcal II. *pope—France and England—Religious orders—Cluni—The Chartreuſe—Fontevraud.* PAGE 57—109

BOOK III.

Diſtreſs of Abeillard—Heloiſa hears the news—Hard fate of Fulbert—Abeillard propoſes to Heloiſa to quit the world—She is profeſſed a nun—Abeillard becomes a monk at St. Denys—He reſumes his lectures—Is cited before the council of Soiſſons—Is confined at St. Medard—Returns to St. Denys—Eſcapes in the night—Reflections. PAGE 111—157

BOOK IV.

The count of Champagne protects Abeillard—The ſtory of Stephen de Garlande—Abeillard retires into the foreſt of Nogent—He is viſited in the foreſt, and again begins to teach—He builds the Paraclet—

Paraclet—Norbert of Premontré—Bernard of Clairvaux—Miracles—Abeillard is chosen abbot of St. Gildas—Argenteuil taken from the nuns—Heloisa goes to the Paraclet—Abeillard is again censured—He fixes at St. Gildas, and is persecuted by the monks. PAGE 159—205

BOOK V.

He writes the story of his own life—State of the Paraclet—Abeillard's memoirs fall into the hands of Heloisa—She writes her first letter—Abeillard's answer—Heloisa's second letter—Abeillard's reply—Mr. Pope's Heloisa—Heloisa's third letter—Abeillard's answer—Other works of Abeillard—St. Bernard visits the Paraclet. PAGE 207—269

BOOK VI.

William of St. Thierry accuses Abeillard—The abbot of Clairvaux engages in the quarrel—The council of Sens—Sentence against Abeillard—He sets out for Rome—Is entertained at Cluni, and consents to remain there—Arnold of Brescia—Tanchelm of Antwerp—Henry de Bruys. PAGE 271—319

BOOK VII.

Abeillard writes two apologies—His life at Cluni—He falls sick—And dies at St. Marcellus—His character—The abbot of Cluni writes an account of his death to Heloisa—She requests his body, and obtains it—Writes to Peter the venerable—His answer—Innocent II.*—Eugenius* III.*—Adrian* IV.*—State of England—State of France—The second crusade—Death and character of Suger—of Bernard—of Peter the venerable—Heloisa—Her death.* PAGE 321—398

The Letters of Abeillard and Heloisa PAGE 399—498

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INTRODUCTION.

IT has often been objected to hiſtorians, that, whatever period of antient or of modern times they might chuſe to deſcribe, they generally enter on the ſubject with a bias of ſtrong prepoſſeſſion on their minds. Certain characters they will be ſure to delineate, with too partial a fondneſs; while others will not have the common praiſe to which they may juſtly pretend. Alike unfair will be their ſurvey of manners, events, opinions, conduct. I believe, there is too much truth in the charge. In revolving even the tranſactions of diſtant times, the mind is never abſtracted from its own peculiar inclinations. Theſe are followed in the firſt ſelection of the ſubject, and their influence does not afterwards ceaſe. Naturally we admire thoſe characters, which may ſeem in ſomething to harmoniſe with our own, or which education, and habits of thought, may have taught us to admire. National diſpoſitions alſo, and religious preventions, and ſyſtems of policy, come in aid of the leading motives, and give, beſides, a determined caſt to the general view. The hiſtorian ſees with his own eyes, and feels, in every deſcription, the emotions which are analogous to the temper of his ſoul.

It ſhould ſeem, however, in deſcribing the times which I have choſen, that there can be nothing ſufficiently intereſting to excite this undue predilection. The feelings of the reader are ſeldom thoſe of the writer. I have choſen, indeed, the *dark ages*, thoſe times, which it has long been the faſhion to depreciate; over which ignorance is thought to have ſpread the dark mantle of barbariſm and ſuperſtition, under which few traces can be found which the improved and enlightened minds of theſe days can ſurvey undiſguſted. The judgment is unequitable. I will not ſay that there was not much darkneſs; but alſo there were many rays, diſperſed on characters, and beaming from events, which the leſs faſtidious hiſtorian can collect and view with pleaſure. The darkneſs was the neceſſary effect of cauſes which, in every circumſtance, were organized to produce it.

View of the eleventh century.

The Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, the Franks, the Burgundians, and the Lombards, had deſcended, like clouds of locuſts, from the north, and proudly fixed their iron thrones on the ruins of the weſtern world. Triumphant in their ſtrength, they deſpiſed the puny nations they had eaſily ſubdued. Arms and the animating ſports of the field could alone gain their attention. To them the arts were an unmanly occupation, and as they knew nothing of ſcience, it even ſank lower in their eſtimation. The manners and taſte of the ruling party are ſoon communicated to the other orders of ſociety. Theſe even will deſert every former purſuit, and throw off the character they before eſteemed, the better to conciliate the favour, and to make their way to the notice, of their new maſters. Thus did the people, whom the barbarians had conquered, ſoon themſelves become barbarous;

barbarous; the purſuits of ſcience languiſhed; and the powers of reaſon, for a time diſuſed, ſeemed to have loſt their native energy.

But as this diſpoſition of things, from the natural inſtability of man, could not long continue, ſo did ſcience ſoon revive, and the arts of peace were cultivated. Indeed, even in the worſt moments, they were not utterly extinguiſhed, as we know from the annals of the times. But in ſpeaking of events, a general view only can be exhibited. I ſaid that ſcience ſoon revived, and with it the arts. In their revival they are but little ſuperior to the imperfection of their firſt growth; languid, tardy, and elementary. Even in the eleventh century, the period I have choſen, when the new kingdoms were firmly eſtabliſhed, the view of ſociety is often uninviting, and ſometimes diſguſting from its barbarous and unenlightened character. But perhaps too ſevere a prepoſſeſſion had engaged the judgment. When I conſider the enlarged minds and the virtuous endowments of ſome men, who then lived, I am inclined to think it. The reader will determine.

About the fifteenth century, when the more elegant productions of antiquity began to be more generally read, to decry the monkiſh writers was deemed a proof of great diſcernment. Their language, indeed, was barbarous, compared with better models; but I would rather read a monkiſh compoſition, of which at leaſt the ideas are ſometimes original, than the works of thoſe faſtidious critics. Affectedly imitative of Ciceronean elegance, they are vapid and diſguſting. But we ourſelves have been led away by the puerile judgment of the men, I allude to. We do not

ſufficiently reflect that, in the dark ages, even the moſt cultivated mind muſt have wanted language with which to clothe his ideas. Latin had long ceaſed to be ſpoken, and the modern tongues of Europe were as yet barren and unexpreſſive. They wrote in Latin. What judgment, let me aſk, would poſterity form of the claſſical elegance, at leaſt, even of theſe times, if modern authors were tied down to the uſe only of the dead languages? I know not that the editor of Bellendenus, whom ſome admire, could promiſe to himſelf a never-fading wreath of glory. Yet for theſe four hundred years, have the ages which preceded them been principally deſpiſed, becauſe the language of their authors was rude and unharmonious.

Another circumſtance has contributed to ſtrengthen the unfavourable impreſſion. When the Reformation began, in the ſixteenth century, it was thought neceſſary to juſtify the meaſure by every plauſible pretext. It was owing to the darkneſs in which the world had been involved, they ſaid, that error had ſo ſucceſsfully made its way, and had ſapped the foundations of religious truth. In all their writings the firſt reformers dwell on this idea. The more gloomy the repreſentation can be made, the more expedient becomes their work, and the greater ſucceſs would attend their endeavours. Succeſs did attend them; and their ſucceſſors in the miniſtry have not been leſs ſedulous to keep alive the ſame impreſſion on the minds of the people. There was truth in the general view; but the deep colouring ſeemed ſometimes to diſguiſe its ſtrongeſt features.

I mean not to write the apology of the dark ages; but I will take a ſhort ſurvey of the eleventh century, which may

ſerve

ſerve to introduce my reader to the period I have deſcribed in the following hiſtory.

Greek Schiſm.

Now was the Greek completely ſevered from the Latin church, by the induſtry and bold perſeverance of Michael Cerularius, patriarch of Conſtantinople. Photius, in the ninth century, had begun the ſchiſm, a man of talents and of vaſt learning, but ambitious in deſign, adulatory in addreſs, and intemperate in every project. Michael was diſpoſed to accompliſh the work which his predeceſſor, whoſe memory he revered, had opened, and he had abilities for it. Long had the patriarchs of Conſtantinople arrogated to themſelves the ſplendid title of *univerſal biſhop*, a pretenſion which the Roman pontiffs had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed. The underſtanding between the two churches had ſeldom been cordial. There were always ſufficient ſubjects to create jealouſies and animoſity. They now broke out with unuſual rancour. The eaſtern patriarch brought forwaad his charges againſt the Latin church. They were trivial, and could not juſtify the diviſion he projected; but the effect anſwered his moſt ſanguine hopes. His accuſations were, that the Latins in their ſacrifice uſed unleavened bread; that they ate of ſtrangled meats; that they did not ſing alleluia in Lent; and that ſometimes they faſted on Saturdays. Such charges hardly merited a ſerious reply. The pope, however, Leo IX, was irritated; and the intemperance of his conduct, which his miniſters did but aggravate, gave an air of equity to meaſures, which were aſſumed in levity and ambition. To overthrow moſt effectually the extravagant pretenſions of Cerularius, Leo dares to produce his own: "Know," ſays he, "that my ſovereignty reaches to heaven, and extends

"over

" over all the kingdoms of the earth." The Greek was not convinced; and from that moment the fatal ſchiſm was ſigned, which no efforts have been ſince able to repair[a].

Weſtern church.

The wealth of the church had, through a long ſucceſſion of years, been increaſing, and with it the temporal power and influence of its miniſters. They were poſſeſſed of domains and principalities. The two juriſdictions, which in their own natures are eſſentially diſtinct, became thus confounded, and the paſtor of the flock was the lord of the people. Rome, from the days of Conſtantine, had grown rich and powerful. The piety of ſome, the liberality of others, and the miſtaken zeal of more, had continually added to its poſſeſſions. But from the moment it became cuſtomary for the pope to crown the weſtern emperor, the prerogatives of his ſee aroſe to an immeaſurable magnitude. He that could give a diadem, it was ſaid, poſſeſſed a power above him who bowed his head to receive it. The princes themſelves, whoſe intereſt it often was, contributed by their ſubmiſſion to ſtrengthen the illuſion. It was, in this century, as will be ſeen, that the power of Rome was in its greateſt altitude.

Accuſtomed to view Europe in its preſent ſtate, when general intereſt, in ſpite of political diſſentions, is made a bond of union, the retroſpect into times when nations ſtood alone, is cold and unintereſting. I can therefore look to Rome, with real ſatisfaction, when with propriety it might be called the centre of civil union. It connected kingdoms, it ſwayed their intereſts, it controuled the abuſe of power, it received appeals from the oppreſſed, it awed the vicious, it

[a] Fleury, &c.

it diſtributed juſtice, it ſtrengthened and gave rewards to virtue.

The popes of this century (I mean as far as Gregory VII.) were not men of great abilities or of great virtues. I muſt except Leo IX. and Alexander II. The firſt of theſe had high endowments. Inceſſantly he laboured to reform the vices of the church; he aſſembled councils, and he oppoſed the ſpreading torrent of ſimony and incontinence. He travelled much, ſtriving every where to re-eſtabliſh diſcipline, and to correct abuſes. To the fervour of his zeal correſponded the innocence of his own life. He was the father of the poor, and the refuge of the miſerable, and he ſpent his days in penitence, prayer, and good works. This was the fair ſide of Leo. In his conduct towards the patriarch of Conſtantinople and his abettors, he was leſs mild, leſs forbearing, and leſs prudent. But when a party of Norman marauders had entered Italy, and plundered his territories, the pontiff would not brook the daring inſult. He collected an army, and marched at their head. In a pitched battle his forces were defeated; and himſelf was taken priſoner. The conquerors treated the venerable captive with the greateſt reſpect; but they detained him. He died in their hands[b].—The courtly annaliſt, Baronius, is offended that this action of Leo ſhould have been cenſured as contrary to chriſtian meekneſs, and he juſtifies it by the allegory of the two ſwords.

It is remarkable that Leo, in his letter to Cerularius, which I mentioned, reproaches the Greeks with having raiſed a woman to the patriarchate of Conſtantinople. This he

[b] Baron. Annal. ad an. 1053.

he would not have done, had the adventures of pope Joan been then known. Modern ſagacity, however, has diſcovered that the event happened in the ninth century, near two hundred years before Leo.

Benedict VIII. had alſo exhibited a ſpirit, equally martial and magnanimous. The Saracens landed in Tuſcany, and puſhing on their conqueſts, threatened the gates of Rome. The pontiff aſſembled his biſhops and the champions of the church, when it was reſolved inſtantly to attack the enemy. The pope marched. At the ſame time a fleet was ordered to be out at ſea to intercept their retreat. The infidels were routed, and not a man is ſaid to have eſcaped the ſword. The prince of the Saracens, whom this overthrow of his people had exaſperated, and whoſe queen had loſt her head by the pontiff's order, ſent to Benedict a ſack full of cheſnuts, ſignifying by his meſſenger, that, the next ſpring, he would land as many ſoldiers, on the ſhores of Italy. "Take," ſaid the pope, "this purſe of millet back to your maſter; it "will tell him the number of my brave men who ſhall meet "him at his landing[c]."

My motive in relating theſe anecdotes is to ſhew, what was the ſpirit of the age; and to ſuggeſt the reflection, that, even virtuous characters are ſometimes compoſed of very extraordinary materials.

As the tiara was become an object of more ambition, than the imperial crown, it was often ſought for by men, whom the luſt of power only inſtigated to mount the ſacred chair. Factions were formed to ſupport the candidates. Thus, in 1033, was elected Benedict IX, a youth of twelve years, who

[c] Baron. Annal.

who disgraced the holy office by a life of infamy[d].—Without the miraculous intervention of providence the evil was inevitable. Good men lamented it; but they seemed not sufficiently to know what the means were which could alone prevent its repetition. They should have divested the holy see of that power and external pageantry, which were its irresistible allurements. In the brightest ages of the church, the popes of Rome were the pastors only of the people. The days are returning to us.

I find, at this time, in the churches of Europe, many learned and virtuous bishops. While war, with its concomitant evils, disturbed the peace of society, to their courts retired the studious and gentle-minded, and they found protection in them. They cultivated the sciences, imperfect as they were, and they tutored the youth to virtue. Their piety, though not always enlightened, was sincere, and to the duties of religion they dedicated their lives. From the nature of the feudal compact, which now prevailed, the bishops were bound to martial service. Many served in person; such was the character of the age: while others were satisfied to send their contingent of men and horses, at the summons of their lord. A bishop, accoutred for the field, and marching at the head of his vassals, was no uncommon sight. The frowning helmet, he thought, became him better, than the gairish mitre. Fatal to the spirit of ecclesiastical discipline was this prepostrous arrangement[e].

Many new convents were now formed, and discipline was restored to others. They also became asylums to science and to virtue. The piety and fervent zeal of the first ages

[d] Baron. An. [e] Fleury disc. 3.

ſeemed to revive. The effect was generally felt, and the profligacy of the times was powerfully counteracted[f].—I wiſh the reader to be ſenſible that to many objects there is a fair and a foul ſide. If I dwell with moſt pleaſure on the firſt, is my taſte reprehenſible? But to this taſte, I would not ſacrifice the ſmalleſt element of truth.

Political ſtate of Europe.

In the political world there is much to ſurvey, could my limits allow it.—Henry, the Second of the name, was Emperor in Germany. The hiſtorians of the age are laviſh in his praiſes; for never had the church a better friend. He was a father alſo to his people, and his patriotiſm and martial proweſs were as celebrated as his piety. His devotion to the holy ſee was unbounded. With Cunegundis, his queen, he went to Rome, where from the hand of Benedict VIII. they received the imperial crown. Baronius remarks that, no one was then called Emperor, who had not ſubmitted to this ceremony. It was thus performed. Henry, ſurrounded by twelve Roman ſenators, of whom ſix were ſhaved, and ſix wore long beards, with ſtaves in their hands, proceeded to the church of St. Peter. Cunegundis was by his ſide. The pope waited in the porch. He here aſked the king, if he would ever defend the Roman ſee, and bear true allegiance to himſelf and ſucceſſors. Henry bowed aſſent. They were then introduced; both were anointed, and both received a crown from the hand of the pontiff. The ſame day they ſupped with Benedict in the Lateran palace[g].—Henry then, by an ample diploma, confirmed to the Roman ſee all its ancient privileges, and the donations which his predeceſſors had made of the ſovereignty of Rome and the exarchate of Ravenna. The

[f] Fleury diſc. 3. [g] Ditm. in Baron.

The weſtern empire, which had been extinguiſhed in Auguſtulus, was reſtored in the ninth century, in the perſon of Charlemagne, king of France, who extended his conqueſts into part of Spain, and into Italy, and Flanders, and Germany, and part of Hungary. The imperial crown continued in the different branches of his family. But as the emperors, to indulge their favourites, or compelled by circumſtances, had erected many petty ſovereigns in their ſtates, theſe grew powerful; and on the death of Lewis IV. in 912, they declared that the imperial dignity had devolved on the Germanic body. Conrad, duke of Franconia, was therefore elected emperor, to whom ſucceeded Henry I. duke of Saxony, the anceſtor of the Henry, I have mentioned. His ſucceſſor was Conrad II.

St. Stephen, the firſt king of Hungary, and its apoſtle, is another prince, with whoſe praiſes the hiſtories of the age reſound. And, as far as we can judge, he was deſerving of them. Early in his reign, when he was but duke of Hungary, he ſent an embaſſador to Rome to procure from his holineſs the confirmation of the pious foundations he had made, and of the biſhopricks he had erected; and, at the ſame time, to requeſt that he would confer on him the title of king. The pope approved of all his meaſures, and preſented him with a rich crown, which had been deſigned for the brows of Miceſlas, duke of Poland. The motives for this preference were cogent. Stephen, by his embaſſador, had ſubmitted his kingdom to the protection of the holy ſee[h].

[h] Baron.

Having converted his people to chriſtianity, and civiliſed their barbarous manners, his next care was to make them happy. He eſtabliſhed an excellent code, which, at this day, is the baſis of the laws of Hungary, and he attended to their execution. He was a ſaint and a legiſlator. He was alſo a warrior; and the ſucceſs of his arms correſponded with the equity of his cauſe. Under him Hungary became a great and flouriſhing nation, and his memory is ſtill held in the warmeſt veneration, by that brave and independent people.

In France reigned Robert, and after him Henry I. his ſon. Robert was an amiable, a beneficent, a pious, and a learned prince. He had married Birtha, his couſin, which drew on him the ſevereſt cenſures of the church. While under the ſentence of excommunication, two ſervants only were permitted to approach his perſon; and as every thing which he touched was polluted, they were careful to burn, or to paſs through a flame, the cups and diſhes which were uſed at his table. To this the king ſubmitted; but he would not ſurrender his wife. In the mean time, Birtha was delivered of a child, with the head and neck of a gooſe, ſays a contemporary writer[i]. Robert relinquiſhed her, and married Conſtance of Arles, a turbulent and head-ſtrong woman.

From an interview between himſelf and the Emperor Henry, we may collect the diſintereſted and pious ſpirit of the age. They met on the banks of the Moſelle. After the buſineſs of the congreſs had been amicably adjuſted, Robert preſented his imperial friend with a hundred horſes richly

[i] Pet. Damia.

richly caparisoned, each carrying a complete suit of armour and a helmet. These Henry refused. But from among other magnificent gifts, which lay before him, he chose a book of the gospels, highly ornamented, and a casket containing the tooth of St. Vincent. Robert, the next day, shewed an equal disinterestedness. From a hundred weight of pure gold he took only a pair of ear-rings, which were then worn by men, or as some translate it, two vessels for his table[k].—He is said to have been the first king of France who touched for the *evil*.

In the reign of the next prince, an expert warrior and a prudent statesman, we read of little else but dissentions and battles. Then began the violent contests between the crown and the dukedom of Normandy. Robert, the second of the name, with a holy enthusiasm, departing for Jerusalem, left his dominions to his natural son, William, a youth of nine years. The little hero was opposed by his own vassals, and the king, with many powerful princes, soon combined against him. He triumphed over them, learning in the field and in the cabinet, the maxims of policy and the energy of action, which in a few years would exalt him to the English throne.

Of England, during this period, the history is well known. It comprises the reign of Ethelred, with the melancholy recital of the Danish incursions, and the final submission of the country to the invaders. Then reigned Canute, a great and wise monarch; and Harold and Hardicanute, his sons, for nothing commendable, but for agility and strength of body. In Edward, the confessor, who succeeded,

[k] Glaber apud Baron.

ſucceeded, we again find a prince, whom hiſtorians have praiſed without meaſure. He was humane, juſt, and pious, and his people loved him; but he wanted vigour and capacity. The proſperity of his reign owed leſs to his abilities, than to the conjunctures of the times. His want of children proved fatal to the Saxon line.

At what other time, in the annals of Europe, ſhall we find ſuch a knot of kings as theſe? But while they were labouring to extend juſtice, or to humaniſe their people, or to propagate, what they conceived to be, the beſt maxims of religion and truth, a new kingdom was forming on the Italian ſhore. Tancred, a noble Norman, lord of Hauteville, with his twelve ſons, and a gallant army of adventurers, left their country, in 1008, and landing in Apulia, ſoon expelled the Saracens, and the Greeks their confederates. Succeſs attended their future operations, though cruelty and injuſtice too often marked their progreſs. From this time the Normans became dukes of Calabria, and counts and dukes of Apulia. Robert Guiſcard, the boldeſt Norman of them all, augmented his power by the conqueſt of Sicily, Naples, and all the lands which lie between that city and the territory of Rome. Roger, his ſon, was ſaluted by the pope, king of both the Sicilies[1].

Robert Guiſcard had given his daughter, Helena, in marriage to Conſtantine, ſon of Michael Ducas, emperor of Conſtantinople. Michael being dethroned by Nicephorus, his ſon and daughter were caſt into priſon. The inſult rouſed the Norman hero, and he marched towards the eaſt at the head of fifteen thouſand men. In the mean time, Alexius Comnenus

[1] Baron.

Comnenus had uſurped the imperial throne. Guiſcard continued his march, when in Albania he was met by Alexius. The imperial army was a hundred and fifty thouſand ſtrong. Robert viewed the mighty hoſt, and prepared for battle. On his knees he ſpent two watches of the night with his army, and with the riſing ſun attacked the enemy. They were routed, and fled in confuſion. Succeſs attended his other operations, and he fixed his eye on the throne of Conſtantinople. But diſturbances in the weſt called him away to ſupport his friend, Gregory VII. againſt the attacks of the German Henry.

The hiſtory of Spain, at this time, is too complicated and too romantic, to afford matter for ſerious diſcuſſion. The authors are many, but their violent attachment to the Spaniſh cauſe, and their hatred to the Moors, had rendered them blind to impartial truth. Yet, abſtracting from religion, we well know on which ſide lay ſcience, and the arts which can ennoble and embelliſh human nature.

Learning and manners.

As to the writers of the age, in general, I know not what to ſay. Their compoſitions, as far as may be concluded from extracts, are not always inelegant; nor are they void of accuracy, in hiſtorical narration. Their commentaries on ſcripture, and their controverſial writings, only that they point out the religious tenets of the time, have little merit, to us at leaſt, who can recur to better models. But it is the credulity of their beſt writers, ever dwelling on miracles and legendary tales, which gives ſurpriſe. On other occaſions they ſeem to have been men, not void of judgment and perſpicuous ſenſe. It is a problem not eaſy to be ſolved. Could we tranſport ourſelves back to their times, and ſeize the

aſſociation

aſſociation of ideas which had occupied their minds, we might diſcover how they ſaw and reaſoned. It was the natural effect of circumſtances, which then no ſuperior ſenſe or better organization could have ſurmounted. Man is a part of the general ſyſtem which time rolls on, and is ſubject to its laws. They were as wiſe as they could be; and if we are wiſer, it is, becauſe a new order of things has riſen to our view. The time will arrive, when this age alſo may be denominated dark; and who knows, but they may ſay, we were *credulous?* Our anceſtors, I doubt not, thought themſelves as little under the influence of prejudice and idle fancy, as we may deem ourſelves; and to ſpeak equitably, agreeably to the idea I ſuggeſted, can it be ſaid, that they were deceived?

The ordeal trials, by boiling water, or red-hot iron, were now in great uſe. In vain had councils by their canons, and popes by their decrees, attempted to ſuppreſs them. The ſuperſtitious obſtinacy of the age could not be controuled. Yet if we can at all rely on accounts, which come down to us with all the air of authenticity, it muſt be owned that the event of theſe trials was ſometimes truly wonderful. In 1067, were great diſſentions in Florence between the biſhop and the people. They accuſed him of having obtained their ſee by ſimoniacal practices. The monks of a neighbouring convent ſupported the accuſation. The biſhop denied the charge. In this ſtate of indeciſion, which no ordinary proceſs could then terminate, the monks offered to verify their accuſation by the trial of fire. The bold challenge was applauded by the people, and they aſſembled round the convent. Two piles of wood were raiſed, ten feet long, five feet

feet wide, and four feet high. A ſpace of ſix feet ſeparated the piles, which was alſo covered with combuſtible materials. A young monk, named Peter, came forward. He had been choſen for the awful ceremony, and he was habited in his prieſtly veſtments. By order of his abbot he then advanced to the altar, and began the ſervice of the day. The people, ſilent and in dread expectation, waited round the altar. Towards the cloſe of the ſacrifice, four monks came down to ſet fire to the piles. They carried in their hands twelve lighted torches. In an inſtant the piles were in a blaze. Peter, having finiſhed the ſervice, advanced towards the fires, bearing a croſs in his hand, and ſinging with the choir as he advanced. Silence being made, the conditions of the trial were read to the people. They applauded with loud acclamations, and called on heaven to ſupport its own cauſe.

By this time the piles were nearly reduced to glowing embers; when Peter, ſtanding at a ſmall diſtance, pronounced, with a firm voice, the following prayer: "Lord Jeſus," ſaid he, "if Peter of Pavia has uſurped by ſimony the ſee "of Florence, ſuccour me, I beſeech thee, in this tre-"mendous trial, and ſave me from this fire, as thou didſt "preſerve the three children in the burning furnace." So ſaying he embraced his brethren; and the people were aſked, how long they choſe, he ſhould remain in the fire? Let him but paſs ſlowly through it, ſaid they.—He fixed his eyes on the croſs, and with a gay countenance, ſlowly entered the burning paſſage. His feet were bare. For a time he was inviſible in the ſmoke; but he ſoon appeared, on the other ſide, ſafe and uninjured. The flame ſeemed gently to

move his hair, and his linen garments floated lightly on the current: but not even the hairs on his legs were ſinged. The people crowded round him; fell at his feet, and called him their deliverer and the friend of heaven[m].—The biſhop confeſſed his guilt and was depoſed.

The account is abridged from the letter which the clergy and people of Florence wrote to the pope on the occaſion; and its truth is atteſted by the hiſtorians of the age. Peter was afterwards made a cardinal and biſhop of Albano. He acquired the name of *igneus*.

I could mention many ſimilar events, but none ſo ſplendid as this. Our philoſophers, verſed in the chymiſtry of nature, will account for the phenomenon. To me it ſeems, that heaven, propitious to the good intentions and ſimplicity of the age, might ſometimes perhaps thus viſibly announce itſelf, to excite a juſt horror of crimes, which by their frequency had ceaſed to be regarded. I cannot, at leaſt, ſubſcribe to that faſtidious criticiſm, which rejects every fact as fabulous, that does not ſquare with the meaſure of modern maxims and theories.

The virtues of the eleventh century were valour and devotion, (if the former can pretend to the name,) and its vices were cruelty, ſuperſtition, and intemperance. The tranſition from one to the other is eaſy, and the alliance natural. Valour, where education does not check its exuberance, runs out to ferocity; and devotion, unallayed by reaſon, is the parent of ſuperſtition. Intemperance muſt be found, where, in a ſociety not reſtrained by the rules of decorum, the groſſer paſſions have the firſt claim to indulgence. But where

[m] Baron. Fleury.

where valour is, there will be a certain dignity of character, ſupported by generoſity, by honour, and a contempt of what is baſe and mercenary. When devotion mixes with valour, it cauſes an enthuſiaſm, which no dangers or difficulties can intimidate.

In many characters of the age I find theſe virtues, and near them might all the vices be likewiſe found: they grew naturally from the ſoil. But the reader has ſeen men, in whom was virtue unſullied by any vice. On the throne he ſaw juſt and virtuous monarchs; in the field brave and generous warriors; in the church zealous and charitable biſhops; and in the common walks of life there were men, emulous to copy the virtues they admired in their ſuperiors.

From the above ſketch, the manners of the people may be eaſily traced. Their valour would be brutality, and their devotion would be ſuperſtition. It is the natural gradation. In thoſe two features is portrayed the ſtrong outline of the eleventh century.—I ſaid, I did not mean to apologiſe for its faults, or to blazon its virtues. There is a temperate and tranquil medium through which objects are ſeen in their true proportions. Through that medium I ſtrove to direct my ſight; and if I have ſucceeded, I have prepared a proper *Introduction* to the following hiſtory.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)
15 MAY 72

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK I.

His birth and education—He travels, and comes to Paris—State of learning—He ſtudies under Champeaux and quarrels—Teaches at Melun and Corbeil—Subjects in debate—He falls ſick and retires—Returns to Paris—Contends with de Champeaux and triumphs—Goes again into Britany—Reſolves to ſtudy theology—Gregory VII. *Pope.—State of France—State of England—The firſt cruſade.*

Anno, 1079.

BOOK I.

His birth and education.

PETER ABEILLARD was born in the village of Palais, four leagues from Nantes, in Little Britany, towards the cloſe of the eleventh century, in the year 1079[a]. His father's name was Berenger, a gentleman of noble deſcent, and Abeillard is thought to have been the eldeſt of many children. Berenger, before he entered the army, had been early inſtructed in the elements of ſuch learning as the age had to ſupply, and he ever after retained a fondneſs for

[a] Hiſt. Calam.

A letters:

BOOK I. letters: he was careful therefore that, in the education of his children, whilſt their bodies were formed to arms, the more excellent culture of their minds ſhould not be neglected. The church or arms were then the only faſhionable profeſſions of gentlemen, and, with the addition of the law, the ſame continues to be the taſte of all polite nations to the preſent day.

Abeillard came into the world with the happieſt diſpoſitions: his mind, gentle as the air of Britany, and fertile as its ſoil, was open to all the impreſſions of literary diſcipline. So he ſpeaks of himſelf[b].—Fable relates (for there was a time when the birth of every great man was attended by ſome marvellous circumſtance) that his mother had ſure forebodings of his future eloquence, and therefore from the bee, called him Abeillard: ſhe ſaw honey falling from his lips[c].—Being his father's favourite, his education was more ſeduloufly guarded; and very ſoon ſuch faſt hold had the love of letters taken of his mind, that they became the ruling paſſion of his life. Deſtined to arms, he loſt all reliſh for the purſuits of that brilliant and ſeductive profeſſion, and he reſigned his inheritance, with all the rights of primogeniture, to his younger brothers. "At the feet of Minerva, "ſays he, I ſacrificed all the military pomp which blazes "round the car of the God of War[d]."

But what were the charms, which, at that gloomy period of fallen ſcience, could have power to captivate the ardent mind of Abeillard? To judge from his writings, he was not unacquainted with the beſt authors of the pureſt age of Roman literature; them, under his father's eye, he had probably

[b] Hiſt. Calam. [c] Vie d'Abeil. [d] Hiſt. Calam.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 MAY 72

probably made his favourite purſuit; and theſe ſtudies, as they had ornamented his mind, ſo had they prepared him to enter on a new career, in which alone, at that time, the aſpiring ambition of youth could meet an object ample enough to ſatisfy its deſires. BOOK I.

Philoſophy, or more properly that branch of it, which is termed logic, or the art of diſputation, was then riſing into renown; and that our young ſcholar might have every advantage, which could be given him, of being thoroughly initiated into its various arts, he was put under the tuition of Roſcelin, the acuteſt logician of the age[d].—Roſcelin, leſs ſkilled in theology, than in the ſubtilties of his art, brought himſelf, ſome years after, into great trouble, on account of the very ſingular notions he had introduced into the myſterious doctrine of the Trinity. He was a Tritheiſt. For this he was condemned in the council of Compiegne, 1092[e].

Under ſo able a maſter, Abeillard, it is not to be doubted, made a rapid advance: the ſtudy was well adapted to his genius: acute and penetrating, he would eagerly devote himſelf to inquiries, which opened to his view an extenſive ſcene, that ſeemed to call all the powers of his ſoul into action, and where he could promiſe to himſelf at once the diſplay of abilities, and the glory of conqueſt.—The victories of the ſchools had then their charms, as ſoothing perhaps to vanity as were thoſe of the field, and ſurely they were more innocent. The laurels, indeed, which wreathed the brows of the literary champion, were not, in the eye of the multitude, ſo awfully dignified, but they drew very general

[d] Præf. Apologet. [e] Fleury vol. xiii.

BOOK I. admiration, nor were they ſullied with a ſingle drop of human blood.

Having thus provided for the future reputation of his ſon, in a manner which ſeemed to enſure his ſucceſs, Berenger withdrew from the noiſy ſcene of arms, to the retirement of a convent.—The cloiſter was then the uſual retreat of men, whom either diſappointment had diſguſted of the world, or indolence rendered unfit for its active purſuits. It was likewiſe an aſylum, to which religion or the gentle voice of humanity called many, who looked with horror on the enormities of a barbarous and warlike age. Kings were ſeen to reſign their crowns for the monkiſh cowl, and the walls of the convents thronged with inhabitants of all ages, and of every ſex and condition. Abuſes and great crimes were the neceſſary conſequence of this promiſcuous aſſemblage of men: but, at the times I am deſcribing, the worſt exceſſes of the cloiſtered life were but puny evils when compared with the rapines, the murders, the extortions, which, with impunity, were practiſed on the great theatre of the world.

He travels, and comes to Paris.

From his cell, Berenger thought to view, in undiſturbed repoſe, the ſplendid career of his ſon Abeillard; nor were his expectations fruſtrated. The young man had hardly reached his ſixteenth year, but he felt himſelf ſufficiently ſtrong to rely on his own exertions, and he quitted his maſters, whoſe inſtructions, as he had little more to learn from them, could only retard the expanſion of his mind[f].—When, by proper diſcipline, the youthful character has been ſometime habituated to the forms of order and of claſſic rule, it ſhould be left to itſelf; it will take its own bent, and proſper beſt. Britany

[f] Vie d'Abeil.

Britany could no longer ſatisfy his wiſhes; he withdrew therefore from his native country, and with an ardour, which ſhewed the great deſire he had of improvement, he rapidly ran over the neighbouring provinces, in queſt of ſcience[g].—In this, he propoſed to himſelf the example of thoſe ancient philoſophers, whoſe lives he had read, and whom he thought it glorious to imitate. Over their minds the love of wiſdom held an unbounded controul. "I emulated, "ſays he, the fame of the peripatetic ſchool, and in what-"ever quarter, I was told, the ſtudy of philoſophy was "purſued, thither I went, that no ſources of ſcience might "be hidden from me[h]."—But when the provincial ſchools had nothing more to give, Abeillard turned his eyes to Paris; where he arrived about the laſt year of the eleventh century, and in the twentieth year of his age.

State of Learning.

The ſchools of Paris, for more than a century, had been riſing to a great reputation, and they were now become the general mart of ſcience, to which reſorted ſcholars from all the kingdoms of Europe[i]. The circumſtance of its being the principal reſidence of the French monarchs contributed not a little to give it celebrity, and to draw to it the ableſt maſters.—Since the revival of knowledge in the weſtern empire, under the auſpicious eye of Charlemagne, in the eighth century, the greateſt monarch perhaps that ever ſwayed the ſceptre, and whom the warrior, the man of letters, and the chriſtian might call his friend, the French nation had taken the lead in the progreſs of the arts of literature. Yet when compared with the rapid deſcent, by which the human mind, from the height of ſcience and poliſhed life, is hurried into ignorance

[g] Hiſt. Cal. [h] Ib. [i] Fleury, Dupin, &c.

BOOK I. ignorance and barbariſm, how ſlow and almoſt imperceptible is the return it makes even to the firſt dawnings of the new day, which, in the revolutions of ſtates and kingdoms, is ſometimes deſtined to riſe upon us!

Alcuin, the luminary of a dark age, whom Britain gave to Charlemagne to be his inſtructer and his guide, had traced out the lines, by which, he thought, ſcience might be the ſooneſt reſtored. Theſe rules had been carefully purſued, and though they had led to no ſplendid improvements, yet the fault lay not ſo much in the method, as in the tardy conſtitution of the human mind. He had recommended to begin by orthography (a neceſſary preliminary, undoubtedly, when even the Emperor himſelf was unable to write his own name;) to this was to ſucceed the ſtudy of grammar, of rhetoric, and laſtly of philoſophy, in its three branches, of logic, morals, and nature: but logic, or what I have already more properly called, the art of diſputation, was the only portion of that divine ſcience, which was thought worthy to engroſs the attention of literary ambition[k].

The rules of grammar, which, in every country, ſhould be primarily applied to its native tongue, were then ſolely directed to the ſtudy of the Latin language; though Latin had ceaſed to be ſpoken, and all the infant tongues of Europe were in a ſtate of the loweſt barbariſm. Nor yet was this privileged tongue itſelf raiſed to any degree of claſſical perfection. So true is it, that the arts and ſciences, in their moſt minute ramifications, keep an exact pace with the ebbs and flows of human nature.—Rhetoric they alſo ſtudied; but it was a rhetoric which taught them to depart from the noble

[k] Fleury, Dupin, &c.

noble ſimplicity of truth, and in its ſtead to ſubſtitute an affected jargon of language, and a whimſical diſplay of metaphorical figures. The writings of Alcuin himſelf atteſt the juſtneſs of theſe obſervations.—Nor was their famous logic, which attracted the attention of the admiring world, a jot more valuable. It was no longer, what it had been, under its firſt maſters, in the ſchools of Greece, the art of accurate reaſoning, whereby truth was diſcovered, and its bounds enlarged, by an eaſy proceſs, and error was detected; but now it conſiſted in the mere exerciſe of diſputation, in the ſubtle arrangement of unmeaning terms, which clouded reaſon, and enveloped truth. Applauſe and not inſtruction was the object of the maſters; and he was the greateſt adept who, by captious quibbles, could diſtreſs his adverſary the moſt[l].

As the mind was thus bewildered in a maze of ſophiſtry, ſo was the real ſcience of man and of nature utterly neglected. They knew nothing of the mechanical powers of the world, and every uncommon appearance was conſidered as a certain preſage of extraordinary events: they aſcribed them to myſtic or to moral cauſes.—Their ethics ran out into idle ſpeculations, into definitions and diviſions of vice and virtue, whilſt practical documents and the high duties of life were little regarded.—The important buſineſs of criticiſm, to which modern times are indebted for all they poſſeſs, in the line of ſcientific improvement, was equally unknown as the ways of nature. Fables they received as genuine facts, and the more extraordinary an event was, the greater was its claim to credibility[m].

[l] Fleury, Dupin, &c. [m] Fleury diſc. 5.

But

BOOK I.

But ſchools were opened, and monaſteries were alſo founded, wherein inſtruction was gratuitouſly diſtributed, and the crowds of ſcholars, who attended, were numerous beyond belief. It ſeemed as if the mind of man, tired out in the horrid ſcenes of blood-ſhed, which had ſo long diſgraced the annals of Europe, were returning to juſter notions, and that a new order of things were preparing to riſe. And ſo it was; but the great event was as yet diſtant, in the way to which lay a long and dreary chaſm of more than four hundred years.

Paris, I have ſaid, was the great centre of all the knowledge which the eleventh century could boaſt of, and to this theatre I had conducted my young philoſopher. His heart, doubtleſs, beat with quicker pulſations, when he entered thoſe walls, which were ſoon to atteſt his triumphs, and which had long been the object of his ardent wiſhes.

He ſtudies under Champeaux and quarrels.

Among the maſters, whoſe reputation was great in the ſchools, William de Champeaux was the moſt eminent. Contemporary writers ſpeak highly of his abilities and of his virtues, and he was deeply verſed, they tell us, and well exerciſed in all the arts of the dialectic diſcipline[n]. As with painful emulation he had riſen to the higheſt honours in his profeſſion, ſo was he jealous of the fame he had acquired, and feared the moſt diſtant rival. The leſſons of this man Abeillard frequented, and he was much pleaſed with the choice he had made. His fluency of language, and the acuteneſs of his reaſoning, ſeemed to throw new charms over his favourite art. In animation of ſpirit, he ſoon began to ſkirmiſh with the foremoſt of the ſcholars, and ſometimes

[n] Quercet. Notæ.

times he dared to queſtion even de Champeaux himſelf[o]. The veteran was delighted with the prompt character of his diſciple, and augured to himſelf a freſh increaſe of fame from the exertion of abilities, which, he flattered himſelf, he ſhould ſoon be able to draw out in the ſupport of his own opinions. BOOK I.

In theſe diſpoſitions of mutual benevolence, from which the youthful mind of Abeillard pictured to itſelf ſcenes of future happineſs, a commerce of friendſhip began, and he was taken to board into the houſe of his maſter. From this circumſtance, as he had more frequent opportunities of improvement, ſo might he ſoon learn that de Champeaux was not a hero at all times; and the blaze of glory which had ſeemed to ſurround him among the plaudits of his ſcholars, inſenſibly vaniſhed when viewed with a familiar eye. He began to ſuſpect that this wide-ſpreading tree was perhaps rather loaded with leaves than fruit.—The ſtripling now walked with a bolder ſtep into the ſchools: he dared publicly to contend with Champeaux; he attacked, in ſerious language, ſome even of his moſt favoured opinions; he repeated theſe attacks daily with more petulance; and ſometimes, ſays he, I ſeemed to feel a ſuperiority in argument[p]. —The eye of the philoſopher looked benevolence no longer; confuſed, angry, mortified, he left his ſeat; and Abeillard was ſoon obliged to provide himſelf with another eſtabliſhment.

Nor was it de Champeaux alone who felt this galling humiliation: many of the firſt ſtudents, at once envious of the growing fame of the young Briton, and ſtung by the flip-

[o] Hiſt. Calam. [p] Ibid.

BOOK I. pancy of his retorts, under the diſguiſe of ſupporting their maſter, thus wantonly attacked, were loud in their indignation. But the general applauſe of the public went with him; for he was young, handſome, witty, and agreeable [q].

The ſchools, as we know from the hiſtories of the age, were not only filled with ſtudents, as at preſent; but men in years, perſons of diſtinction, fathers of families, and miniſters of ſtate, after the toils of the day were over, crowded to them as to a theatre of amuſement. There was novelty in the ſcene, and Latin, the language of the diſputants, was very generally underſtood. The tournaments and other martial exerciſes, which, ſoon after prevailed in Europe, were to the body, what theſe controverſies had been to the mind. The gauntlet of defiance was here alſo thrown down, and bold or preſumptuous was the man, who dared to take it up.

Abeillard, now confident from ſucceſs, and elated by the applauſe of his admirers, weighed his own powers, and thought them equal to any attempt. He was twenty-two years old; an age, when the human mind, in the ſpring-tide of paſſion, views the labours of Hercules, as the eaſy buſineſs of a morning's amuſement. "I was young indeed, "ſays he, but confident of myſelf, my ambition had no "bounds: I aſpired to the dignity of a profeſſor, and only "waited till I could fix on a proper place to open my "lectures [r]."

Teaches at Melun and Corbeil.

The court often reſided at Melun, then a conſiderable town on the Seine, ten leagues above Paris. The circumſtance was highly favourable to his views, could he obtain permiſſion

[q] Præf. Apologet. [r] Hiſt. Calam.

permiſſion to ſettle there: but it was not eaſily to be effected. The intereſt of de Champeaux and his friends, he knew, was great, and all this intereſt would be exerted to counteract his deſigns. It is true; nothing was left unattempted againſt him; ſecret machinations and open oppoſition were all in motion; but the good fortune of Abeillard prevailed. De Champeaux had ſome enemies among the great; the reſentful motives which prompted his oppoſition were evident; Abeillard was young, and youth, in ſome circumſtances, carries an impreſſion with it, too powerful for the ſchemes and wary circumſpection of age and experience. After ſix months of intrigue and conteſt, the old profeſſor gave way, and Abeillard entered Melun at the head of a numerous band of followers. The victory was ſignal[f].

The ſchools opened with eclat. The late oppoſition had but given luſtre to his name, and animation to his talents. His leſſons were thronged: curioſity was on tiptoe to ſee the youth, who had diſcomfited the Goliah of Paris; and the moſt brilliant ſucceſs attended his exertions.

Thus having run, ſome months, in the undiſturbed enjoyment of public applauſe, when a mind leſs turbulent and ambitious would have repoſed in the poſſeſſion of fame, Abeillard meditated new hoſtilities againſt his old maſter. Tranquility was ill-adapted to his character; he breathed eaſier in a ſtorm; and the want of a rival was the want of a ſtimulus, without which admiration itſelf had little power to pleaſe. The recollection of ill-uſage, the petulance of youth, and, as he owns himſelf, an over-weening preſump-

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK I.

tion, aided, as may be imagined, by the flattering inſtigation of friends, urged him to this extraordinary ſtep. He left Melun, and advanced to Corbeil, within five leagues of Paris[t].

De Champeaux heard of the approach of the young adventurer with diſmay and indignation: it was bringing defiance even to his doors: and what was a circumſtance peculiarly irritating, this beardleſs profeſſor had arranged in ſyſtematic order the various opinions of his maſter, and them he attacked with all the acrimony of wit, and the power of diſputation. Nor ſatisfied with frittering into duſt his ſtrongeſt arguments, on their ruins he erected ſyſtems of his own, he formed new plans of oppoſition, and was throughout ſupported by the acclamations of his ſcholars, who were ready to go any lengths with a maſter, whom they loved and admired.—De Champeaux was not idle: if the enemy conquered, he was determined his victory ſhould be dearly bought. They met repeatedly at each other's ſchool; and the road betwixt Corbeil and Paris was crowded with their reſpective ſcholars, who, emulating the ardour of their maſters, ſought every occaſion of ſignaliſing their zeal and proweſs. Victory hung not long in ſuſpenſe; Abeillard made an eaſy conqueſt, and the enemy retired in confuſion. The palm of victory waved proudly in his hand[u]."

Subjects in debate.

The reader will wiſh to know what thoſe important matters were, which could command ſo much intereſt, and in which the paſſions of thouſands were engaged. A ſuperficial view over the face of ſociety, at all times, will tell him that, it matters not what the thing itſelf may be: but once raiſe the attention of men, and their paſſions, as by a magic touch,

[t] Hiſt. Calam. [u] Vie d'Abeil.

touch, will ruſh forward into faction, whether it be to aſcertain the juſt dimenſions of a gewgaw, or to give away an empire.

The grand point then in debate, and which continued for centuries in high litigation, was, whether that which is *univerſal* in the mind has alſo a *real* exiſtence in nature; that is, whether Peter and John, individuals of the human race, poſſeſs ſo completely the totallity of rational nature, as to be only *accidentally* different men.—Champeaux maintained the affirmative, Abeillard the negative, queſtion.—If the whole *eſſence* of humanity, objected the latter, be *ſubſtantially* in each individual, then are John and Peter the ſame man; or, if all be in Peter, what is left for John? There is but one human ſubſtance, he urged, in nature, and of this all the individuals of the univerſe muſt be accounted modes.—He might likewiſe have inſiſted on the arguments, which have ſince been enforced againſt the doctrine of Spinoſa; for the two opinions are very nearly allied.—If the ſame human nature be not *indiviſibly* in Peter and John, replied Champeaux, they are not both men, for it is only the attribute of humanity which makes them what they are[v].—He was not aware that theſe abſtracted ideas had no exiſtence out of his own mind; that they expreſſed nothing which could be found in nature.—Had their notions been derived from this ſource, the object of their reſearches would have been ſomething real, and mankind would not ſo long have wandered in the regions of error or of romantic extravagance.

[v] Vie d'Abeil. p. 25. Bayle, vol. i.

On

BOOK I. On the two notions, juſt mentioned, were founded the reſpective ſyſtems of the *nominaliſts* and *realiſts*, ſects of ſuch high renown in the chriſtian ſchools, that their diſputes, for ages, ſeemed to have abſorbed the ſtrongeſt exertions of human wit.—Many, and very ſimilar, were the other queſtions in agitation. Could their enumeration poſſibly give pleaſure, it ſhould not be with-held. Enough perhaps has been inſtanced to damp the moſt ardent curioſity: if not, I muſt refer my reader to the ſchoolmen, whoſe volumes have come down to us, full and unadulterated as they fell from their pens.

He falls ſick and retires.

Abeillard now deemed himſelf the choſen minion of fortune, and nothing, it ſeemed, could retard his aſcent to higher honours. But inceſſant application had preyed on his health; his fibres were yet too weak to ſupport ſo long a tenſion; and delicacy of frame ſoon effected what the efforts of de Champeaux had aimed at in vain. By the advice of his phyſicians, when all other means had proved ineffectual, he left Corbeil, and retired to his native country[w].—It was well judged that ceſſation from labour, and the air of Britany, which had given the firſt tone to his conſtitution, would probably beſt enſure his recovery.—Here he remained two long years, at a diſtance, he obſerves, from all that was deareſt to him, and only conſoled by the repeated aſſurances of his friends, that his return was anxiouſly wiſhed for by all, whoſe ſouls were enamoured of the love of wiſdom.

During this period of retirement, every thing was calm in the ſchools of Paris. De Champeaux, freed from the preſſure of his rival, had leiſure to breathe in peace; and he

[w] Hiſt. Calam.

he looked forward towards church-preferment, as to the adequate reward of his ſervices. For ſome time, he had been archdeacon of Paris, a poſt of dignity and truſt.

At the times I am deſcribing, the general face of religion was much diſfigured by private vices and public crimes: nor did the conduct of its miniſters merit leſs reprehenſion: on the contrary, the ſecular clergy, in particular, was ignorant and undiſciplined, effeminate and licentious. To remedy the evil, as far as might be, recourſe was often had to the cloiſters: Here could be found men, endowed at leaſt with more piety and learning, and theſe were promoted to the firſt eccleſiaſtical dignities. Hence the ambitious ſometimes became monks; the humility of the profeſſion, they knew, might lead to honours; and though the mitre ſhould never preſs their brows, ſtill, in the monaſtic life itſelf, there were poſts of ſplendour and emolument, wherein vanity might be ſatisfied, and even ambition could find a pillow on which to repoſe.—With theſe views, it is ſaid, de Champeaux entered the cloiſter. He choſe for his retreat a ſmall monaſtery, then out of the walls of Paris, and which, in proceſs of time, became the celebrated convent of St. Victor. In the eye of the philoſopher, to whom the definitions of univerſal nature were familiar, but little, it ſeems, was neceſſary to conſtitute a monk; for in his new habit he retained his old ways; the ſame lectures continued; he was contentious as before; and the little convent of St. Victor became a ſchool of controverſy and philoſopnic warfare*.

To his logical diſputations he, in a ſhort time, ſubjoined leſſons on rhetoric, and theſe were followed by more important

* Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK I.

portant theological diſcuſſions. De Champeaux is ſaid to have been the firſt maſter who had ventured to give public lectures in divinity, in the form of polemic diſputations[y]: but when Abeillard was away, and his abilities, which, it muſt be owned, were very great, had their full play, the whole range of ſcience ſeemed placed within the eaſy graſp of his comprehenſion.

He returns to Paris.

Such were the events which had taken place at Paris, when Abeillard, in the vigour of revived health, returned from Britany. He was now twenty-eight years old. His mind alſo, genially refreſhed by repoſe and inward rumination on itſelf, had acquired a new ſpring: he had extended, doubtleſs, his former train of ideas, had arranged them in freſh combinations, and had added conſiderably to the old ſtock.—It is with the mind of man, as with the earth we tread on; her fruitful lap muſt ſometimes repoſe from the harrow, or inſtead of teeming with plenty, ſhe will give us weeds, or her beſt produce will be feeble and uninvigorating.—He came ſtraight to Paris.

De Champeaux was in the quiet poſſeſſion of the lectures, juſt mentioned, when Abeillard re-appeared. It was a moment of ſome anxiety to both; but the young man evidently ſhewed an indeciſion, which could not at once be unravelled. He weighed his ſituation; when, to the ſupriſe of every one, he again put himſelf under the tuition of his old maſter, and frequented his rhetorical leſſon. There was a myſtery in this conduct: either he felt himſelf deficient in the art, or he hoped to regain the favour of a perſon, whoſe enmity, he had reaſon to ſuſpect, might prove an obſtacle to his future progreſs,

[y] Vie d'Abeil.

progreſs, or it was his wiſh perhaps to have it more eaſily in his power to humble the man he hated. He himſelf barely relates the fact.

De Champeaux, if he was ignorant of the human heart, or if vanity had obſcured his judgment, might be flattered by this apparent ſubmiſſion. The daring youth, who had braved him in the ſchools and triumphed, now voluntarily courts his inſtruction, and ſeems diſpoſed to take wiſdom from his lips!—But the illuſive dream ſoon vaniſhed. It could not be, that rivals, whoſe prejudices were inveterate, whoſe opinions ſo widely varied, and whoſe purſuits were the ſame, could meet again, and really be friends. Abeillard once more aſſailed his enemy in the open field of controverſy, (for though rhetoric was his leading object, he frequented the other leſſons,) and ſo irreſiſtible was the attack, particularly on the great point of *univerſal eſſences*, which I have deſcribed, that de Champeaux, opiniative and ſupported as he was, owned himſelf convinced, and publicly ſubſcribed to the opinion of his adverſary.—It might be the effect of conviction, of puſillanimity, or of a mind rendered lowly by the influence of the cowl. The public, at leaſt, judged unfavourably of the ſtep; his credit left him, his ſcholars withdrew, and it was even in agitation to forbid him the ſchools of philoſophy[z].

Contends with de Champeaux, & triumphs.

Abeillard knew how to conquer, and how to avail himlelf of victory: he received, with great marks of benevolence, the ſcholars of de Champeaux, and again opened his ſchool with more ſplendor, and with more general approbation than ever. Very ſoon he was the ſole profeſſor in

[z] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK I. Paris; for he who had ſucceeded to de Champeaux, when he became a monk and retired to St. Victor, of his own accord waited on Abeillard, ſurrendered to him his chair of philoſophy, and requeſted to be enrolled in the number of his diſciples[a].—This may be regarded as the moſt brilliant epoch in the life of Abeillard. He roſe every morning to the ſmiles of an approving public; and the church, at the ſame time, willing to teſtify the high opinion ſhe entertained of his merit, preſented him with a canonicate in the cathedral of Paris[b].—It was a ſinecure, and the emoluments were beſtowed on him without any further obligation; for I do not find he was at all engaged in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate.

De Champeaux viewed with pain the bright ſunſhine, which ſeemed hourly to expand round his adverſary: he was determined to obſtruct its ſpread; but as he was cautious to attack a reputation which, he knew, he could not fully, he hit on an expedient which ſucceeded.—Though the perſon, I have mentioned, had reſigned the honours of his chair to Abeillard, he had ſtill retained the ſalary, and was therefore in fact the regular profeſſor. This man he accuſed of crimes and miſdemeanors, and ſo far made good his charges, that he was removed from his office, and another was choſen in his place, who, it may well be imagined, bore little kindneſs towards Abeillard, or wiſhed to patronize his renown[c].

Abeillard was unprepared for this wily ſtratagem, and once more he found himſelf neceſſitated to retire to Melun. To be outwitted by an enemy he deſpiſed was a mortifying circumſtance; in other regards, the event only ſerved to enhance his fame. The moſt prejudiced began to ſuſpect what

[a] Hiſt. Calam. [b] Vie d'Abeil. p. 28. [c] Hiſt. Calam.

what the motives were which had inſtigated the conduct of de Champeaux, even from the firſt commencement of hoſtilities; the number of his friends increaſed; his lectures were received with a more marked applauſe, if poſſible; and in triumph of ſoul he applied to himſelf the line of Ovid,

Summa petit livor, perflant altiſſima venti.

De Rem. Am. l. 1.

Even the beſt friends of de Champeaux were ſevere in their reflections. Monk as he now is, ſaid they, he ſhould retire from the world; the noiſe of the ſchools and the diſſipating ſcenes of Paris, accord ill with his new profeſſion; woods and ſolitude would give an edge to his devotion, and diſpoſe him for a nearer intercourſe with heaven[d].—Stung by theſe reproaches, he ſaw it was time to give way, and having prevailed on the monks to accompany him, they all removed from St. Victor to a country retirement more remote from the city.

Abeillard, hearing of the enemy's flight, apprehended he might return without further moleſtation, and again he turned his face towards the capital. But as the ſchools, within the walls, were poſſeſſed by the new profeſſor, he advanced only as far as the mount of St. Genevieve, there halted, and encompaſſed by his followers, with all expedition, made the neceſſary preparations for a vigorous aſſault on the enemy.—The mount of St. Genevieve has long been rendered famous by a large abbey, which covers its ſummit; nor is it leſs famous on account of the ſuperſtitious veneration which, even at this day, the inhabitants of the moſt diſſipated, the moſt enlightened, and perhaps moſt

[d] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK I. unbelieving city in the univerſe, practiſe round the ſhrine of the holy ſhepherdeſs, who has given her name to the mountain.—When I ſpeak of ſuperſtitious veneration, it is clear I mean ſuch abuſes, as every traveller has witneſſed, and every good man has lamented.

In the retirement of his country cell, de Champeaux being informed of the ſtep his rival had taken, inſtantly took the alarm, and with his whole community returned in haſte to St. Victor, reſolved, ſays Abeillard, either to raiſe the ſiege, or to ſupport, at all perils, the fortune of his friend. His preſence, however, produced not the intended effect. For no ſooner was the voice of de Champeaux again heard in the ſchools, than the new profeſſor, whoſe talents, it appears, were very ſlender, found himſelf deſerted by his ſcholars, and the two rival philoſophers remained the ſole champions on the field[e].

I leave it to the reader, whoſe mind perhaps may have been warmed by the novelty of an uncommon ſtory, to picture to himſelf thoſe ſcenes of acrimony, and pertinacious diſputation, which rapidly ſucceeded to one another among the ſcholars of theſe able maſters and the two heroes themſelves. Abeillard is rather modeſt in his narration: but, ſays he, I think, I may boldly take to myſelf the words of Ajax,

Si quœritis hujus
Fortunam pugnæ, non ſum ſuperatus abillo.
Ovid Met. l. xiii.

He goes again into Britany.

In the midſt of this high tide of deſperate controverſy, he received a letter from his mother, requeſting he would, without

[e] Hiſt. Calam.

without delay, come into Britany, on ſome family buſineſs, which concerned her much. He obeyed the ſummons with an alacrity that did him credit. It was leaving the poſt of honour at a criſis, when the general aſpect of the day ſeemed to promiſe a certainty of ſucceſs; but the call of nature came nearer to his heart than all the honours, however great his ambition might be, which fortune ſeemed prepared to ſhower upon him. When the heart of a wiſe man ceaſes to vibrate to the gentle impreſſions of humanity, he becomes a monſter, and ſhould retire to the woods.—The mother of Abeillard, after the retreat of her huſband from the world, now meditated the ſame ſtep; it was the faſhion of the times: and the previous ſettlement of ſome wordly matters ſeems to have been the buſineſs which called Abeillard from the ſchools. Whatever it was, his ſtay in Britany was ſhort: he returned, but he found, to his ſurprize, that de Champeaux, during the interval of his abſence, had been decorated with the mitre of Chalons[f].

Here I ſhall leave this extraordinary man. He has exhibited a ſcene not incurious in itſelf; not from the diſplay of an uncommon character, for his paſſions were the common paſſions of man; nor becauſe, ſaint-like as he is ſaid to have been, he purſued the darling object of his ambition with unceaſing ardour, for this is no unuſual thing, at all times; but merely becauſe the buſineſs, in which he was engaged, differs from the purſuits of modern habits, and is therefore novel to us. Every man, whoſe heart is not at eaſe, looks round for what he wants, and if his character be peculiar, he will ſeize on a peculiar object. But, in many regards, it

[f] Hiſt. Calam. Fleury, &c.

BOOK I. it would ſurely have been well for the common intereſts of humanity, had all the ardent ſpirit of the eleventh century been as innocently employed, as was that of de Champeaux. Europe was in a ſtate of fermentation.

He reſolves to ſtudy divinity.

Abeillard, returned to the ſchools, ſaw nothing any longer worth contending for: He ſtood without a rival; but then he ſtood without feeling that thrill of pleaſure, which ſucceſs gives to animated exertions: beſides, this rival, who had given way before him and owned his inferiority, had firſt reached, notwithſtanding, the goal of his wiſhes: to the honours he had obtained, he thought perhaps that he himſelf had equal, if not better pretenſions.—Diſappointment would be the conſequence of theſe reflections; and when this happens, a diſguſt of former purſuits often follows, whilſt the heart ſinks from its expanſion, and hardly ſeems to fill the breaſt.—Moreover, philoſophy had no longer any novelty in his eyes: he had ſeen her, and that familiarly, in all the forms, whether of art or nature, which ſhe could then exhibit. Reflection might alſo have told him, that there were other ſtudies more deſerving of attention, wherein an object could be found more adequate to his talents; and in theſe thoughts the advice of a parent might have confirmed him, whom he greatly honoured, and who then was turning her back on the empty employments of a vain world.—Abeillard aſſented to theſe ſuggeſtions of reaſon, and at once reſolved to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of theology [g].

The reader has gone with me over more than the twenty laſt years of the eleventh century, and I have confined his view barely

[g] Hiſt. Calam.

barely to thoſe tranſactions, in which Abeillard, the hero of theſe pages, bore a principal part. The introduction of large objects into the ſmall ſcene, I was delineating, would have had a prepoſterous effect; it would have deſtroyed that harmony or unity of deſign, which pleaſes beſt. But, during this ſhort period, very great events had agitated the chriſtian world: them I will now bring forward; they will give an agreeable relief to the eye; and we will review them, on a large ſcale, with the unprejudiced coolneſs of hiſtorical candour.

Gregory VII. Pope.

Hildebrand, the famous Gregory the ſeventh, then wore the triple crown. He had been educated at Cluni, a French monaſtery of high renown, in the ſeverity of monaſtic diſcipline; had then riſen to the firſt dignities in the church; and during the pontificates of five ſucceſſive Popes, had been honoured with their confidence in the diſcharge of the moſt arduous buſineſs.—It is well known what a torrent of vice had then ſpread itſelf over the face of chriſtendom: to ſtem this, in vain had every effort been made, which honeſt virtue and chriſtian zeal could ſuggeſt. Hildebrand, with the keen ſenſibility of a virtuous mind, had long viewed the fallen ſtate of religion, and he aſcended the Papal throne, with the unanimous approbation of all orders of the Roman church, big with vaſt deſigns of reformation. "We chuſe "Hildebrand for the true vicar of Chriſt, (they are the "words uſed at his election,) a man of much learning, "of great piety, of prudence, juſtice, fortitude, and reli-"gion. He is modeſt, abſtemious, and chaſte; regular in "the diſcipline of his family, hoſpitable to the poor, and "from his tender years nurſed in the boſom of our holy "church:

BOOK I. "church: to him we give thoſe powers of ſupremacy, which "Peter once received from the mouth of God[h]."

The ſource of the evils, he lamented, lay, it was evident, in the general corruption of manners, in the unbounded ſway of paſſion, and in the abuſe of power. With an intrepidity of ſoul, that perhaps was never equalled, he dared ſingly to oppoſe this multitudinous enemy, and he called the ſovereigns of Europe to his tribunal. The motives which led him on, and the habits of ſtern virtue, which had ſteeled his character, excluded almoſt the poſſibility of ſuſpicion, that he himſelf perhaps was arrogating a power, which belonged not to him, and from the abuſe of which even greater evils might enſue, than thoſe he aimed to ſuppreſs. Minds of the wideſt comprehenſion may be ſometimes ſo engroſſed by a ſingle object, as to be inſenſible to the moſt obvious deductions, which reaſon in vain holds up before them. But the miſ-conceptions of Gregory were thoſe of a great man, and his errors were, in part, the errors of the age.

To effectuate more completely the ſchemes he had in view, he conceived the bold deſign of making himſelf ſole monarch of the earth. The concerns of Europe, whether eccleſiaſtical or civil, would then be brought within his own cognizance; he ſhould diſtribute favours, as merit might ſeem to call for them; and he would diſpoſe of crowns, which, too often, he obſerved, fell upon the heads of the unworthy, or of men who knew not the proper uſe of power.

Enthroned in the chair of the humble fiſherman, Gregory put his hand to the work. The ſimoniacal diſpoſal of church livings was a crying ſin, which called aloud for redreſs, and he

[h] Platina and others.

he hesitated not to aim the first blow at the very root of the disorder, though it lay in the rapacious breast of power, and in the courts of Princes.—The incontinence of the clergy was another foul stain on religion; for the sons of God seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took to them helpmates from among all that they chose. The stern pontiff had no indulgence for this weakness of his brethren.

During the twelve years of his reign he held eleven councils at Rome, the object of all which was, the suppression of the crimes, I have mentioned, or to enforce the execution of decrees or discipline, or to confirm, by a more solemn sanction, the sentences of excommunication and deposition which, in the plenitude of his supposed power, he had pronounced against the obstinate and refractory.

In two synods he compelled Berengarius, who had innovated in the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, to abjure his opinions, and to subscribe to the ancient faith.—The general opposition, which the dogmatical sentiments of this man excited, proves at least their novelty in the eleventh century.

Studious of reconciling the long divided churches of the East and West, he had purposed to proceed himself to Constantinople, and to bring the grand controversy to issue. The disturbances of Europe forbad it.—He wrote to the Grecian Emperor, who had implored his succour that, at the head of the powers of the West, he would march to his assistance; and he conjured the German Henry and William Duke of Burgundy to join him in the enterprise[i].—The idea did

[i] Nat. Alex. sæc. xi.

BOOK I. honour to the magnanimous ſpirit of Gregory; but twenty more years were to elapſe before Europe would be prepared to ſend her holy warriors againſt the Infidel powers of the Eaſtern world.

He reprimanded Salomon King of Hungary, that he had dared to accept the inveſtiture of his realm from the hand of the Emperor, and not from Rome. Hungary, ſaid he, was rendered feudatory of the holy ſee by Stephen, the beſt of her kings, and your right of holding the ſceptre is from hence [k].

He wrote to the kings of Denmark, of Sweden, and of Norway, reproving what had been ill done, and urging them to the due diſcharge of their duties in the ſupport of religion, and in procuring the welfare of their people; but particularly he preſſes on their attention a filial obedience to the apoſtolic ſee [l].

The murder of Staniſlaus, biſhop of Cracow, he revenged on the Poliſh king and the other perpetrators of the crime, in the moſt ſignal manner. In execration of the deed, the whole kingdom was laid under an interdict, the king deprived of all regal power, and his ſubjects abſolved from their allegiance. None of the ſons of thoſe, who either aided or adviſed the crime, ſaid he, ſhall be promoted to holy orders to the end of the fourth generation [m].

The kingdom of Spain, he pretended, had, from time immemorial, belonged to the Roman church; and when the count de Ronci applied to him for permiſſion to retain the lands he might conquer from the Saracens, who then poſſeſſed them; he granted his prayer, on condition, he ſhould hold them

[k] Fleury, vol. xiii. [l] Nat. Alex. ſæc. xi. [m] Ibid.

them in the name of St. Peter. But I would rather, he obſerved, they ſhould remain in the hands of the infidels, than that chriſtians ſhould poſſeſs them, who might refuſe to do homage to the holy ſee[n].

Alfonſus, king of Caſtile, who had married the near relation of his firſt wife, he threatened with excommunication, if he dared to cohabit any longer with her; and he admoniſhed him to remove the evil counſellors, who had adviſed him perverſely. "Weighing, with awful reſolution, ſays "he, the value of earthly poſſeſſions, it is then, I think, "that a biſhop beſt merits his name, when, in the cauſe "of juſtice, he ſuffers perſecution. In obedience to the "laws of heaven, I will rather be hated by the wicked, "than flatter their deſires, and incur the anger of an irri-"tated God[o]."

To Dalmatia, to the ſtates of Venice, and to Sardinia, he wrote in the ſame ſtile of a judge and their ſupreme governor.—Even to the inhoſpitable climes of Ruſſia he extended his monarchical juriſdiction. "Your ſon, ſays he to "king Demetrius, has been with me, requeſting that I "would make over your kingdom to him, in the name of "St. Peter. His petition appeared juſt, and I granted "it[p]."

The ſons of count Raymond had quarrelled: Gregory, as the umpire between contending princes, undertook to reconcile them. "Tell them, ſays he, that, if they diſ-"obey my orders, and continue enemies, I will deprive "them of the protection of St. Peter: them and their abet-"tors I will retrench from the ſociety of chriſtians: from

[n] Fleury, vol. xiii. [o] Nat. Alex. ſæc. xi. [p] Fleury, ibid.

BOOK I. " that moment, their arms ſhall be ſucceſsleſs in war, nor " ſhall they ever proſper [q]."

William, our Norman conqueror, he treated with unuſual lenity; he ſpeaks of his virtues, of his moderation, and his juſtice; and becauſe he had ſhewn more reſpect, than other princes, towards the holy ſee, his regal power, he thinks, ſhould be more mildly handled. But when he ſent his legate into England to demand an oath of fealty to himſelf and ſucceſſors, and to urge the more regular payment of the ſubſidy due to Rome, the monarch anſwered, that the money ſhould be remitted; " but as to the oath, ſaid " he, I neither have nor will make it, becauſe I have never " promiſed it, nor do I find that it was ever made by my " predeceſſors to yours."—The pontiff was irritated; " it " is his ſubmiſſion, and not his money, that I value, ſaid " he;" but he acquieſced: he ſeemed to be awed by William, and probably admired in him that boldneſs of ſpirit, which, from the dukedom of Normandy, had raiſed him to the throne of England [r].

The ſame was not his moderation towards Philip, king of France. Hearing that he had refuſed to admit to their ſees ſome biſhops, who had been canonically choſen, he addreſſed a letter to the French prelates, expreſſive of his ſtrongeſt indignation: " either your king, ſaid he, ſhall " ceaſe from his ſimoniacal conduct, or the realm of " France, ſtruck by a general anathema, ſhall withdraw " from his obedience, unleſs they rather chuſe to renounce " their chriſtianity." Philip gave way.—Afterwards, in a letter to the monarch himſelf, he ſays: " reflect, Sir, how " great

[q] Fleury, vol. xiii. [r] Ibid.

" great was the glory of your anceſtors, as long as they con-
" tinued faithful to the church, and protected its rights:
" but no ſooner, in a change of manners, have the divine
" and human laws been trampled on, than your power and
" celebrity are no more. The important duties of my
" charge will often compel me to repeat theſe truths to you,
" and ſometimes perhaps in ſeverer language."—Philip had ſeized by violence the property of ſome Italian merchants: Gregory commanded him to reſtore it; ſhould he neglect to do it, he wrote to the count of Poitiers, that it was his intention to remove him from his throne. " Should he per-
" ſevere in his iniquities, we will ſever him and all thoſe
" who ſhall obey him as their king, from the communion of
" the faithful; and every day ſhall this anathema be re-
" newed on the altar of St. Peter. We have borne his
" crimes too long; but now were his power equal to that
" which the emperors of Rome practiſed on the martyrs,
" no human fear ſhould with-hold our vengeance any
" longer[f]."

But it was with Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, that was the grand quarrel, and here we ſhall ſee marked, in the ſtrongeſt colours, the magnanimous and proud ſpirit of Gregory. What firſt raiſed the indignation of the zealous pontiff, was the ſimoniacal diſtribution of benefices, publicly practiſed by Henry; and he was accuſed of various other crimes. The pope exerted all his powers to ſtem the raging torrent; he adviſed, he expoſtulated, he reprimanded, and he threatened. It was in vain; conſpiracies were formed againſt him, his perſon was ſeized, but he was reſcued

[f] Fleury, vol. xiii.

BOOK I. refcued by the timely interference of the Roman populace. Under pain of anathema, he then ordered Henry to appear before him at Rome, and he fixed the day for his appearance. The emperor diſobeyed the ſummons, convoked an aſſembly at Wormes; Gregory is accuſed of crimes, as unfounded, as they are ſcandalous, and the ſentence of depoſition is pronounced againſt him. On the other hand, the pope calls a ſynod at Rome, where the prince is ſolemnly excommunicated and depoſed, and his ſubjects are forbidden to obey him. The ſentence was in theſe words.—"Peter, "prince of the apoſtles, liſten to thy ſervant, whom thou "haſt tutored from his youth, and whom, to the preſent "hour, thou haſt freed from the hands of the wicked, who "hate me, becauſe I am faithful to thee. Thou canſt wit-"neſs, and with thee can witneſs the holy mother of Chriſt, "and thy brother Paul, that unwillingly I was compelled "to mount this holy throne. Rather would I have worn "out my life in exile, than have uſurped thy ſeat to gain "glory and the praiſe of mortals. By thy favour has the "care of the chriſtian world been committed to me; from "thee I have the power of binding and of looſening. Reſt-"ing on this aſſurance, for the honour and ſupport of the "church, in the name of God the Father almighty, of his "Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt, I depoſe Henry, who raſhly "and inſolently has raiſed his arm againſt thy church, from "all imperial and regal power, and his ſubjects I abſolve "from all allegiance to him. For it is meet that he, who "aims to retrench the majeſty of thy church, ſhould be "deſpoiled of his own honours[t]."

[t] Plat. Fleury, &c.

It

It was the firſt time that ſuch a ſentence had been pronounced againſt a ſovereign prince.—Moderate men were ſhocked at the procedure, and talked of terms of accommodation. "I am no enemy to concord, replied Gregory, "let Henry firſt make his peace with heaven: nor did I "proceed to this rigour, till all other means had been "tried in vain."—Some obſerved that a prince ſhould not be excommunicated.—"And when Chriſt committed his "church to Peter, anſwered the pontiff ſternly, ſaying, "feed my ſheep, did he except kings?"

The nobles of Germany, whom the crimes and miſconduct of Henry had exaſperated, reſolve not to loſe ſo favourable an occaſion of reſenting their injuries, and publicly announce their intention of electing another maſter. To ward off the blow, Henry croſſed the Alpes, hoping by this apparent ſubmiſſion, to appeaſe alſo the anger of Gregory. Arrived at Canuſium, a caſtle belonging to the counteſs Matilda, where the pope then was, he diſmiſſed his guard, laid down every enſign of royalty, and barefooted, in the humble garb of a penitent, he preſented himſelf at the gates. He was refuſed admittance. It was winter, and the ſeaſon was ſevere. Here he remained, ſilent and ſubmiſſive, till the riſing of the fourth ſun, when, at the entreaty of Matilda and others, he was admitted to the preſence of Gregory, An accommodation took place, and his abſolution was pronounced, on condition, that he ſhould ever remain obedient to the holy ſee, that he ſhould appear before his accuſers to anſwer to their charges, and that he ſhould abide by the final award of Rome. Henry aſſented. [u]

[u] Fleury ibid.

In

BOOK I.

In the preſence of the people, Gregory then celebrated the ſacred myſteries; and after the conſecration, whilſt the emperor and his aſſiſtants ſtood round the altar; "I have "been accuſed, ſaid he, (turning towards them with the "holy bread in his hand,) by you and your party, of vari-"ous crimes, as well before as ſince my promotion to the "chair of St. Peter. They that know me can ſufficiently "atteſt my innocence; but that the world may know it; "let this body of our Lord, which you ſee, be a witneſs "to me: if I am guilty, may I die!" Uttering theſe words, he put a part of the ſacred bread into his mouth, and ſwallowed it.—The ſolemn and unexpected action ſtruck the aſſembly, and their acclamations ſounded through the caſtle. The pontiff then addreſſed the aſtoniſhed prince. "My ſon, the remaining portion is for you. The Ger-"man nobles have accuſed you, and they demand that "you be judged; but how uncertain are the judgments of "men! If you feel yourſelf innocent, at once ſave your "own honour, ſilence your enemies, and make me your "friend. God ſhall be your judge." So ſaying, he advanced towards him: the emperor ſhrunk back, and withdrawing, for a moment, with his friends, it was determined that he ſhould not expoſe himſelf to the tremendous ordeal[v].

The Lombards, looking with indignation on this baſe ſubmiſſion of their king, reſolve to give their allegiance to his ſon, who was yet an infant. Henry takes the alarm, and breaks through the treaty he had juſt contracted.—But the German ſtates aſſemble at Forcheim, and being informed by the pope's legates, that the ſentence of depoſition againſt Henry

[v] Fleury ibid.

Henry had not been revoked, though he had been taken into communion, they elect for their king Rodolphus duke of Suabia.—Gregory, to whom ſufficient attention had not been paid in this important ſtep, for ſome time ſeemed to remain neuter between the contending factions. He received their ambaſſadors, who came to petition that the artillery of the vatican might play on their reſpective enemies. The pontiff only anſwered, that they ſhould firſt lay down their arms, and he would judge their cauſes. But inaction ill-accorded with his reſtleſs diſpoſition: he convoked another ſynod, wherein Henry was again excommunicated and depoſed, and his dominions ſolemnly transferred to Rodolphus. To the new king he promiſed victory; and ſeemed to predict death and ſucceſsleſs arms to the depoſed monarch. Heaven was inattentive to his voice; for after repeated battles, Rodolphus himſelf fell. Henry then marched to Rome, accompanied by Guibertus, archbiſhop of Ravenna, whom he had choſen anti-pope, and laid ſiege to the caſtle of St. Angelo. The tiara trembled on the head of Gregory; and he was on the point of falling into the hands of his enemy, when the renowned Robert Guiſcard, who was become the faſt friend of the pontiff, marched from the Eaſt to his deliverance. The ſiege was raiſed, and Henry, whom his anti-pope had juſt crowned emperor, retired. But the Romans, worn down by troubles and the devaſtations of war, began to treat Gregory as the author of their misfortunes. His high ſpirit could ill-brook this reverſe of fortune: he withdrew to Salerno, where he died the year following, in 1085[w].

[w] Platina, Fleury, &c.

BOOK I.

Nor was he more indulgent to the vices of churchmen, than to the exceſſes of princes. Biſhops and archbiſhops, whoſe ſins were flagrant, he excommunicated and depoſed in all quarters of the globe, and his cenſures fell, like the hail in March, wherever vice dared to rear its head. But to the virtuous he was indulgent, and he rewarded their merit.

Notwithſtanding this extraordinary ſeverity of character and conduct, Gregory found friends in the ſofter ſex. Agnes, mother to Henry, and Matilda his relation, counteſs of Tuſcany, admired him as the greateſt and beſt of men: nor was theirs a ſterile admiration. The counteſs made over to the holy ſee all her poſſeſſions, which were conſiderable, in Lombardy and Tuſcany; her purſe and intereſt were ever devoted to Gregory; and her armies were ready to march at his call. As might be expected, his enemies, who were numerous, and particularly the churchmen, whoſe incontinence he chaſtiſed with a ſevere hand, were loud in their reflections; but ſo irreproachable and ſo exemplary was the tenour of his life, that malevolence itſelf could not tarniſh its luſtre[x].

Such was Gregory the Seventh. It has been his lot, as it has been that of all great men, to be admired by ſome, and to be cenſured by others. Theſe reflect not that he lived in the eleventh century, when the manners of the age, and the ideas of men, were ſo different from thoſe of the preſent day. We generally meaſure the conduct of others at a very unfair ſtandard.—The notions of Gregory were ſome of them, I confeſs, even then novel; but they were principally grounded

[x] Platina, Fleury, &c.

grounded on a newly-diſcovered collection of decrees, to which the weak criticiſm of the times gave great authenticity. The high powers he exerciſed were not diſputed in their principle; he was even urged to the uſe of them, as contending factions judged they might be ſerviceable to their views.

If we contemplate Gregory with the ſame eyes, with which we look on an Alexander or on a Cæſar, I think, we may be diſpoſed to raiſe him far above the level of thoſe mighty conquerors. With them he aimed at univerſal empire, but with views far more meritorious than theirs. His great ambition was to extirpate vice from the earth, and over its ſurface to extend the benign influence of that religion, which himſelf practiſed and revered. Before a mind, ſwelling with this noble project, was it not natural, that princes and ſceptred kings ſhould ſink into inſignificancy? He would treat them as impediments, which lay in the way of his deſigns. Gregory, at the head of armies, would have called after him the admiration of poſterity: we view him in another light, becauſe habituated to appreciate what are called great qualities, by the conqueſt of kingdoms and the overthrow of armies, we have not eyes for other talents, or for atchievements formed in another order of things.

But though this power of Gregory, which his ſucceſſors, as circumſtances favoured, long ſtrove to ſupport, could ſometimes check the progreſs of vice, yet could it not, by any means, complete the object they had in view. The evil was too inveterate.—Europe was divided into an infinity of petty ſtates, the heads over which lived in perpetual hoſtilities. Thus was formed a ſcale of oppreſſion: the ſtrongeſt

BOOK I.

became the tyrant; but the weakeſt alſo had vaſſals, on whom the hand of deſpotiſm preſſed with all the weight it had.—General diſſipation, and the conſequence of it general indolence, gave birth to the baſeſt ſpecies of crimes; and had not the call of arms rouſed them into action, the ſtate of humanity would have been greatly more deplorable than it was. The diſorders of a relaxed habit are often the moſt fatal.

State of France.

When we liſten to the deſcriptions, exaggerated it may be preſumed, which ſome hiſtorians give of the kingdom of France, the mind draws back with horror. Yet in the midſt of this ſcene, the light and airy Philip indulged himſelf in all the joys of wine and women. Tired of his queen, he forcibly took to his arms Bertrada, the wife of the count of Anjou, and he called upon the laws to give their ſanction to the iniquitous deed. The thunders of the vatican rolled over his head, and fell; but he had addreſs enough to ward off the worſt effect of excommunication, which was depoſition, and the conſequent defection of his ſubjects.—The rapacity of the great barons was inſatiable; and the biſhops, thoſe meek-eyed miniſters of peace, bound on the helmet, and with the arm of fleſh defended the rights of the church and their own poſſeſſions[y].

State of England.

In England the general aſpect of affairs was more pleaſing, than in other parts of Europe. The conqueſt, though humbling to the Britiſh ſpirit, was productive of happy effects. It ſerved to rouſe the fallen character of the nation: there was ſomething in the Norman blood well adapted to coaleſce with the Engliſh conſtitution, and to improve it; a new

[y] Daniel, Fleury, &c.

a new tide of life began to flow in our veins. Till then, almoſt unknown and little important in the connection of Europe, England, like a new conſtellation, appeared above the horizon, and ſoon roſe to the firſt magnitude by its learning, by its power, by its commerce, by its conqueſts.—William, indeed, was a tyrant; but what conqueror was ever otherwiſe? The ſeverity of his reign was the natural effect of circumſtances: he had to break the proud ſpirit of his new ſubjects, which, left to itſelf, muſt ever have fermented into plots and inſurrections; he had to ſhew them that it was not the capricious will of fortune which had put the ſceptre into his hand, but that he owed it to the ſure aſcendency of his own abilities and arm, and therefore that he was able to maintain it; and he had to reward thoſe brave companions, who had bled and conquered by his ſide. In his friends he ſaw merit, which he could not deſcry in his enemies, and what wonder, if the poſſeſſions of the latter were ſeized to enrich them; but even here he wiſhed to ſupport the outward forms of juſtice[z].

His ſon and ſucceſſor, William Rufus, was a tyrant by principle, and never perhaps did a more ſtern and undiſciplined heart beat in the human breaſt.

Lanfranc and Anſelm, at this period, ſucceſſively filled the ſee of Canterbury; men of ſuperior talents, of ſuperior piety, and of ſuperior fortitude. By them religion was ſupported, whilſt its mild influence began to ſoften the ferocious manners of the age; and learning, under their protection, again dared to rear its head. England looked up to theſe venerable prelates, and in the milder light which beamed

[z] Hume and others.

BOOK I. beamed from their virtues, ſeemed to diſcover ſomething that might be admired, and ſomething that might be imitated. All was not abſorbed in the blaze of martial ſplendor.

Unfortunately, the notions of prerogative and excluſive privileges, which, originating from the chair of St. Peter, ſoon took poſſeſſion of the breaſts of churchmen, precipitated theſe worthy men into diſputes with their ſovereigns, from which fatal evils enſued. Thus was obſtructed the ſpread of thoſe many advantages which, in other circumſtances, England would have derived from their talents and their virtues. When I read the invectives of modern hiſtorians againſt ſuch men; I own, I bluſh: for their lives were without reproach, and the motives of their conduct, grounded on the approved maxims of the age, were dictated to them by honour and ſincerity. Had they lived at ſome earlier or ſome later period, differently would they have acted; but in the eleventh century, not to have conformed to its principles, would have been a baſe ſurrender of rights and privileges, which every idea of their minds then told them to revere[a].

Though the hiſtorian, whoſe buſineſs it ſhould be to detail the events of this period, and to portray the different characters, whom he ſhould find deſerving of great praiſe or of great reprehenſion, might find ample matter for his pen, and in that matter, ample amuſement for his readers; yet is there one grand event which ſeems to occupy ſo large a ſpace in the eye of the beholder, that all other objects dwindle away before it.—I have ſaid what may be deemed ſufficient to exhibit the general features of the times; that ſolely

[a] Fleury, Nat. Alex. ſæc xi. quoting original authors.

ſolely is my object; the remaining delineation will develope what elſe may be thought requiſite to complete the portrait.

The firſt Cruſade.

After Conſtantine, in the fourth century, had given celebrity to the chriſtian religion, and by his care, and that of his mother Helen, Paleſtine in particular, the native land of our Saviour, had been decorated with many monuments of their piety, and the holy places at Jeruſalem had been brought out to more public inſpection; a certain inſtinctive veneration for that diſtant and venerable ſpot ſeized on the minds of men. The ſoil, on which Jeſus Chriſt had ſtood, they deemed bleſſed; and what ſeems more extraordinary, ſays a writer who does not always reaſon juſtly, even the inſtruments which had been uſed in the ſhedding of his blood. What man, continues he, left to the free impulſe of humanity, would imprint his kiſſes on the axe, that had let out the life of his deareſt friend? The new impreſſion was however made, and in many it was founded on ideas of the ſincereſt piety. It may be called *new*, becauſe it ſeems to have had no place in the minds of thoſe chriſtians, who were contemporary to the period when the great tragedy was performed.

Conſtantine, as his hiſtorians relate, had ſeen a miraculous apparition of the croſs; and under that ſign he had conquered. From that time, the croſs was no longer a mark of infamy; it waved on the banners of his army; and the Roman eagle was taught to ſtoop before it. Out of compliment to the maſter of the world, had no pious impulſe helped the bias, it was natural that reſpect ſhould be ſhewn to this favoured ſign.

Pilgrimages

BOOK I.

Pilgrimages to the holy land ſoon became frequent, and ſoon they were faſhionable. Even after the deſtruction of the Weſtern empire, the journey was attended with no peculiar difficulties, becauſe the new kingdoms which aroſe continued to profeſs the chriſtian faith. But in the ſeventh century the great change took place; when the diſciples of Mahomet, a people divided from us by religion, by language, and by manners, roſe, like a dark cloud, in the Eaſt, and ſpread themſelves over the ſurface of many kingdoms. Still were the pilgrims permitted to reſort to Jeruſalem: the pious travellers came not empty-handed; it was beſides a ſpecies of devotion, of which the infidels were themſelves rather fond; and curioſity would be pleaſed at the ſight of ſuch a motly concourſe of ſtrangers from every corner of Europe. Mecca, on its brighteſt days, could hardly boaſt of a fairer ſpectacle.

Thus, for many years, continued this wondrous practice; when the Saracens, maſters of the land, no longer pleaſed with the idle ſcene, or irritated by the miſconduct of the pilgrims, or apprehenſive, not without reaſon, that enthuſiaſm might at laſt prompt them to meditate deſigns againſt the ſtate; began to ſhew them fewer marks of kindneſs, and even oppreſſed thoſe of the chriſtian name, who were ſettled amongſt them. Of this oppreſſion and of their own ill-treatment, they told a piteous and exaggerated tale, on their return to Europe; and dreadful indeed, they ſaid, it was, that the holy places ſhould be poſſeſſed by the declared foes to the religion of Chriſt! To attempt their reſcue however was an act of ſolemn chivalry, which only the lapſe of ages could bring to maturity.

The

The Grecian emperors, indeed, were ever at war with the Ottoman powers; but it was to defend their own frontiers, which the enemy daily invaded with ſucceſs. The blood ran back upon the heart, and the proud towers of Conſtantinople trembled for their own ſecurity. It was no time to think of foreign conqueſts.—The Goths, the Lombards, the Francs, and other nations, which now roſe into power, in the Weſt, were embroiled in domeſtic quarrels, or occupied with ſchemes of ſelf-preſervation. Even from the infidels themſelves they had reaſon to fear the moſt ruinous incurſions: already they were in poſſeſſion of the moſt fertile provinces of Spain, and the fate of Spain ſeemed to hover over the other ſtates of Europe. Common policy ſhould have told them, that the beſt ſecurity againſt the inroads of an enemy is, to carry war into his own territories. But, I have ſaid, that the European powers were themſelves unſettled.

It was only towards the cloſe of the eleventh century, that the Weſtern chriſtians conceived the deſign of a general confederation againſt the infidels of the Eaſt. Gregory the ſeventh, the man whoſe virtues I praiſed, whoſe abilities I admired, but whoſe extravagances I cenſured, ſeems firſt to have adopted the grand idea. Hiſtorians tell us[b], that he was moved to it by the melancholy recital of the ſufferings of the Chriſtians, who groaned under the Ottoman yoke. It might indeed be that, knowing how powerfully a tale of diſtreſs operated on the human mind, he would not loſe its effect; and therefore urged it as an efficacious motive, whereby to accompliſh more eaſily his deſigns. But he was

[b] Fleury and others.

BOOK I. too wiſe a man, I think, to give much weight, in his own mind, to a circumſtance in itſelf ſo trifling. Theſe chriſtians were not numerous, and might readily have withdrawn from the hand which oppreſſed them.—Nor can I for a moment ſuppoſe, he would deign to give a ſingle thought to the ſuggeſtion, that, by marching into the Eaſt, he ſhould be able to give protection to the pilgrims, or facilitate their wild emigrations into Paleſtine. Gregory had other views. The infidel powers were become terrible to Europe; their depredations were feared upon every maritime coaſt; they had landed in Italy, and inſulted the gates of Rome.

Europe, I have alſo ſaid, was cruelly lacerated by internal wars; the hand of every man was armed againſt his brother; nor did it ſeem, in the ordinary courſe of things, that this deplorable ſcene could be brought to a concluſion. They had had recourſe indeed to a ſingular expedient, which was called the *Truce of God*, whereby it was forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to make any attack on a private enemy, from the ſetting of the ſun on Wedneſday to its riſing on Monday morning. This was ſome relief.—Commerce and agriculture, the ſinews and the wealth of ſtates, were little known; or thoſe thouſand arts of peace, which give employment to the more populous nations of modern times.—But could the arms, which chriſtians uſed for mutual deſtruction, be turned againſt a common enemy, the evils of domeſtic diſcord would ceaſe, and Europe might again proſper and be happy[c].

When in this light we view the cruſades, they will not perhaps appear to have been dictated by that wild enthuſiaſm, to

[c] Fleury diſc. 6.

to which generally they are aſcribed. Not that I mean to inſinuate that the multitude or their leaders were iufluenced by ſuch rational motives: theſe can only belong to ſuch men as Gregory or to Urban his ſucceſſor. The marching cruſaders waved their banners under a more animating impulſe. They viewed themſelves as the choſen ſoldiers of the Lord: they looked to the land of Paleſtine, as to a country they had a right to occupy, not reflecting, if the preſent poſſeſſors were ejected, that it ſhould devolve to the Jews as an old inheritance; and they were promiſed that, in the blood of the unbelieving muſſulmen, their own crimes ſhould be cancelled.

To the expedition, of which I ſhall now ſpeak, had been a curious prelude in 1064, when ſeven thouſand Germans, at the head of whom was Sigefroi, archbiſhop of Mayence, in a body took up the pilgrim's ſtaff, and marched towards Jeruſalem. They were attacked, even on good Friday, by a ſuperior band of twelve thouſand Arabs, and, after a ſtout defence, were on the point of falling a prey to the rapacious infidels, when unexpectedly, at the riſing of the ſun on Eaſter Sunday, they were reſcued by an army of Turks, and conducted, under a ſtrong eſcort, to the walls of Jeruſalem[d]!

When the minds of men, from a concurrence of circumſtances, have been long expoſed to certain impreſſions—it matters not with what diſguſt or even horror they were at firſt received—gradually they become familiariſed with them, and reaſon, or what by them is called reaſon, will ſoon be diſpoſed to give them its ſolemn approbation. At this mo-

[d] Vertot hiſt. de Malte.

BOOK I. ment, the moſt trifling cauſe will produce the greateſt effect: it is a ſpark which falls upon a mine of gunpowder.

A holy prieſt of the dioceſe of Amiens in France, named Peter, and from the ſolitary life he led, ſurnamed the hermit, tired of retirement, or prompted by the devotion of the times, quitted his cell, and wandered to Jeruſalem. His mind ſank within him, when, in the moments of fervent piety, he caſt his eyes round, and ſaw the deſolation of the holy places. With tears he lamented the circumſtance to Simeon, the patriarch of the city, who in the zeal and character of his pilgrim ſoon diſcovered diſpoſitions, from which poſſibly great advantage might be drawn. They often met; and it was finally agreed between them, that Simeon ſhould write a letter, deſcriptive of the melancholy ſituation of things, to the biſhop of Rome: this letter the hermit engaged to preſent, and to ſtrengthen its contents by all the energy of his own repreſentation. He further promiſed to viſit the courts of the European princes, and to rouſe them, if poſſible, to a general confederation for the relief of Jeruſalem. Peter once more bent his knee at the holy ſepulchre, and departed full of the great project, with which heaven, he thought, had inſpired him. He preſented his diſpatches to Urban, and as he had engaged, accompanied them with a pathetic detail of the horrors, his own eyes had witneſſed. The effect anſwered his moſt ſanguine wiſhes: Urban was affected, and on the ſpot conceived the deſign of ſending relief to the chriſtians of Paleſtine.—Nor did the hermit delay the remaining part of his commiſſion. He travelled from court to court: was every where received as a meſſenger from heaven; and the enthuſiaſm, he himſelf felt, was eaſily transfuſed into the breaſts of his hearers. Peter

Peter was an engine admirably adapted to the work he had undertaken. His zeal was ardent, his diſintereſtedneſs exemplary, and a ſpirit of mortification ſeemed to hold all his paſſions under the ſevereſt controul. His figure, indeed, was rather mean, and his phyſiognomy unpleaſant; but his eye was piercing, and from his lips fell a torrent of impaſſioned eloquence, which hurried his audience into admiration and conviction. He ſpoke with the impoſing air and authority of an inſpired man. The alms that were given him he diſtributed among the poor; his food was dry bread, and he drank of the chriſtal ſtream: his feet were bare, and a ſingle woollen tunic protected him from the inclemencies of various climes. And in all this, hiſtorians ſay, there did not appear the leaſt affectation. Wherever he moved, crowds flocked to ſee the extraordinary man, and even he was deemed happy who could procure a few hairs from the faithful mule, the companion of his journeys and his toils[e].

In 1095 was aſſembled a council at Clermont in Auvergne, at which Urban preſided in perſon. Diſturbances in Italy had compelled him to take refuge in France. In this ſynod was brought forward the buſineſs of the holy land; the pope addreſſed them in a diſcourſe full of pathetic declamation and of ſome good ſenſe; and the aſſembly, with enthuſiaſm, applauded the propoſed undertaking, exclaiming with one voice, *deus lo volt, it is the will of heaven.* The pontiff ſeized the important moment. "The words you have uttered, "ſaid he, were indeed dictated by heaven itſelf; I read "inſpiration in them, and they ſhall go with you into "battle,

[e] Daniel, Fleury.

BOOK I. " battle, to be your comfort and to be the ſign, which " ſhall diſtinguiſh the true ſoldiers of the lord."—He then ordered that the figure of a *croſs* ſhould be borne on the breaſts of thoſe, who ſhould enroll themſelves in the ſacred warfare; and ſtill better to ſecure ſucceſs to his project, (for he knew that enthuſiaſm was but a tranſient affection) he had recourſe to an expedient, which promiſed to anſwer his warmeſt wiſhes [f].

At all times, ſays the inimitable Fleury, whoſe reflections and ideas I am ever proud to copy, the paſtors of the church had uſed a diſcretionary power in the relaxation of ſome parts of the canonical penances impoſed on ſinners, as their fervour, or other circumſtances, ſeemed to require it: but never, before this day, had it been ſeen that, for one ſingle work of piety, a ſinner was diſcharged from all the temporal puniſhments, to which he might be liable before the juſtice of heaven. Urban undertook to do as much as this, when he promiſed a *plenary indulgence*, that is, a complete releaſement from all temporal puniſhment, to the cruſaders. It was an innovation in the diſcipline of the church, from which many abuſes followed.—For more than two centuries, great difficulty had attended the enforcement of the penitentiary canons: In themſelves they were very ſevere, and in proceſs of time, ſo much had they been multiplied, that almoſt they might be deemed impracticable. From this circumſtance aroſe the diſcipline of *commutation*, whereby whole years of penance might be redeemed in a few days. Pilgrimages to Rome, to Compoſtella, to Jeruſalem, entered into this ſyſtem of commutation; all which acts however were

[f] Daniel, Fleury.

were now left far behind by the new project of Urban, which to the meritorious exercise of a wandering life superadded the dreadful perils of war [g].

In this first expedition, the crusaders were uninfluenced by any sordid motives: they looked for no salary, but what the papal indulgence held out to them.—Great certainly was the expence which attended the march of such numerous armies; but the rich principally defrayed it, whilst even the less wealthy contributed all they could procure, well knowing that the interest it would bring, was more highly to be prised than all human riches.—The sagacious Urban imagined another device, which was no less efficacious. Under the severest censures, he forbad the crusaders to be molested by their creditors, and granted them many other exemptions, whilst they wore the holy cross; and all their possessions he took into the protection of the holy see.

Such favours would be received with ardour. The nobility feeling a load of crimes, from the pillage of churches, and a long series of rapacity and oppression, eagerly accepted such easy terms of forgiveness: they had only to continue their favourite exercise of war, knowing that, if they fell, they should receive the blooming palm of martyrdom [h]. —The commonalty followed the example of their lords; indeed, they were their vassals and bound to servitude: but when all that was great and elegant in the provinces was seen hurrying into arms, he must have been lowly-minded truly, who could have been contented to have staid at home, bent over the anvil, or toiling behind his plough.

[g] Fleury disc. 6. [h] Fleury ibid.

Churchmen,

BOOK I.

Churchmen, whoſe pure hands ſhould never be ſtained with blood, were not excluded from this meritorious ſervice. They alſo had crimes, which called for expiation, though in ſtrictneſs of penitentiary diſcipline, they were not ſubject to its canons. In ſome, motives of piety, but in more the love of novelty and diſſipation, would preponderate.—Monks, with their abbots, broke from their retirement; threw aſide the cowl, and gliſtened in the burniſhed helmet.—The ſofter ſex felt a glow of courage riſe within their breaſts, and they prepared to enter on the toilſome march, in company of their huſbands and their lovers.—Europe, in a word, was in general commotion: every eye ſparkled with animation: in every town and in every village was heard the din of arms; whilſt the cruſader, leaning on his ſword, uttered words of hardihood, talked of the battles he ſhould win, and of the infidels he ſhould maſſacre, and of the ſins which would be forgiven him.—In all the provinces of France, ſays Daniel, private hoſtilities ceaſed in a moment; the moſt inveterate enemies became friends; and he that had not money ſtrove to ſell his poſſeſſions. The ſcene was aſtoniſhing.

The principal cruſaders were Hugh, brother to the French king; Robert duke of Normandy, brother to William Rufus of England; Stephen count of Blois; Raymond count of Toulouſe; Godfrey duke of Lorraine, with his brothers Baldwin and Euſtach; with numberleſs inferior lords, knights, and gentlemen, biſhops, abbots, monks, and prieſts.

By the beginning of 1096, the year after the council, the number of thoſe, who had taken up the croſs, was incredible.

They

They aſſembled round Peter the hermit, whom they regarded as the apoſtle of the cruſade, and as the envoy from heaven. From him they had their orders, and they prepared to march.—The firſt diviſion, an undiſciplined and lawleſs rabble, was led on by one Walter, a French gentleman of ſome experience, but of little note. He was followed by the hermit, at the head of forty thouſand men. A third diviſion of fifteen thouſand proceeded under Goteſcalc, a German prieſt.—Great were the diſorders theſe men committed; the latter diviſion in particular; againſt whom the inſulted people of Hungary roſe up in arms, and it is ſaid, not one of the fifteen thouſand ſurvived to tell the tale of their cataſtrophe.—Other bands, ſtill more numerous, followed in wonderful ſucceſſion, and as their exceſſes on the march were as great, many of them ſhared the juſt fate of their fellows[h].

A more undiſciplined and licentious body of men never drew the ſword. In truth, there was but little diſcipline in the armies of the age, and in thoſe of the cruſaders there was ſtill leſs: they were formed of volunteers from different nations, the chief over whom were independent of one another, and as lawleſs and licentious as they. The pope's legate alone held ſupreme command, and his voice, it was vainly expected, would awe into obedience this diſcordant multitude. Impatient of controul, they waited not till they ſhould have put their feet on infidel land, to commence hoſtilities; wherever they marched, pillage, rapine, devaſtation marked their progreſs. They had, indeed, been vainly taught to believe, that heaven, by ſupernatural

[h] Daniel, Vertot.

 aſſiſtance,

BOOK I. assistance, would supply all their necessities, and therefore no provision had been made for subsistence on the march. Finding their wild expectations frustrated, they were even compelled to relieve their wants by plunder; and this it was that enraged the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed. They took their way towards Constantinople, through Hungary and Bulgaria.

The princes, whose names I have mentioned, apprehensive probably lest the greatness itself of the armament should disappoint its own purpose, permitted the multitude to march before them, and themselves, by different routes, escorted by the flower of their vassals, advanced towards the seat of the Eastern empire; for that was appointed the place of general rendezvous.

Alexis Comnenus, the Greek emperor, saw them approach with dismay. He had applied indeed to the Western christians for succour against the Turks, but he had only hoped that such a supply would be sent him, as, acting under his controul, might enable him to repel the enemy. Astonished he was to see his dominions overwhelmed, on a sudden, by such an inundation of licentious barbarians, who, though they pretended friendship, despised his subjects as unwarlike, and detested them as heretical. By all the arts of policy, in which he excelled, he endeavoured to divert the torrent; but while he employed professions, caresses, civilities, and seeming services towards the leaders of the crusade, he secretly regarded those imperious allies as more dangerous than the open enemies, by whom his empire had been invaded. Whilst the armies were round his capital he daily harrassed them by every art, which his genius, his power,

power, or his ſituation enabled him to employ; and having effected the difficult point of diſembarking them in Aſia, he entered into a private correſpondence with Soliman, the Turkiſh emperor, and he practiſed every inſidious device, for diſappointing the enterpriſe, and diſcouraging the latins from attempting thenceforward any ſuch prodigious migrations.

On the banks of the Boſphorus, oppoſite to Conſtantinople, the generals reviewed their armies, when the number of men was found to amount to one hundred thouſand horſe, and ſix hundred thouſand foot, including all the attendants of the army.—The advanced parties, under Walter and the hermit, who had imprudently penetrated into the heart of the country, were ſoon overpowered, and cut to pieces. Peter was abſent at Conſtantinople.—The grand army proceeded on their enterprize with more circumſpection: but the ſcarcity of proviſions, the exceſſes of fatigue, the influence of unexperienced climates, joined to the want of concert in their operations, and to the ſword of a war-like enemy, deſtroyed the adventurers by thouſands. Their zeal, however, their bravery, and their irreſiſtible force ſtill carried them forward.—After an obſtinate ſiege, Nice, the ſeat of the Turkiſh empire, fell; they defeated Soliman in two great battles, and they ſat down before Antioch. After various events, Antioch alſo ſurrendered, and the force of the enemy, who till now had proudly reſiſted, ſeemed entirely broken.

Fluſhed with ſucceſs, the champions of the croſs advanced towards Jeruſalem, which they regarded as the conſummation of their labours. By the detachments they had made

BOOK I. to ſecure their conqueſts, by deſertion, and by diſaſters, their number was reduced to twenty thouſand foot, and fifteen hundred horſe; but theſe were ſtill formidable, from their valour, their experience, and the obedience which, from paſt calamities, they had learned to pay to their leaders.—From the heights which command Jeruſalem, they looked down on the holy city, their hearts beat for joy, they forgot their labours, and they demanded, in clamorous ſhouts, to be led up to the walls, tho' they were defended by an army of forty thouſand men.

In formidable preparation, the generals took their poſts round the devoted city; Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, Raymond of Toulouſe, Robert of Flanders, and the valiant Tancred. Their reſolution was unanimous, to die, or to conquer. Nor was the enemy within the walls leſs prepared or leſs determined. The ſiege laſted five weeks, during which, feats of heroiſm were atchieved, which hiſtorians and poets have been careful to record and to magnify. A general aſſault was finally projected, and with the riſing ſun the trumpet ſounded. It was Friday, the 15th of July, in 1099, till an hour after mid-day, with infinite reſolution, the aſſailants maintained their poſts, and the beſieged reſiſted. But human ſtrength could do no more, and Godfrey ſaw in the countenances of his men, that they deſpaired of ſucceſs. They pauſed; when, on a ſudden, the voice of their general ſounded in their ears: "My friends, cried he, heaven is for us; ſee yonder the "clouds open, and an armed warrior deſcends upon the "mountain of Olives; his ſhield darts lightning, and he "beckons to us to advance!"—Raymond of Toulouſe ſaw the

the ſame viſion. "It is St. George, ſaid he, and he calls "us to victory."—In a moment every arm was again braced; they reared their ladders, their rams ſhook the walls, their machines advanced, and Godfrey, ſword in hand, was ſeen upon the ramparts, ſurrounded by his brave companions. The enemy gave way on all ſides, and on all ſides entered the victorious champions of the croſs.

The carnage and ſcenes of horror, which now enſued, were, paſt deſcription, dreadful. Imagination itſelf is loſt in the painful image, and recoils. Neither arms defended the valiant, nor ſubmiſſion the timorous: no age or ſex was ſpared. The ſtreets of Jeruſalem were covered with dead bodies.—But the triumphant warriors, after every enemy was ſubdued and ſlaughtered, immediately turned themſelves, with ſentiments of humiliation and contrition, towards the holy ſepulchre. Without quitting their bloody armour, they advanced with reclined bodies, and with naked feet, to that ſacred monument. They were met, with hymns of jubilation, by the chriſtians they had reſcued, and with them they ſang anthems to their Saviour, who had there purchaſed their ſalvation by his agony and death. Enlivened by the preſence of the place, devotion ſo overcame all their martial fury, that they diſſolved in tears, and bore the appearance of every ſoft and tender ſentiment. So inconſiſtent is human nature with itſelf! and ſo eaſily do all the paſſions ally, ſuperſtition eſpecially and enthuſiaſm, with heroic courage, and fierce babarity!

Eight days after this great event, Godfrey of Bouillon was unanimouſly choſen king of Jeruſalem. Among all the warriors he was the moſt eminent: courage, wiſdom,

martial

BOOK I. martial ſkill, probity, religion, prudence, ſtrength of body, and a ſtature which awed the beholder, marked him for a hero, and united all the ſuffrages in his favour. For one year only he held this romantic ſceptre with a dignity, which the hand of Godfrey alone could have given to it: he died, and was lamented.—The other princes, having performed their vows, returned in haſte to Europe, where neglected vaſſals, and the important concerns of ſtate, had long bewailed their abſence[k].

Thus ended the firſt cruſade.—In whatever light it be conſidered, whether as an object of religion or of policy, I can diſcover no one permanent advantage that was derived from it. Jeruſalem, indeed, was taken; the chriſtian inhabitants would be protected, and future pilgrims would approach the holy places in more ſecurity. To the ſuperſtition of the age theſe might be weighty benefits; and who will ſay that, as ſuch, they might not value them? Still their greateſt advantages, it ſeems, ſhould vaniſh, when contraſted with their concomitants, the direful events of war. But this alſo is a reflection to which, I know not, that the chriſtians of the eleventh century would have ſubſcribed.

From a redundancy of population, as Europe then was circumſtanced, had, in great meaſure, ariſen that exceſs of vice and lawleſs diſſipation, which I deſcribed; and it was natural to imagine that the vaſt armies which marched to the Eaſt would be principally compoſed of the refuſe of ſociety: hence would the community at large be benefited. —So it happened, and not one in a hundred ever ſaw again his

[k] Vertot, Fleury, Daniel, Hume, from original authors.

his native land; but this one together with the vices he had taken with him, returned loaded with all thoſe which the Eaſtern nations were beſt able to ſupply. On the other hand, was the loſs of ſo many brave, honeſt, and virtuous men, who fell ſacrifices to the phrenzy of the times, to weigh as nothing in the ſcale of reaſon?—The inteſtine feuds, indeed, which ſo long had deſolated Europe, ceaſed, for a moment, in their dread career, while the blood of infidels was pouring out round the walls of Jeruſalem: but ſoon they reſumed their wonted fury, and raged as before.

Aſia was then the ſeat of the arts, of learning, and of commerce; and from thence, in proceſs of time, Europe was to draw the moſt ſubſtantial benefits. In the firſt cruſade theſe were not perceptible; nor could they be: but a channel, it muſt be owned, was then opened, thro' which, in a ſtream at firſt but ſmall, they might begin to flow towards the Weſtern world. The politicians of the age had not this object, I believe, in view: but is it from the foreſight of man, or not rather from what appears to us a fortuitous concurrence of circumſtances, that the moſt ſubſtantial advantages have been derived on human kind?

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK II.

Abeillard goes to Laon and ſtudies under Anſelm—Returns to Paris and teaches.—Heloiſa—Abeillard becomes her maſter—She eſcapes with him into Britany—He offers to marry her—They are married—He conveys her to Argenteuil—Fulbert's revenge—Paſcal II. *pope of Rome—France and England—Religious orders—Cluni—The Chartreuſe—Fontevraud.*

Anno, 1100.

FROM the contentious ſcenes of war and politics, on which the pride of hiſtory loves to dwell, I return, with pleaſure, to the more humble walk of biography. Thus the traveller, who, on the glacieres of Grindelwald or Chamoigny, has contemplated nature in her ſublimeſt horrors, ſinks to the vale below with gentler emotions, where he meets the creeping woodbine and the purling ſtream. BOOK II.

BOOK II.

He goes to Laon and ſtudies under Anſelm.

The reader will recollect that he left Abeillard, juſt returned from Britany to Paris, rather diſguſted of philoſophical purſuits, and preparing to enter on the more important ſtudy of theology. His old maſter and competitor de Champeaux, elated with the new honours of the mitre, had withdrawn to Chalons.

Laon, an epiſcopal ſee, diſtant twenty-ſeven leagues from Paris, was at this time celebrated for its chair of divinity. There Anſelm, a canon and dean of the chapter, had for many years taught, with the greateſt applauſe: men of the firſt conſequence in the church had been his ſcholars[a]. In this number muſt be reckoned de Champeaux himſelf. Abeillard looking round for a maſter, from whom he might draw ſome inſtruction in the new purſuit he was meditating, naturally fixed on Anſelm. Independently of other conſiderations, the circumſtance of his having taught the biſhop of Chalons, would have ſome weight on his mind. The man we contend with, and conquer, is ſeldom deemed a contemptible antagoniſt.—He went to Laon.

" I frequented, ſays he, the old man's ſchool, but it was " ſoon evident, that all his celebrity was derived, not from " the diſplay of abilities, but from length of practice. He " who approached him in anxious uncertainty, returned in " a thicker cloud. To hear him was delightful; for he poſ- " ſeſſed an aſtoniſhing fluency of language; but in his words " was neither reaſon nor common ſenſe. You would have " thought he were kindling a fire, when inſtantly the whole " houſe was filled with ſmoke, in which not a ſingle ſpark " was viſible. He was a tree, covered with a thick foliage, " which

[a] Notæ ad hiſt. Cal.

" which to the diſtant eye had charms; but on a nearer in-
" ſpection there was no fruit to be found. I went up to this
" tree in full expectation: my eye beheld that it was the
" fig-tree, which, the Lord had curſed; or I ſaid it might
" be the oak with which the poet compares Pompey,

" Stat magni nominis umbra,
" Qualis frugifero quercus ſublimis in agro.
" Lucan. Phar.

" And after this diſcovery, I repoſed not many days under
" its noxious ſhade[b]."

The portrait is ſtrongly taken, but reſentment probably preſſed on the pencil in the darker colouring.

Of this ſame Anſelm a curious anecdote is told by an old author[c], which, as it may ſerve to mark the character of the age, I ſhall relate.—A conſiderable part of the gold and jewels, belonging to the church of Laon, had been ſtolen. The thief could not be diſcovered; whereupon a general meeting of the canons and principal citizens was called. Uncertain what to do, they unanimouſly agreed to take the opinion of Anſelm, who was eſteemed the oracle of the town. Anſelm, deeply verſed in the law and prophets, revolves the whole buſineſs in his mind, and recollects at laſt the paſſage in the book of Joſhua, where it is related, in what manner, a ſecret theft had been detected by the caſting of lots. " It is my advice, ſaid he, having weighed the mat-
" ter moſt deliberately, that you try to diſcover the author
" of this horrid crime by the *ordeal* of water. Let an infant
" be taken from each pariſh, and caſt into a veſſel of holy

[b] Hiſt. Cal. [c] Notæ ad hiſt. Cal.

 " water:

BOOK II.

" water: from the child which ſinks, will the guilty pariſh " be known. Then from each houſe of this pariſh take " another infant: which will ſhew you the guilty houſe. " You can be no longer at a loſs: throw every man and " woman belonging to the houſe into tubs of holy water, " and guilt will be concealed no longer."—The experiment, I preſume, ſucceeded; for the ſame author relates that the thief was a perſon, by name alſo Anſelm, who, under the cloak of extraordinary piety, had impoſed on many, and to whoſe care had been entruſted the rich ornaments of the church.

Abeillard, whom the emptineſs of this wordy veteran could not fail to diſguſt, began to appear leſs frequently at his lectures. It was a more prudent ſtep, than to have attempted a direct attack on the great name of his maſter. Age had given ſome check to the petulancy of his temper, or by experience he had learned wiſdom. His abſence however from the ſchools was ſoon noticed; it was conſtrued by thoſe, among the ſcholars, who plumed themſelves moſt on their abilities, into a reflection on their own diſcernment. He dares to undervalue the great Anſelm, ſaid they. The old man was himſelf irritable and jealous: he had inſtructed the brighteſt geniuſes of the age, and been admired by them: was this child of Ariſtotle alone to with-hold his applauſe, juſt as his ſun, with its full effulgence, was ſetting in the Weſt! The ſuggeſtions of the young men, whoſe pride was alſo piqued, only ſerved to fan into a wilder flame the indignation of the old profeſſor[d].

[d] Hiſt. Calam.

It

It happened that, as one day the ſcholars were jokingly converſing together, one of them aſked Abeillard, what he thought about the ſtudy of the ſcriptures? The queſtion was captious, as they well knew, how little attention he had hitherto given to thoſe divine books. He replied that, if religious improvement be the object, no ſtudy certainly was ſo ſalutary; but added that, to him it was matter of great ſurpriſe, how any one, who had the ſmalleſt pretenſions to literature, could poſſibly imagine that, beſides the ſcriptures themſelves and ſome eaſy expoſitor, any other aſſiſtance ſhould be deemed neceſſary to render them moſt perfectly intelligible.—The propoſition was received with ſcorn, and inſultingly they aſked Abeillard, whether he perhaps might think himſelf equal to the undertaking. "I am ready to do "it, ſaid he; chuſe what book, you pleaſe, from the old "or new teſtament, one that is rarely explained in the "ſchools, and with it allow me but a ſingle commentator." —It was inſtantly agreed to, and they fixed on the prophecy of Ezekiel[e].

The next morning he acquainted the young men, that he was prepared to fulfill his engagement. His friends adviſed him to be leſs precipitate; they told him he was a novice in theology; and that he ſhould proceed, in ſo arduous an undertaking, with the greateſt circumſpection and leiſure. "It is not by leiſure, anſwered he angrily, but by energy "of genius, that I pretend to maſter the great heights of "ſcience: either I will be heard when, and in what man- "ner, it pleaſes me beſt, or, this moment, I am free from "my engagement."

[e] Hiſt. Calam.

But

BOOK II.

But few were preſent at the firſt lecture: the attempt was deemed both arrogant and ridiculous. He acquitted himſelf, however, ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his hearers, that they requeſted he would proceed, and they complimented him on the preciſion and ſublimity of his comment. The following days, the whole town preſſed to hear him; every word he uttered was carefully taken down; and, as it had before happened at Melun and Paris, the ſtreets of Laon echoed with the name of Abeillard[f].

The ſound ſoon reached the ears of Anſelm. His mind, for ſome days, had been cruelly on the fret: this youth, whoſe hours in the ſtudy of divinity hardly meaſured his years of practice, in one ſingle night, had penetrated into the obſcure myſteries of Ezekiel, and had drawn that veil aſide, which himſelf perhaps had not dared to touch. The circumſtance was inſulting, and he vowed revenge. But though pious minds can be ſometimes ſwayed by the paſſions of ſinners, they are wonderfully adroit at the diſcovery of motives, which, to their own eyes, at leaſt, may ſanctify their proceedings.

Anſelm had, amongſt his ſcholars, two, whom he particularly eſteemed, and whoſe abilities were ſuperior to the reſt, Albericus, a native of Rheims, and Lotulphus, from Novara in Lombardy; which place however was rendered far more famous for giving birth to Peter biſhop of Paris, the celebrated *maſter of ſentences*. Theſe men, buoyed up by a ſenſe of their own ſuperiority and the flattering approbation of Anſelm, would feel more poignantly the burſt of applauſe, which, in a moment, had raiſed Abeillard far above them.

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

them. It was their advice, that the expoſitor of Ezekiel ſhould be interdicted from proceeding any further in his public comment.—The old man acceded joyfully to their propoſal. He alone was theologal in Laon, and without his permiſſion no one could be empowered to give lectures. The prohibition was notified to Abeillard, under this pretext that, ſhould any error, peradventure, creep into the expoſition of the prophecy, which, (from his inexperience in theology, might too eaſily happen) the whole blame would be imputed to Anſelm; that he could not expoſe the whole glory of a well-earned reputation upon ſo ſlippery a ſurface; and that religion, in a ſecret whiſper, had told him to be circumſpect.

The ſcholars, who patroniſed Abeillard, heard the news of this event with indignation; the thin veil which covered the real motives of Anſelm's conduct was eaſily penetrated; but all oppoſition, they ſaw, would be vain. Abeillard reſolved to withdraw; Laon was not a theatre wide enough for the diſplay of his abilities, and the grey hairs of the theologal called for ſome reſpect. Anſelm triumphed in his ſucceſs; even the day, on which, by his conjuring ſagacity, he had proved his name-ſake to be a ſacrilegious robber, was not half ſo glorious [g].

As the memoirs, from which the ſtory of the life of Abeillard is principally drawn, were written by himſelf, and that after, by a ſeries of misfortunes and ill-uſage, he had been ſeverely irritated, ſome allowance ſhould be made for partial narration. For however little diſpoſed he might really be to depart from truth, it is too obvious, that objects take their

[g] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK II. their tinge from the complection of our own minds. In an inſtant how changed is the ſcene, when to the varied beauties of the riſing ſun ſucceed murky clouds and a lowering ſky! It muſt alſo be confeſſed that the conduct of the young man was often reprehenſible. His abilities were of a ſuperior caſt, and he was gifted with a penetration, which at once laid open to his eye the whole texture of character: from this he ſelected the weakeſt parts, and he took a malignant pleaſure in exhibiting them to public view. Such a man could hardly have a friend, for he ſeemed to have no indulgence for the weakneſſes of human nature. Himſelf had not yet experienced how low the greateſt minds may ſink. Unremittingly he had purſued the object of his ambition, and this was of a nature only to draw into action thoſe powers of his ſoul, which were pure and intellectual. From this circumſtance he would deem highly of himſelf, and viewing others in the ſame medium, them naturally he might deſpiſe. The judgment of youth is often erroneous.

He returns to Paris and teaches.

Abeillard once more returned to Paris. Fame had not been ſilent during his reſidence at Laon; it was known with what ſplendor he had opened his new career; theology had woven a garland to encircle his brows; his friends were waiting to receive him; and the doors of the ſchools ſtood open. He began his lectures with the prophecy of Ezekiel, completing the expoſition he had commenced in the country. His auditors were charmed; the firſt philoſopher, they ſaid, was become the firſt divine. Multitudes of freſh ſcholars flowed in from all quarters: he therefore judged proper to reſume his old lecture of philoſophy[h]. The ſiſter ſciences were

[h] Hiſt. Calam.

were pleaſed with this amiable union; they had too long been kept aſunder from each other; and both from the mouth of Abeillard received new ſtrength and new charms.

In the following words does a contemporary ſpeak of theſe times in a letter addreſſed to Abeillard: "No diſtance of "country, no height of mountains, no depth of vallies, no "intricate journey beſet with perils and thieves, could "with-hold your ſcholars from you. Rome ſent her chil-"dren to receive your inſtruction: ſhe who had been the "miſtreſs of every ſcience now confeſſed her inferiority. "The youth of Britain crowding to their ſhores were not "intimidated by the ſea which met their eyes, or the bil-"lows that broke at their feet: in ſpite of danger, they "cleared the dreadful paſs. The more remote iſlands diſ-"miſſed their ſavage ſons. Germany, Spain, Flanders, "the people of the North and of the South, flocked to you; "in their mouths your name only was heard; they admir-"ed, they praiſed, they extolled your abilities. I ſpeak "not of thoſe whom the walls of Paris encloſed, nor of the "inhabitants of our neighbouring or more diſtant pro-"vinces: from you they as ardently ſought for wiſdom, as "if all its treaſures had been there locked up. In a word, "moved by the ſplendor of your genius, by the charms of "your elocution, and by the acuteneſs of your penetra-"tion, to you they all approached, as to the ſource from "which ſcience flowed in the pureſt ſtream[i]."

But the theology of the times conſiſted in little elſe than a bare expoſition of ſcripture paſſages; a method however, by which, had it been purſued in a cool and rational manner,

[i] Fulco ad Abeil. p. 218.

BOOK II. religion might have gained much. It would not have been loaded with that ſuperfluity of idle matter, which has diſfigured its native ſimplicity; and to which an undue importance has ever been given. The commentators of the twelfth century were not ſatisfied with a plain and literal explanation of the text: they thought that, under each line, lay ſomething of a ſpiritual or myſtical meaning, and of this they were ever in queſt. It was the bad taſte of the age, to which unadorned ſimplicity could give no pleaſure: or elſe the literal ſenſe was to their apprehenſion peculiarly difficult, from their ignorance of the primitive languages, in which the books of ſcripture were written; and becauſe they knew ſo little of the hiſtory and of the manners of ancient times. What we do not underſtand is the more ſuſceptible of a myſtic interpretation, and rather than own our ignorance, what abſurdities will not be advanced[k]?

From the licentiouſneſs of allegorical expoſition any maxims might be drawn. They read in the goſpel of St. Luke, that our Saviour, before his paſſion, told his diſciples, that ſwords would be neceſſary: they anſwered, behold here are two ſwords. He replied; it is enough.—The ſenſe of this paſſage is obvious; but commentators diſcovered that, by the two ſwords were ſignified the ſpiritual and temporal powers, by which the world is governed; and that theſe powers belonged both to the church, becauſe the two ſwords were in the hands of the apoſtles. The church indeed, they ſaid, ſhould herſelf only exerciſe the ſpiritual power, and intruſt the other to the prince. Our ſaviour ſaid to Peter; put up thy ſword into the ſcabbard; that is, the ſword, Peter,

[k] Fleury diſc. 5.

Peter, is thine; but it is not in thy hand it ſhould be uſed; give it to the Prince, who ſhall employ it, as thou ſhalt order and direct[1].—On ſuch deductions as theſe was grounded the depoſing doctrine of Rome, and all the vain ſuperſtructure of prerogative and privilege, which the church exerciſed, with an unbounded ſway, through the long period of many years.

In the full blow of literary honours, which the breath of envy did not attempt to blaſt, and ſecure in the applauſe of an admiring public, the days of Abeillard now flowed on in one unruffled ſtream. The ſame tide brought wealth and glory with it. But as rivalry and oppoſition ceaſed, ſo, on his ſide, ceaſed thoſe vigorous exertions, which had made him what he was. The nervous ſyſtem, I have elſewhere obſerved, upon the tone of which all our animation depends, ſoon relaxes, when the ſpur is withdrawn that excited its vibrations; and when this happens, a langour enſues, with which the whole man ſympathiſes in wonderful accord.—Affections began to riſe, to which hitherto he had been a ſtranger, and he found he was not that hero, which, in vanity of mind, he had once imagined. Even Hercules, in the gay court of Omphale, threw down his club, and ſubmitted to hold the diſtaff.

Paris was, at this time, a ſcene of general diſſipation: it was ſo, as the principal reſidence of the French court, and as an academy crowded with the youth of different nations. No diſcipline could have held ſuch an unruly multitude in controul. The deſcription, which hiſtorians give of the vice and depravity of the ſcholars, can only be conceived by

[1] Fleury diſc. 5.

BOOK II. viewing modern ſeminaries of learning.—Abeillard, in the midſt of this alluring ſcene, would hardly withſtand its faſcination. He was young, handſome, agreeable. The ſplendour of his public character, as it drew on him the eye of admiration, ſo was it a paſsport, which admitted him into the firſt circles of Paris. His company was eagerly ſought for: he charmed in converſation; the tone of his voice was melodious; he ſang well, and his ſongs were often pieces of his own compoſition[m].

Speaking of himſelf at this period, he ſays: "It is in the "lap of proſperity that the mind ſwells with fooliſh vanity; "its vigour is enervated by repoſe, while the indulgence of "pleaſure completes the victory. At a time, when I "thought myſelf the firſt philoſopher in Europe, nor "feared to be diſturbed in my ſeat of eminence, then it "was, that I who had been a pattern of virtue, firſt looſened "the rein at the call of paſſion. In proportion as I had "riſen higher on the ſcale of literary excellence, the lower "did I ſink into vicious depravity. I quitted thoſe paths "of virtue, which all my predeceſſors had trodden with ſo "much renown. Pride and pleaſure were the monſters "that ſubdued me[n]."—In this ſituation of undiſturbed repoſe, of diſſipation, and of honour, Abeillard had paſſed near five years, extolled as the firſt maſter of the age, courted by the great, loved by the gay, feared by the ignorant, and admired by all.

Heloiſa. There was then in Paris a young lady, of great beauty, but whom her talents and extraordinary advance in ſcience, rendered an object of general admiration. She was in the richeſt

[m] Ep. Helois. 1ª. [n] Hiſt. Calam.

richeſt bloom of youth, having reached her eighteenth year[o]; a period, when the mind, if properly cultivated, begins to expand on the countenance, and to give it an expreſſion which it had not before. Heloiſa, for this was the young lady's name, lived with her uncle Fulbert, a canon of the cathedral church.—By ſome ſhe is ſaid to have been deſcended from the illuſtrious houſe of Montmorency; whilſt others pretend, ſhe was the natural daughter of a prieſt[p]. —Be this as it may; nature had formed her of her beſt materials, and ſhe was the darling of her uncle. BOOK II.

The old man had ſpared no expence in the education of his niece. In other regards niggardly, here he was profuſe; and whatever, in the literary arts of the age, the beſt maſters had to give, that he endeavoured to procure for Heloiſa. —She is repreſented as a prodigy in ſcience: but it ſhould ſeem as if her encomiaſts, willing to delineate a phœnomenon in the female world, had brought together every excellence their minds could fancy, and had preſented the rich gift to the niece of Fulbert. It was not only in the circles of Paris, they ſay, that her name was familiar: It had penetrated to the extreme parts of the kingdom[q].—When learning is poſſeſſed by few, a very ordinary portion is viewed with admiration. We may judge by compariſon; and can it be preſumed that, in the gloomy æra of the twelfth century, even to Heloiſa ſcience would have unlocked thoſe treaſures, which the female candidates of modern times would perhaps aſk of her in vain? She was acquainted, it is ſaid, with the beſt authors of ancient Rome, had been deeply initiated in the philoſophy of the age, and knew

[o] Vie d'Abeil. p. 48. [p] Bayle letter H. [q] Præf. Apologet.

BOOK II. knew what the wiſe men of antiquity had taught. The Latin and Greek languages were familiar to her, and even riſing from the cradle, ſhe had been heard to liſp the pſalms of David, in the very language of their royal author[r].—When retirement and the application of maturer years had given full improvement to her mind; I doubt not, but ſhe became poſſeſſed of all theſe high accompliſhments, which, at the age of eighteen, the generoſity of anticipation ſeems to have beſtowed upon her.—She was born in the firſt or ſecond year of the century.

Abeillard, though become a man of pleaſure, had not loſt that delicacy of mind, which is ſometimes ſo conſtitutional, as to remain with us even in the abſence of virtue. He had ever deteſted low vice, and the company of abandoned women was peculiarly odious to him[f]. Public diſſipation was incompatible with the dignity of his ſtation; nor could his attendance on the ſchools permit him to frequent the ſociety of thoſe ladies, who would not, he thinks, have been inſenſible to the charms of his perſon and converſation.

It was at this moment of ſelf-complacency and enervation, that began his acquaintance with the accompliſhed Heloiſa. The houſe, where her uncle reſided, was contiguous to the public ſchools. Doubtleſs he had often ſeen her, and often heard of her uncommon abilities; but till now ſuch objects were little calculated to make a ſenſible impreſſion. In the retired ſituation and amiable qualities of this young lady, he ſoon diſcovered all that his heart could wiſh for. That he himſelf was irreſiſtible, he had the fulleſt conviction. " So " great, ſays he, was my reputation, and ſo captivating the " attractions

[r] Præf. Apologet. [f] Hiſt. Calam.

" attractions of my youth and perſon, that I feared not to " be rejected by any woman, whom I ſhould deign to ho- " nour with my regard." Yet was not this vain philoſopher very diſtant from his fortieth year. BOOK II.

Beſides theſe perſonal attractions, there were other circumſtances, which might ſeem no leſs flattering. He well knew the progreſs Heloiſa had made in learning, and how warmly her ſoul was engaged in the purſuit. Could he draw her into a correſpondence of letters, (a propoſal which he doubted not ſhe would embrace with ardour,) he foreſaw every ſucceſs in the event. Then he could flatter her vanity with leſs danger of ſuſpicion: he could, with more freedom and in ſtronger colours, expreſs the emotions of his heart; and though her company might be ſometimes denied him, he could by this intercourſe, at leaſt, keep alive the impreſſion on her mind[t]. The plan was concerted.—But it is not ſaid how long this correſpondence laſted, nor is it ſaid, whether he was admitted to any private interview with her. Heloiſa would be delighted by the marked attention of this great man; nor from inexperience and from the high opinion ſhe had of him, could ſhe, for a moment, ſuſpect his intentions. Abeillard muſt have recoiled when he viewed the infamy of his deſign: it could not poſſibly be that, at once, he ſhould embark in a fixed ſcheme of ſeduction. He ſays it however himſelf in words which cannot be miſtaken[v]; and if ſo, he muſt be pronounced a much worſe man, than otherwiſe I could be diſpoſed to believe him. In the high regions of romantic ſpeculation he had loſt ſight of, or never known, thoſe amiable virtues, without which the greateſt

[t] Hiſt. Calam. [v] Ibid.

BOOK II. greateſt talents may be deemed a curſe from the hand of providence.

Warmed by acquaintance and the intercourſe of ſentiment, to which the unguarded innocence of Heloiſa would give additional charms, the affections of Abeillard grew into paſſion. He that ſhould have been her friend, became her lover; and the reſerve and diſtant correſpondence, he had hitherto maintained, could ſatisfy no longer. He meditated other ſchemes; but, had his intentions been honourable, where was the neceſſity of diſguiſe? Fulbert would have opened his doors, and have been proud in the ſociety of Abeillard.

The philoſopher well imagined, that the reſpect, produced by the great celebrity of his name, with which the young lady received his addreſſes, would gradually wear down into a more familiar behaviour, could he have the happineſs of ſeeing her, and of converſing with her more frequently[u]; and his invention hit on a ſcheme, which proved him a finiſhed maſter in the art of ſeduction.—He began to ſhew great attention to ſome of Fulbert's friends; and when he thought them ſecure, he opened to them his wiſhes, which were, that they would propoſe to the good man to take him into his houſe as a boarder. Its being ſo near to the ſchools, he ſaid, would be a great conveniency; that he ſhould not heſitate upon terms, however high they might be; that the buſtle and ſolicitude, neceſſarily attendant on houſe-keeping, deranged that equanimity, which ſtudy called for; and that his expences were heavier than he could conveniently ſupport. Fulbert, he knew, was very

[u] Hiſt. Calam.

very fond of money; and as the firſt of his deſires was to procure for his niece every means for her further improvement, he truſted, that his propoſal, coming in ſo eligible a form, would not be rejected[w].—The old canon ſwallowed the bait with eagerneſs. Money, and with it the proſpect of benefiting Heloiſa, accorded with all the feelings of his heart. It was no trifling circumſtance either, that Abeillard ſhould put his foot over his threſhold, and that he ſhould be permitted to ſit down at table with a man, whom the world admired. Thus vanity, which never dies in the human breaſt, hung her bias alſo on the ſide of his ruling paſſions.

Of Fulbert an anecdote is recorded, which proves his piety to have been equal to his affection for money and for Heloiſa.—The almoner of Henry, the French king, inſtigated by an inordinate devotion, had ſtolen from the chapel of his maſter, a large portion of the back bone of Saint Ebrulfus. Among the firſt friends of this thief was canon Fulbert, and to prove to him the exceſs of his love, he made him a preſent of what he eſteemed deareſt in the world, this holy relic. Fulbert had had it long in his poſſeſſion, when hearing probably by what iniquitous means it had been procured, he feared to detain it any longer. He aſſembled his friends, propoſed the important buſineſs, and earneſtly beſought their advice. They agreed the back bone had been ſtolen, and could not with a ſafe conſcience be kept: the prior of a neighbouring convent was therefore ſent for; to him was committed the ſacred treaſure with injunction, that he ſhould forthwith convey it, my author

[w] Hiſt. Calam.

 ſays,

BOOK II. ſays, to Utica, but I ſuppoſe to the chapel from whence it had been taken. This at leaſt the principle of reſtitution ſhould have ſuggeſted[x].

When Abeillard had obtained the old man's permiſſion to remove to his houſe, the firſt thing the latter propoſed to him was, that he would take ſome charge of his niece. The philoſopher aſſented. That he would dedicate much of his time to her inſtruction, ſeemed an unreaſonable requeſt: finally, however, he entreated him that, ſhould he have any vacant moments after his return from ſchool, either by night or day, them he would give to Heloiſa; and ſtill to evince how much he priſed his inſtruction, it was his requeſt, he ſaid, that ſhould he find her negligent or inattentive, he would chaſtiſe her ſeverely.

" Viewing this ſimplicity of the uncle, I was not leſs " aſtoniſhed, obſerves Abeillard, than if I had beheld a " ſhepherd entruſting his lamb to the care of a hungry wolf. " He committed his niece to me, to be taught, and to be " corrected, as I pleaſed; which, in fact, was ſupplying me " with every occaſion, not only of gaining her affections, " but likewiſe with a power of forcing her, by chaſtiſement, " to comply with my deſires, ſhould perſuaſion prove ineffectual. But there were two conſiderations, with which " all ſuſpicion of evil was incompatible; the love he felt " for Heloiſa, and the opinion he entertained of my virtue[y]."—The baſe ſeducer felt not himſelf the weight of theſe motives. Fulbert might have been ſimple; but it was a ſimplicity which did honour to his heart. Suſpicion never dwells in an honeſt mind. I am almoſt tempted to believe that

[x] Oderic. l. 7. Hiſt. Eccl. [y] Hiſt. Cal.

that the ſtigma of covetouſneſs had been fixed on Fulbert by the hand of inveterate reſentment.

The agitation and joy of mind, felt by Heloiſa, when ſhe heard who the ſtranger was that was coming to reſide under her uncle's roof, will be eaſily conceived. To the high opinion fame had long impreſſed on her mind, was now joined a more intimate acquaintance with the man; ſhe had converſed with him, and ſhe had received letters from his hand, at once expreſſive of affection and of the idea he entertained of her abilities. This Abeillard was now to be her maſter, and ſhe was to enjoy his ſociety in the eaſe of domeſtic intercourſe. For an inſtant, ſhe could not ſuſpect him capable of any intereſted or inſidious views: ſuch thoughts are, at leaſt, inconſiſtent with the candid innocence of youth. She ſaw him arrive with ſuch emotions as, the ſtate of mind I have deſcribed, would naturally raiſe; but the moment, which Heloiſa viewed as the brighteſt of her life, was, in fact, clouded with the lowering decrees of fate!

Abeillard becomes her maſter.

As the baſe deſigns of Abeillard had been maturely projected, he would proceed to their accompliſhment by all thoſe means which circumſtances offered, and with an artifice, that well knew how to avail itſelf of the moſt trifling incident. The ſagacious logician who had foiled the firſt maſters of the art, at their own weapons, now entered the liſts with a girl of eighteen: it was a noble conteſt!—The gradations from reſpect to love, through all their intermediate ſhades, would be ſenſibly marked on the ſoul of Heloiſa, and Abeillard would read them on her countenance.—He very minutely, and with little delicacy, details the circumſtances of their ſtudious hours, and he tells the

BOOK II. progreſs his pupil ſoom made in the art of love[z]. Indeed, the moſt tried virtue could not have withſtood this powerful ordeal. Heloiſa began to love; and from a combination of incidents, joined to a natural caſt of diſpoſitions, ſuch a ſtrength of paſſion took poſſeſſion of her ſoul, as the wild annals of romance have never, I believe, equalled.

Abeillard now loſt all reliſh for the ſchools; Ariſtotle and ſcripture comments could pleaſe no longer. His leſſons were but a repetition of what he had ſaid before, and even theſe were delivered with an indifference, a precipitancy, and a viſible abſence of mind, which ſhewed that his attention was engaged on other objects[a].—His genius, however, was not abſolutely idle As he often quotes the Latin poets, it is probable that he took delight in their compoſitions: I have alſo already remarked, that he was not himſelf without ſome pretenſions to poetry. Whatever talents he might have, the preſent moment would be ſure to call them into play. Love makes poets of us all. For, as the ſeat of that paſſion lies chiefly in the imagination, it is natural that thoſe ideas ſhould pleaſe beſt, which are in uniſon with it. Abſent from Heloiſa, his employment was to celebrate her praiſes: he compoſed ſonnets, laid his ſonnets at her feet, and he ſang them to the tendereſt airs[b].

Many years after, thus does Heloiſa ſpeak of theſe times, of Abeillard, and of his compoſitions: warm with the recollection ſhe ſays to him: " You poſſeſſed, Abeillard, two " qualifications, a tone of voice and a grace in ſing- " ing, which gave you the controul over every female " heart. Theſe powers were peculiarly yours; for I know

" not

[z] Hiſt. Calam. [a] Ibid. [b] Ep. Cal. Ep. Helois. 1[a].

" not that they ever fell to the lot of any other philoſopher.
" To ſoften, by playful amuſement, the ſtern labours of
" philoſophy, you compoſed ſeveral ſonnets on love and
" on ſimilar ſubjects. Theſe you were often heard to ſing,
" when the harmony of your voice gave new charms to the
" beauty of your language. In all circles only Abeillard
" was talked of: even the moſt ignorant, who could not
" judge of compoſition, were enchanted by the melody of
" your voice. Female hearts could not withſtand the im-
" preſſion. Thus was my name ſoon carried to diſtant
" nations, for our loves were the theme of all your ſongs.
" Women envied my happineſs: they ſaw you were endowed
" with every accompliſhment of mind and body [c]."

Theſe poems, as they were handed about, and continued to be very faſhionable ſongs, even in countries remote from Paris, were written probably in the rude language of the times. But from the pen of genius, nothing truly can fall which may ſeem rude and uncultivated. We have to lament, however, that theſe compoſitions of Abeillard have all ſunk in the devouring ſtream of time: I have otherwiſe no doubt, but the French nation would have them to boaſt of, as the elegant maiden productions of their earlieſt muſe.—The Trouveres in the northern provinces, and the more elegant Troubadours in the ſouth, had not then attuned their reeds to ſing the loves and the martial proweſs of peerleſs lords and ladies.—The *roman de la roſe* is by ſome critics aſcribed to Abeillard, but with no ſemblance of truth: indeed, it is generally admitted, that it was begun in the thirteenth century,

[c] Ep. Helois. 1ª.

BOOK II. century, and finiſhed by John de Meun, the gay poet of the court of Philip le bel, a hundred years after[d].

Abeillard's ſcholars viewed, with ſentiments of regret and pity, the falling off of their maſter. It was an effect, however, for which they could eaſily account, becauſe, from his entrance into the houſe of Fulbert, they had noticed its progreſs. His fair pupil, they ſaid, was the Dalila that had broken the ſtrength of Samſon. Fortunately, however, there was no de Champeaux to glory in his fall.—His connection with Heloiſa could be no longer ſecret: it became the topic of general converſation. Fulbert alone ſeemed ignorant of it; even when he was adviſed to look to his niece, he diſregarded the admonition. His love for her, and his opinion of Abeillard, had tied a bandage over his eyes, which no ſuggeſtions could unbind.—Thus, for ſome months, did the deception continue; and the lovers were unmoleſted in their literary amours. Sometimes, that the old man might not be rouſed by the ſmalleſt ſhadow of ſuſpicion, Abeillard aſſumed the tone of a maſter, and even pretended to chaſtiſe Heloiſa, as he had been empowered to to do[e].

The clap of thunder came at laſt; the bandage fell off; and poor Fulbert ſaw how miſerably he had been deceived. It was a ſituation of deep diſtreſs. The man, in whoſe breaſt, he thought, reſided all the virtues, had betrayed him, and Heloiſa was corrupted! His heart ſank within him. When he had a little recovered from the ſhock, his requeſt was, that the ſeducer would leave his houſe. Too much broken was his heart to indulge itſelf in the ſtrong emotions

[d] Præf. Apologet. Bayle letter A. [e] Hiſt. Calam.

emotions of anger or revenge. Abeillard ſays, that he only grieved[f]. But he deſcribes more fully, and with ſome affectation, the parting ſcene betwixt himſelf and Heloiſa. How exceſſive was their affliction, he ſays; how much he bluſhed; how his heart was torn, when he ſaw the tears of the dear girl; what a ſtorm agitated her mind at the view of his ſufferings; that they wailed not their own miſery; it was for one another only that they lamented.—Abeillard withdrew, and Heloiſa remained to meet the reproaches of her uncle, and in ſolitude to reflect on the ſtate into which ſhe was fallen.

But the reproaches of Fulbert fell heavieſt on himſelf: it was to his own wilful blindneſs he had to charge the miſconduct of his niece. Abeillard's treachery, indeed, was too foul a crime ever to be forgiven, yet even here how glaring had been his own folly!—Heloiſa felt for the painful ſituation of her uncle, to whoſe care ſhe owed ſo much; but in the love ſhe bore to Abeillard was ſunk every other thought, which reflection might have ſuggeſted. Conſcience is ſilent, when the ruling paſſion, with ſovereign controul, holds poſſeſſion of the heart. Her attachment to books, reverence for Fulbert, ideas of religion, reſpect for the world, delicacy of female character, were all abſorbed in the admiration of the man, who had ſeduced her.

She eſcapes with him into Britany.

Fable informs us, that Argus, with a hundred eyes, could not guard the nymph that was committed to his charge. Love inſpires a fortitude, accompanied by a wilineſs of invention, which no obſtacle can withſtand. Heloiſa contrived to acquaint her lover with all the particulars of her ſituation; and

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK II. and ſhe acquainted him, with a triumph of mind that expreſſed the peculiarity of her character, that ſhe was pregnant, and muſt inſtantly have his advice in the courſe it might be proper for her to take; that her uncle's houſe was no longer a fit ſituation for her[g].

The neceſſity of removing her was evident; but, conſidering the ſuſpicious jealouſy with which ſhe was guarded, the ſtep would be attended with great hazard. Abeillard never found his invention on a ſeverer rack; but as he correſponded with Heloiſa, who informed him of all that paſſed, he had reaſon to rely on her addreſs for ſucceſs in the attempt. By a ſhow of reſignation to the will of Fulbert, his vigilance began to ſlacken: Heloiſa therefore gave notice that ſoon ſhe ſhould be able to eſcape. It was agreed between the lovers, that he ſhould procure her a proper diſguiſe, and that, the firſt dark evening her uncle ſhould be from home, ſhe would be ready to attend him. They were to make for Britany, where he had friends who would receive her.—The day came. Fulbert, lulled into ſecurity, had engaged to make a viſit into the country, and was not to return till late. Of this fortunate event, notice was inſtantly given[h].

The tedious hours paſſed away, and night fell. Abeillard, with the diſguiſe he had procured, which was a nun's habit[i], was waiting at the appointed place: He received Heloiſa into his arms; conveyed her out of Paris; and, with all poſſible expedition, proceeded towards Britany, where his ſiſter Dionyſia, who had been appriſed of the deſign, was ready

[g] Hiſt. Cal. [h] Vie d'Abeil. p. 63. [i] Ep. Abeil. 5[a]

ready to give them an aſylum[k].—Having thus diſpoſed of his charge, the philoſopher haſtened back to Paris. BOOK II

Fulbert, finding his niece had eſcaped, and ſuſpecting what the cauſe was which had impelled her to it, was driven into the wildeſt rage. To his grief and firſt pain, was now added the ſentiment of diſgrace, which was brought on his family. But what to do, or how to revenge the inſult, he was equally uncertain. When, in the paroxiſm of his fury, he thought of the moſt ſignal vengeance, and only looked to the dagger as his friend; the recollection of his dear Heloiſa roſe full before him, and averted the bloody purpoſe. She was in the hands of his enemies, who might retaliate perhaps the fatal ſtroke which ſhould fall on Abeillard.—When, in cooler moments, he projected forcibly to ſeize the traitor, and to confine him in ſome place of ſecurity, he ſoon diſcovered how fooliſh the attempt would be: Abeillard, he heard, was ſurrounded by his creatures, was prepared againſt any attack, and was even ready himſelf to ſtrike the firſt blow, ſhould the ſmalleſt violence be intended againſt him[l].—Again the old man had recourſe to tears, and the unavailing ſuggeſtions of impotent paſſion.

Heloiſa, in the mean time, was delivered of a ſon, whom ſhe called Aſtrolabus. The motive for ſo whimſical a name is not aſſigned; but probably, as her own name was ſaid to bear ſome reference to the ſun, ſhe thought proper to allude to the ſtars in giving a name to her child.

The news of this event had a happy effect on the mind of Abeillard; it ſoftened the high tone he had hitherto taken; and he began to view, in a more proper light, the ſufferings He offers to marry her.

[k] Hiſt. Calam. [l] Ibid.

BOOK II. of Fulbert, and his own miſconduct towards him. " I felt, " indeed, for his ſituation, ſays he, and my ſhameful abuſe " of his confidence ſtruck me on the heart." In theſe ſentiments he waited on him; he aſked his forgiveneſs; and he offered any reparation, which he would pleaſe to call for. —The old man liſtened, but his heart had been too much hardened by ill-uſage to relent ſo ſoon. Abeillard proceeded: " And can you, indeed, be ſurpriſed at what has hap- " pened, when you reflect on the charms of Heloiſa? I am " a man, Sir; and he that will caſt his eyes over the annals " of mortality will find, that the greateſt ſages of ancient " times were made but the ſport of women. He only will " not plead for me, who knows not the power of love."— The eyes of Fulbert grew fuller.—" I will marry Heloiſa, " ſaid Abeillard, if that will give you ſatisfaction; but it " muſt be on condition, that you divulge it not. My ho- " nour, my ſituation in the world exact this from me."— The propoſal was unexpected, and a beam of joy ſeemed to ſpread over the old man's countenance. He was ſilent for a moment; then he looked Abeillard in the face, to ſee if his words were painted there; then he took hold of his hand; an action, which, at once ſaid that he forgave him, and that he ſhould have Heloiſa[m].

The friends, who were preſent, witneſſed what had paſſed, and after mutual embraces, they parted.—The whole tranſaction did honour to Fulbert; but Abeillard cloſes his narration with a ſhameleſs reflection: " He appeared, ſays " he, thus ſolemnly to ſign a reconciliation, that he might " undo me the more eaſily."

[m] Hiſt. Calam.

Seriouſly

Seriouſly reſolved to execute his engagement, Abeillard, without delay, ſet off for Britany. Heloiſa was not appriſed of his coming: but he found her cheerfully occupied in the duties of her new ſtate.—I am come, ſaid he, (after the firſt ſalutations were over, and he had kiſſed his child, whom Heloiſa, with the countenance of an angel, preſented to him,) I am come to take you back to Paris, and to marry you.—Heloiſa laughed, for ſhe imagined, that he only ſpoke from gaiety, which was an uſual thing with him.—I am ſerious, continued he: I have ſeen your uncle; he is reconciled to me, and I have promiſed to marry you.—If you be ſerious, replied Heloiſa, it becomes me likewiſe to be ſo; and I tell you ſeriouſly, that I can never conſent to be your wife.—The firm tone, in which the laſt words were ſpoken, ſtruck Abeillard with ſurpriſe.—Your aſſertion, ſaid he, is peremptory; but I muſt hear your reaſons.—You ſhall, ſaid ſhe; and then proceeded.

[n] "If you imagine this ſtep will ſo far ſatisfy my uncle, "as to appeaſe his anger, Abeillard, you are deceived. I "know him well, and he is implacable.—If to ſave my ho- "nour be your object; moſt evidently you miſtake the "means. Is it by diſgracing you that I muſt be exalted? "What reproaches ſhould I merit from the world, from the "church, from the ſchools of philoſophy, were I to draw from "them their brighteſt ſtar: and ſhall a woman dare to take to "herſelf that man, whom nature meant to be the ornament "and the benefactor of the human race? No, Abeillard, I am "not yet ſo ſhameleſs.—Then reflect on the ſtate of matri- "mony itſelf: with its littleneſſes and its cares, how incon-

[n] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK II.

" ſiſtent is it with the dignity of a wiſe man! St. Paul ear-
" neſtly diſſuades from it; ſo do the ſaints; ſo do the phi-
" loſophers of ancient and modern times. Think on their
" admonitions, and imitate their example.—I will ſuppoſe
" you engaged in this honourable wedlock. What an envi-
" able aſſociation; the philoſopher and chamber-maids,
" writing deſks and cradles, books and diſtaffs, pens and
" ſpindles! Intent on ſpeculation, when the truths of na-
" ture and religion are breaking on your eye; will you bear
" the ſudden cry of children, the lullaby of nurſes, or the
" turbulent buſtling of diſorderly ſervants? I ſpeak not of
" your delicacy which, at every turn, muſt be diſagreeably
" offended. In the houſes of the rich theſe inconveniences,
" I own, can be avoided: with you and me, Abeillard, it
" muſt be otherwiſe.—In the ſerious purſuits of wiſdom, I
" am well aware, there is no time to loſe; worldly occu-
" pations are inconſiſtent with the ſtate. Is philoſophy only
" to have your vacant hours? Believe me, as well totally
" withdraw from literature, as attempt to proceed in the
" midſt of avocations. Science admits no participation with
" the cares of life. View the ſages of the heathen world,
" view the philoſophiſing ſects among the Jews, and among
" us view the real monks of the preſent day. It was in re-
" tirement, in a total ſeclusion from noiſy ſolicitudes, that
" theſe men pretended to give ear to the inſpiring voice of
" wiſdom.—May I ſpeak of ſobriety and continence, Abeil-
" lard? But it does not become me to inſtruct you. I know,
" however, how the ſages, of whom I ſpeak, did live.—You
" moreover are a churchman, bound to ſeverer duties. Is
" it in wedlock you mean to practiſe them? Will you riſe

" from

" from my ſide to ſing the holy praiſes of the Lord?—The " prerogative of the church may perhaps weigh lightly with " you; ſupport then the character of a philoſopher: if you " have no reſpect for holy things; let common decency " check the intemperance of your deſigns.—Socrates, my " Abeillard, was a married man; and the example of his " life has been ſet up as a beacon, to warn his followers " from the fatal rock. The feats of Xantippe are upon " faithful record.—The hidden feelings of my ſoul ſhall " be open to you. Abeillard, it is in you only that all my " wiſhes centre. I look for no wealth, no alliances, no pro- " viſion. I have no pleaſures to gratify; no will to ſerve " but your's. In the name of wife there may be ſomething " more holy, ſomething more impoſing: but I vow to hea- " ven, ſhould Auguſtus, maſter of the world, offer me his " hand in marriage, and ſecure to me the uninterrupted " controul of the univerſe, I would deem it more honour- " able to be called the *miſtreſs* of Abeillard, than the *wife* of " Cæſar[o]."

During this addreſs, Abeillard was ſilent; but a conflict of paſſions, varying his countenance, marked their ſtrong emotions. Heloiſa fixed her eyes on his, and waited his reply. A pauſe of ſome moments enſued.—My honour is pledged to your uncle, ſaid he at laſt, and it muſt be done. —If it muſt, replied Heloiſa with a ſigh that ſpoke the reluctance of her ſoul, it muſt: " But God grant, that the " conſequences of this fatal ſtep be not as painful, as the " joys, which preceded it, have been great[p]!"

[o] Ep. Helois. 1ª. [p] Hiſt. Calam.

Uttering

BOOK II. Uttering theſe words, her eyes were raiſed towards heaven; and from the ſolemn tone, with which they were delivered, it ſeemed, ſays Abeillard, as if her mind preſaged ſome diſaſtrous event.

In this diſcourſe, which I have abridged, (indeed it is abridged in the original itſelf,) the reader will diſcover the ſtrong ſenſe of Heloiſa, together with her ſenſibility and her peculiar turn of character. Unprepared for the topic, ſhe diſcuſſes it with infinite art, and is ready with authorities, drawn from ſacred and profane hiſtory, to enforce her reaſoning.—In the exceſs of her love for Abeillard muſt be ſought for an excuſe, if any can be found, to juſtify ſome ideas, which, conformably with modern habits, will be deemed licentious. His honour which ſhe ſaw, would ſuffer, and his promotion in the church, which matrimony would impede, preſſed on her mind with ſo mighty a weight, that whatever perſonal conſiderations could throw into the oppoſite ſcale, appeared to her eyes lighter than the lighteſt feather.—Abeillard, as I have elſewhere noticed, though a canon in the cathedral church of Paris, was not in holy orders, and conſequently was yet free to marry; but, by the diſcipline of the age, he muſt then have ſurrendered his living, and with it all other proſpects of church-preferment.—[r] She complains that, in his account of this interview, he had omitted to record the greater part of the motives, by which ſhe was "induced to prefer love to matri-" mony, and liberty to chains." She herſelf, however, fails not to ſupply the deficiency. The more ſhe ſacrificed herſelf and her reputation, the ſtronger pretenſion ſhe ſhould

[r] Ep. Hel. 1[a].

ſhould have, ſhe thought, to his regard; and in a voluntary attachment ſhe ſaw a ſtronger tie of love, than in the nuptial band.—The notions of the age were not, it is well known, ſo ſubſervient to legal rites, as ours are; indeed, they exiſted not either ſo numerous or ſo obligatory; but I am far from pretending that, at any time perhaps, the romantic ſpirit of Heloiſa could have been confined to what, ſhe eſteemed, the vulgar rules of conduct. I hold her not up as an example to call imitation, but I view her as a phœnomenon, which has my admiration and my wonder. The comet, which wildly roves through the regions of ſpace, is an object of more eager contemplation, than inferior bodies which, tied in their ſpheres, never ſwerve from the fixed line of gravitation.

All things being ſettled for their departure, and having committed the little boy to the care of his aunt Dionyſia, the lovers left Britany. Heloiſa had felt the pang of ſeparation, in giving the laſt kiſs to her child; and her prophetic mind viewed, in every ſtep they took, a nearer approach to miſery. But ſhe knew when it was her duty to ſubmit; and having once fully expreſſed her ſentiments, ſhe would no more give pain to Abeillard by the continuance of a wayward oppoſition.—They arrived at Paris, as they had left it, in the ſilence of the night; for, that the prying eye of curioſity might not watch their actions, it was proper her return ſhould be kept as ſecret as poſſible. Heloiſa, with a heavy heart, went ſtraight to her uncle's houſe; he to his own apartments, and the next day, as uſual, appeared in the ſchools [f].

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

In

They are married.

In the courſe of a few days, the time was fixed for their marriage. Fulbert, whom experience had rendered ſuſpicious, was not willing to riſk any new adventures by unneceſſary delays. It was propoſed that the ceremony ſhould be performed privately, in a neighbouring church, before break of day. To this the old man aſſented. A few friends to each party were aſked to be preſent. The morning came, and the fatal knot was tied[t]. They then ſeparated, each one retiring to his reſpective home; nor did it ſeem, that the leaſt ſuſpicion had been raiſed. Abeillard made no change in his uſual form of life; he ſeldom viſited Heloiſa, and never but in ſome diſguiſe, or in the moſt ſecret manner.

When the diſgrace, which had befallen the canon's family, began publicly to be talked of; and it was known, or at leaſt, conjectured, that a private marriage had taken place: officious friends ſoon interfered, who repreſented to the old man that, to retrieve the honour of his niece, and to ſave that of himſelf and his houſe, it was abſolutely neceſſary it ſhould be made public. Fulbert declared the promiſe he had made to Abeillard. Such a promiſe, ſaid they, is futile: to make ſome reparation for the injury he had done her and her family, he marries Heloiſa; and this marriage muſt be kept ſecret!—Fulbert was roufed by the argument; the recollection of paſt injuries ſtruck forcibly on his heart, and he told his friends, that their advice ſhould be followed. His ſervants received orders to divulge the marriage: he himſelf declared it in all companies; and his friends were as induſtrious to propagate the tale[v].

[t] Hiſt. Calam. [v] Ibid.

The

The rapid flight of rumour has been celebrated by poets, and facts, to the experience almoſt of every man, have proved, that there is no exaggeration in their deſcriptions. The news of the marriage was, in an inſtant, carried into every houſe in Paris. Much was ſaid of the good Fortune, which attended Heloiſa; while ſome ſpoke of her high deſerts, and others, with a malignant ſignificancy, hinted at the circumſtance, which had procured her the honour of the nuptial wreath[u].—The fate of the philoſopher was not ſo gently treated: they lamented his loſs of honour, and the ſurrender of dignities and preferment, which muſt neceſſarily enſue. When the croſier and glittering mitre courted his acceptance, he had laid his hand on the diſtaff, they obſerved.

Heloiſa appeared in public: ſhe was noticed with unuſual curioſity; her friends crowded round her to compliment her, on her new dignity; and general gratulation ſounded in her ears. She was thunderſtruck, but not diſconcerted. The forebodings of her mind had told her to be prepared for the event. With a compoſed countenance, therefore, ſhe expreſſed her utter ignorance of what was meant; laughed at the abſurd ſtory, when it was more diſtinctly repeated to her; and when circumſtances were urged to give it additional force, with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations ſhe declared, that it was an impudent falſhood[w].—The reader who has conſidered the unexampled ſenſibility, which Heloiſa has manifeſted for the honour of her huſband, will not be ſurpriſed at this new trait of her diſintereſted magnanimity. In the ſchool of morality a ſeverer judgment will be paſſed.

[u] Vie d'Abeil. p. 88.

[w] Hiſt. Cal.

BOOK II. The firm but naif manner, in which Heloiſa denied her marriage, convinced many that Fulbert, from views known to himſelf, had impoſed a falſe report on the public. There could be no motive, they thought, to induce his niece to deny a fact, which, if true, would bring honour and happineſs with it.—Beſides, when they reflected, how brilliant was the proſpect which lay open to Abeillard, of riſing to the firſt dignities in the church, it did not ſeem probable, he would make a ſacrifice of the whole to the charms of Heloiſa. When the beauties of Paris laid their garlands at his feet, would he take up the chains of wedlock, expoſing himſelf to the ridicule of the world, and to the anxious cares of life?—Abeillard, by his behaviour, ſtill convinced them more, that he was not a married man. He had reſumed, with freſh ardour, his wonted courſe of ſtudies; he delivered his lectures with uncommon perſpicuity and powers; he opened new and unexplored queſtions for further diſcuſſion; and his hearers, as they were more than ever captivated by his eloquence, rejoiced in the return of his former vigour, and that philoſophy had at laſt triumphed over the allurements of a woman [x].

Fulbert, perceiving that his endeavours to divulge the marriage, were ſo artfully counteracted by his niece, as to be almoſt wholly fruſtrated, was extremely irritated. He charged her with ingratitude, with inſenſibility to her own honour and to that of her family, and with a depravity of humour, which, in ſpite of the ſtrongeſt motives, induced her to prefer falſhood to truth.—Heloiſa juſtified her conduct with great firmneſs; ſhe reminded her uncle of the ſolemn

[x] Vie d'Abeil.

ſolemn promiſe he had made to Abeillard not to publiſh the marriage; and ſhe urged, with the moſt emphatic eloquence, the reputation of her huſband, as a motive which, in her mind, muſt outway every other conſideration. "Accuſe "me not, ſaid ſhe, of ingratitude: I feel all the duties "which bind me to you; but Abeillard is my huſband."—The argument was not of a nature to impreſs the callous heart of age; the honour of family was uppermoſt, and the wound he had received was not yet healed[y].

Heloiſa was ſilent: why remonſtrate with a man, it was not poſſible to convince? But her life became daily more irkſome. Fulbert perſiſted to reproach her, and to reproaches added ill-uſage. All this ſhe bore with a becoming reſolution: but ſuſpecting this perſecution might at laſt end in what ſhe dreaded moſt, the poſitive excluſion of Abeillard from her company, ſhe acquainted him of her ſituation, and of the fears which came neareſt to her heart. Inſtantly he reſolved to remove her from her uncle's houſe[z].

He conveys her to Argenteuil.

Argenteuil, ſituated in the neighbourhood of Paris, was then an abbey of Benedictine nuns. Here Heloiſa had been educated, and here ſhe had imbibed all thoſe elements of learning, which, at this time, made her the firſt literary character in the female world. Abeillard judged properly, that this would be the beſt retirement for his wife: it would reſcue her from the hands of Fulbert; it would afford her a pleaſing ſociety; and it might, poſſibly, more than any thing contribute to ſilence the report of their marriage.—He informed the abbeſs of his intention, and requeſted ſhe would have a nun's habit in readineſs, as it was his wiſh,

[y] Hiſt Calam. [z] Ibid.

BOOK II. that Heloiſa ſhould appear in the common dreſs of the convent. Without difficulty his petition was granted: the holy ſiſterhood would be charmed, once more to ſee within the walls of Argenteuil, the lovely penſioner, who had done ſo much honour to their houſe: her engaging manners were yet warm on their recollection.—Abeillard therefore, again protected by the ſhades of night, removed his dear treaſure, and conſigned it ſafely to the cloiſter of Argenteuil[a].

Some weeks, it appears, had elapſed, before Fulbert could diſcover how his niece had been diſpoſed of. Information, at laſt, was brought him, where ſhe was; that ſhe had been conveyed away by Abeillard; and that, by his command, ſhe had put on the habit of a nun. Appearances were ſtrong, and on them the old man reſted his conjectures.—Was a convent, thought he, the only place to which he could have taken his wife, had he been determined to remove her? or if a convent pleaſed him beſt, why was the dreſs alſo of a nun to be choſen? She might have remained there in the common habit of the world.—The ſuggeſtions of his friends ſerved to corroborate his ſuſpicions. They were unanimouſly of opinion that, Abeillard, finding it impoſſible to keep his marriage ſecret, had reſolved at once to rid himſelf of the incumbrance, and that his deſign was to devote to God what he could not retain, conſiſtently with his reputation and future proſpects. To attempt forcibly to drag Heloiſa from the cloiſter, would be, they knew, an act of ſacrilege; the laws, they knew, would give them no redreſs; other means of vengeance were therefore to be projected.

[a] Hiſt. Calam.

Abeillard,

Abeillard, though conſcious of the uprightneſs of his deſigns, viewed, with pain, the maze of difficulties, in which he was involved: often did he wiſh that he had followed the advice of Heloiſa; but now it was too late. With a trembling eye he looked forward to futurity, but there no gleam was diſcoverable, which might ſeem to portend a fortunate iſſue to his troubles.—Sometimes he viſited Heloiſa at her convent, but always in the greateſt privacy[b].—I will not pretend that he never indulged the thought that, tired perhaps by anxiety, to which there was no end, or from the love ſhe bore him, Heloiſa might propoſe, as the only way to end all troubles, to conſecrate herſelf to religion.—He would never compel her to ſo ſevere a choice; but ſhould ſhe herſelf firſt ſuggeſt it, it would not become him to oppoſe her holy purpoſe. Liberty and independence would be again in his poſſeſſion; and he might reach from fortune's wheel to the proudeſt objects of his ambition. The ſight of his fair nun would, I know, diſpel this airy caſtle; but when the gay hour was over, and reflection returned, his imagination would rebuild it perhaps in gaudier colours.

Fulbert's revenge.

Fulbert, in the mean while, often met his friends. His cheek was wan with anger, and a ſullen melancholy ſat upon his brow. Various ſchemes of vengeance were propoſed: ſome they rejected as impracticable, ſome as too dangerous, and others as inadequate to the inſulting crime of their enemy. It was at laſt hinted, that there was a puniſhment, which would fully ſatisfy every deſire that revenge itſelf could harbour; which would carry pain and infamy along with it; which would make the ſufferer an object of general

[b] Ep. Abeil. 3[a].

BOOK II. general ridicule; and which would moſt effectually check his career towards further dignities and church-preferments. The idea was inſtantly adopted.

But even this project, when coolly conſidered, might be attended with ſome danger, and with many difficulties. Abeillard had innumerable friends, and his houſe was ever under the guard of ſervants. The conſpirators however were not of a humour to be intimidated from their purpoſe by any ordinary concurrence of obſtacles. It was agreed that an attempt ſhould be made to corrupt one of his ſervants: this effected, what elſe could fruſtrate their ſcheme? The ſervant, by a ſum of money, was eaſily ſeduced, and the plan of operation was determined [c].

In the ſilence of the next night the conſpirators aſſemble; they are five in number; they proceed to the houſe of Abeillard; the door is opened by the ſervant; he conducts them to the apartment of his maſter; Abeillard is in a profound ſleep; they ſeize the unfortunate man; all reſiſtance is vain—and the horrid deed is perpetrated [d].

While the buſineſs, I have deſcribed, engaged all the attention of the Pariſians, nothing very intereſting occurred in the affairs of Europe. To the tumultuary ſcenes which cloſed the century, had ſucceeded a ſolemn pauſe. It was an effect in the common order of things. The cruſaders were returned; and the ſtory of their adventures would ſupply ample matter for general entertainment. They themſelves would be diſpoſed to reſt from their labours, to enjoy the admiration of their fellow citizens, and having expiated their former crimes, to open a new career of extravagance

[c] Hiſt. Calam. [d] Ibid.

extravagance and vice. But the calm, as the minds of men were then circumſtanced, could not long continue.

Paſcal II. pope of Rome.

Paſcal the ſecond was pope of Rome. He was a man of virtue and abilities, and Gregory the ſeventh had been his friend. The grand ſcheme of eccleſiaſtical monarchy, which Gregory and his immediate ſucceſſor Urban had formed, and begun to realiſe, was purſued by Paſcal. With their ſchemes, he alſo engaged in their quarrels. Henry, the German emperor, whom the thunders of the vatican had not ſubdued, was ſtill living, nor was he diſpoſed to recede from his pretenſions. Again he was excommunicated, again the princes of Chriſtendom were called upon to cruſh the proud enemy of the church, and his ſon Henry was inſtigated to lay his hand on his father's crown. The blow proved fatal. Unable to oppoſe the powerful confederacy Henry reſigned the empire to his ſon: he was then thrown into priſon, but eſcaping, he aſſembled a ſmall army, which was defeated. The old man was reduced to extreme diſtreſs; without a friend, he wandered from place to place, and fearing to periſh by hunger, he entreated the biſhop of Spire to grant him a lay-prebend in his church. "I have ſtudied, ſaid "he, and have learned to ſing, and therefore may be of ſome "ſervice to you." His requeſt was denied. He did not long ſurvive this event. For fifty years his head had worn the diadem[e].

Though his ſucceſſor Henry the fifth owed his crown, in a great meaſure, to the intrigues of Rome; yet was he not for this more ſubſervient to her mandates. He ſupported the ſame quarrel about the right of inveſtitures, made Paſcal priſoner,

[e] Fleury vol. xiv. Nat. Alex. ſæc. xii.

BOOK II. priſoner, and extorted from him a conceſſion of the great point, which had been ſo long in litigation. The puſillanimous conduct of the pontiff raiſed a general murmur: he called a council at Rome, to juſtify his proceedings, and to exculpate himſelf from the crime of hereſy, with which his adverſaries had charged him. But the council proceeded to cenſure what he had done, and they ſolemnly annulled the writing, whereby he had granted the right of inveſtiture to Henry. Paſcal confeſſed his fault; though what he had done, he ſaid, was done by compulſion, to reſcue himſelf and his people from the ruin which threatened them. He then ſubmitted himſelf to the arbitration of the ſynod, offering to reſign the tiara, which he was no longer worthy to wear. His demiſſion was not accepted[f].

An *inveſtiture*, concerning which ſo much is ſaid in the hiſtories of theſe times, is a ſolemn act, by which the poſſeſſion of lands and honours, belonging to epiſcopal ſees, was conferred on the perſons, who were canonically choſen to fill them. Temporal ſovereigns pretended to the right of inveſtiture. It was from them that the church derived her riches, and among her extenſive poſſeſſions were many feudatory tenures, which naturally remained liable to the common conditions of fiefs. Theſe were called *regalia*. It was aſſerted that, agreeably to general maxims, no one ſhould enter on the poſſeſſion of ſuch lands or honours, without the conſent of the prince.—After due homage had been made, and an oath of allegiance taken, he granted this poſſeſſion by putting an inſtrument, ſuch as the paſtoral ſtaff, or the ſceptre, into the hand of the candidate. In all this there ſeemed

[f] Fleury vol. xiv. Nat. Alex. ſæc. xii.

ſeemed to be no infringement of eccleſiaſtical privileges, as it was not pretended that the prince could grant ſpiritual or canonical juriſdiction. This was left to the church. However, as the croſier and ring, which the prince uſed, on theſe occaſions, were thought to ſignify eccleſiaſtical power, it was maintained that the ceremony was an uſurpation of ſacred things, which belonged not to him[g].—It muſt, indeed, be owned, that great abuſes were the conſequence of theſe lay-inveſtitures. Princes interfered in the elections of biſhops, ſo far as to deſtroy their freedom; they kept the ſees vacant, under pretence, that perſons were choſen, who were not agreeble to them; they appointed their favourites, men too often unworthy of the important charge, to fill them, and ſometimes, by a ſimoniacal diſpoſal, they gave them to thoſe who offered moſt. Againſt this undue ſtretch of power, the worthy paſtors of the church oppoſed all their zeal; and had this ſolely been the conteſt between them and princes, the approbation of all thinking chriſtians would have gone with the former.

Unfortunately both parties were jealous of each other, and this jealouſy blinded their judgments. They would not diſtinguiſh between things that, in themſelves, were totally diſparate. The temporal power apprehended, that it was the wiſh of the churchmen abſolutely to withdraw themſelves and their poſſeſſions from all earthly controul: for which apprehenſion, clearly, there were too ſtrong grounds: while, on their ſide, the church-rulers were not leſs fearful, that the prince aimed to arrogate the whole of their concerns to himſelf, to enſlave their miniſters, to uſurp

[g] Nat. Alex. ibid.

BOOK II. their poſſeſſions, and to controul their elections. Nor was this dread leſs founded than the other.

In no part of Chriſtendom, was this controverſy agitated with greater heat, than in England. It was the diſpute, which ſo long divided Henry the firſt and his archbiſhop Anſelm. This worthy and learned prelate had adopted the new doctrines of the times, in which he was ſtrenuouſly ſupported by Paſcal. Henry pretended to the uſe of no power that had not been exerciſed by all his predeceſſors[h]: but this power had been abuſed. The court of Rome not ſatisfied with attacking the abuſe, aimed at the ſubverſion of the principle. They would not allow that the inveſtiture of church honours ſhould be given by a lay hand, whatever declarations might be made, that nothing ſpiritual was intended.

When the characters of theſe three great men, Henry, Paſcal, and Anſelm, are conſidered, it is matter of ſurpriſe that their differences could ever be terminated. The inflexibility of Henry was remarkable, and he had with him the general ſuffrages of his nobles and biſhops: beſides, the rights he ſupported, were the ancient rights of his crown. Paſcal and Anſelm were not made of ſofter materials, and it ſeemed to them, they were defending the ſacred and unalienable privileges of God and his church.—On both ſides, I diſcover the moſt upright motives, grounded on principles of equity and conſcience.—Paſcal at length gave way; though conceſſions were alſo made by the adverſe party. It was agreed, that the king, in future, ſhould grant inveſtitures, but without delivering the ring or croſier;

[h] Nat. Alex. ibid.

croſier; for on theſe implements, in fact, hinged the grand difficulty. Paſcal, in a letter to the archbiſhop, thus expreſſes himſelf. "It is true, I am diſpoſed to make conceſſions to the king, that he may know the ſincerity of my heart. If you ſee your neighbour fallen to the ground, can it be ſaid you are in earneſt to relieve him, unleſs while you ſtretch out your hand, you alſo bend your body towards him? To give effectual aſſiſtance we muſt ſtoop; nor is the attitude diſgraceful[i]." They are the ſentiments of a great mind.

Thus was the power of the church every day growing to an immenſe magnitude: it was the ſoul which gave animation to the political deſigns of Europe.—From this period we may trace its progreſs, its alternate ebbs and flows, as circumſtances directed. When it fell into the hands of able and enterpriſing men, no force was ſtrong enough to reſiſt it; becauſe, on theſe occaſions, beſides its own weight, it had the ſupport of thoſe princes, whoſe intereſt it was to give it efficacy. In the hands of weak or ignorant rulers, its influence fell, in a ſimilar proportion.—Much evil, I am ready to allow, often proceeded from this great ſtretch of power; but alſo, very often, did it produce great good. Could they both be weighed in an equal balance, I fear not to declare, that the good would often preponderate. The popes, I know, were often men of ambition, and in their deſigns often not actuated by the true principles of religion; but alſo, far the greateſt part of them were conſpicuous for their abilities and high moral virtues: they were the firſt men of the age. In ſuch hands place an unlimited power,

[i] Nat. Alex. ibid. Fleury vol. xiv.

BOOK II. and the conſequences muſt prove favourable to the general intereſts of human kind. Every motive, which has influence on man, was in play to urge them to virtuous and laudable undertakings. Even their own honour was concerned: for a profligate pontiff was in no eſtimation: and wherein could their ambitiou feel a greater indulgence, than in ſchemes which tended to the ſuppreſſion of vice and the ſpread of virtue? Here alſo ſucceſs contributed to ſtrengthen the power which produced it. In the twelfth century, take from Rome the vaſt influence of the tiara, and the condition of Europe, I think, will appear to be greatly more deplorable than it was. It was the great engine which, in the ordinary courſe of providence, was deemed neceſſary to conduct the buſineſs of the chriſtian world. As circumſtances altered, it ceaſed to be ſo, and it gradually dwindled down to what, at this day, it is. In ſome future revolution of things, Rome may again riſe to its former altitude, and be once more the controuling power of Europe.

France and England.

In France, Philip the firſt was dead, and his ſon, Lewis the ſixth, had ſucceeded to the throne. Scenes of internal war and diſcord ſtill continued. Circumſcribed, indeed, as the royal domain then was, they were unavoidable. The proud vaſſals, ſome of them able to bring more men into the field, than their prince, little regarded his authority, when their teſty humour was irritated. But after the conqueſt of England by a Norman prince, the French king was every day expoſed to more ſerious attacks. The Duke of Normandy was his vaſſal, but alſo he was king of England, and as ſuch independent on him. Mutual jealouſy and reaſons of ſtate could not long want ſubjects of contention; beſides, the

the diſcontented men of both kingdoms were ever prepared to uncover the embers, and to blow the ſmalleſt ſpark into a flame [k].

The vanity of an Engliſhman might be flattered in the poſſeſſion of a territory, which led him almoſt to the gates of Paris; but when the evils are viewed, which, from this circumſtance, ſo long deſolated both countries, ſurely it muſt be deemed a happy event, that we no longer poſſeſs a ſingle acre of land upon that hoſtile ſhore.

I mentioned the diſpute about inveſtitures, which was a very principal concern, at this time, in the affairs of England. What elſe engaged the monarh's attention was, the ſtrengthening of his kingdom at home, and the eſtabliſhment of his power in Normandy. As Robert, his elder brother, the hero who had done wonders before the walls of Jeruſalem, was rightful heir to both countries, it required no ſmall addreſs to retain the poſſeſſion of his uſurped dominions. Robert, beſides, was the courtier's, the ſoldier's, and the churchman's friend. But the good fortune of the Engliſh monarch prevailed; for Henry was the wiſeſt man, as ſtout a warrior, and the greateſt politician of the age, in which he lived.—The melancholy ſtory of the lives of Robert and his ſon William, to which may be added that of Edgar Atheling, the friend of Robert and his partner in affliction, is well known to the Engliſh reader.

In looking round for other objects of ſelection, I find little elſe in the political ſtate of Europe. But the church is ever a fertile repoſitory: here the hiſtorian, whatever be his character, philoſophical or religious, can never want materials. *Enthuſiaſm*,

[k] Hume, Daniel.

BOOK II.

Religious orders.

Enthuſiaſm, as the reader has already ſeen, was a great feature in the character of the times; for mankind was then ignorant and unoccupied. In this ſtate the mind falls back on itſelf, and finding nothing there which may engage its attention, it becomes always uneaſy, and ſometimes even weary of exiſtence. External impreſſions are then moſt forcible, becauſe the thoughts are unengaged; and they are moſt pleaſing, becauſe they diſſipate the torpid apathy, from which proceeds the miſery juſt mentioned. But only ſtrong impreſſions can generate this effect. Human nature, in a ſtate of incultivation, knows nothing of the finer feelings; the fibres, on the motion of which theſe depend, have never learned to play. Thus, in ſavage life, only war and the dangerous ſports of the field are purſued with ardour.—The obſervation applies to the twelfth century. The trumpet ſounded to arms, and we ſaw whole provinces at once in motion; at other times, quarrels, invaſions, ſkirmiſhes at home, could afford them an agreeable relaxation.

But as, in different men, different are the characters, owing to difference of organization, or climate, or education, ſo would not all be equally affected by the ſame agent. The voice or example of a man, deemed to be inſpired from heaven; or the awful denunciations of God againſt ſinners; or the horror itſelf, which certain minds, caſt in a better mold, are apt to feel at the view of enormous crimes: theſe impreſſions, reſpectively, would produce their effects; and it appears that multitudes, at this time, were diſpoſed to receive them, Whenever it happened, a proportionate enthuſiaſm would be raiſed on the mind; and this it was that, in a philoſophical light at leaſt, called ſo many into the

the cloiſters, which were now opened in various parts of the Weſtern world.

It is falſly imagined, that the monaſtic life was then a ſtate of indolence or inaction, and conſequently not calculated to generate the pleaſing ſenſations, I deſcribed. In itſelf, abſtractedly conſidered, it was not full of energy; but I have obſerved, that it often opened the paths to honour and preferment. Ambition would then be rouſed, and look ardently towards the object of its wiſhes; whilſt the milder emotions, which religion and the exerciſe of the ſeverer virtues, would excite in others, could not fail to produce the happieſt effects.—The founders of theſe religious inſtitutes, if we view them with a candid eye, will be found to have been men of exalted virtue: they ſeemed to be a new claſs of mortals, and to breathe from inſpiration; and it was thought, ſometimes, perhaps, from an irritated imagination which blinded the judgment, or from ignorance of the powers of nature, or really becauſe heaven, in compaſſion to a wicked generation, judged it expedient to ſpeak to them in wonders; that they poſſeſſed the marvellous gift of working miracles. It may eaſily be conjectured, how powerful would be the effect of ſuch conſiderations. Who would not wiſh to be the diſciples of theſe favoured ſons of heaven? By ſome it would be expected that a portion, perhaps, of the ſame ſpirit would deſcend upon them alſo, that they ſhould be great, admired by men, and beloved of God; while others, more rationally diſpoſed, in a nearer approach to their perſons, would admire their virtues, and ſtrive to imitate their example.

The

BOOK II. The monaſtic or eremetical life was of very ancient date. It did not ſeem to men, endowed with warm imaginations, that our Saviour and his diſciples had ſufficiently departed from the common maxims and ways of ſociety. So at leaſt, in theſe degenerate days, we are ſometimes diſpoſed to think of them. They fancied there were paths, which would lead them nearer to the high perfection of angels; and theſe paths they reſolved to tread. This it was that, in the firſt ages, filled the deſarts of the Eaſt. No one would conteſt their habitations with them; and they earned their bread in the ſweat of their brows, accompanying their labours with continual prayer. The deſigns of ſuch men muſt have been meritorious, and in their lives there was perfection; but they muſt not be judged by any common rule. Man is a ſocial being, and there are duties, by which, in the ordinary courſe of providence, we ſeem to be bound to one another. The fact appears almoſt incredible; but we are told that, at the end of the fourth century, the deſarts alone of Egypt contained nearly eighty thouſand hermits[1]. The motives which led them thither were, I am ready to believe, founded on miſconceptions of duty; but the indulgence of paſſion could poſſibly have had no influence. When we ſeek gratification, it will hardly be among burning ſands and the howlings of wild beaſts.

This extraordinary love of ſolitude gradually ſpread from the Eaſt into the Weſtern continent. But as all paſſions partake, more or leſs, of the nature of the ſoil or climate, where they ariſe, or into which they are tranſplanted, the European conſtitution was found inadequate to the lofty flights

[1] Fleury diſc. 8.

flights of the Egyptian and Aſiatic hermits.—In 530 St. Bennet inſtituted his order in Italy, the primitive forms of which have no pretenſions to the auſtere diſcipline, that diſtinguiſhed the monks, I have mentioned. In the lapſe, however, of a few centuries, even the diſciples of Bennet fell from the perfection of their inſtitute. Such is the nature of all human eſtabliſhments: and towards the beginning of the tenth century, by the incurſions of barbarous nations and the general hoſtilities of the times, which ruined monaſteries and overturned churches, the monaſtic rule was nearly extinguiſhed in the Weſtern church[m].

Clugny.

Now it was, that the famous inſtitute of Clugny, in France, roſe from the aſhes of the Benedictin rule. A ſucceſſion of abbots, famed for ſanctity and ſcience, gave celebrity to the new obſervance. Its houſes multiplied over the continent of Europe: men of the higheſt rank and of the moſt brilliant talents, were proud to be ſeen in the dreſs of Clugny; and it became the great ſeminary, from which Rome drew its moſt eminent pontiffs, and the church its worthieſt miniſters. But even the monks of Clugny were men: riches flowed into their monaſteries, and the evils, conſequent on riches, came along with them. In two hundred years from its foundation, Clugny ſank into obſcurity. Peter the venerable, who died in 1156, was the laſt abbot, whom hiſtory records with praiſes.

The Chartreuſe.

At this time alſo, St Bruno inſtituted his Carthuſians. He was a man of letters, and of great repute in the churches of France. Diſguſted of the world, and naturally of a gloomy diſpoſition, he aſſociated to himſelf a few compa-

[m] Fleury diſc. 8.

BOOK II. nions, and with theſe retired to the dreadful ſolitudes in the neighbourhood of Grenoble. The man who has ſeen this ſequeſtered region, even in its more hoſpitable ſtate, may form ſome conception of the mind of Bruno. The horrors of the place were congenial with his ſoul: here, he thought, the divinity loved to dwell, and that, in the howlings of the wilderneſs, he ſhould more diſtinctly hear his voice. To the auſterities, with which nature clothed every object round him, he added whatever imagination could ſuggeſt, painful, macerating, and oppreſſive, in ſilence, abſtemiouſneſs, and penury. The inhabitants of the Chartreuſe, ſo was their dwelling called, forbad themſelves the poor comforts of their own ſociety; and the few wanderers, whom curioſity might lead to them, were refuſed admiſſion to their huts. Women were not allowed to put a foot upon the ground, which the pious ſolitaries called their incloſure; and Hugo, biſhop of Grenoble, to whom the wilderneſs belonged, forbad the fiſherman to approach their brooks, and the huntſman to diſturb their ſilence with his horn: the animals of the foreſt might not brouſe on their herbage. Every cheering object was to be removed from this ſcene of prayer and penitence[n].—Bruno died in 1101.

Though this imperfect ſketch of the Carthuſian inſtitute may not ſeem inviting, yet ſo ſtrong is the ſympathy between certain minds and every thing which ſhould ſeem horrible in nature and religion, that, in a ſhort time, not only the Chartreuſe was crowded with inhabitants, but even the order quickly branched out into all the kingdoms of Europe. The ſituations of their convents could not reſemble the Grenoble

[n] Fleury vol. xiii.

Grenoble wilderneſs, but the diſcipline and internal œconomy were every where alike. For ſeven hundred years has this order now continued, and what is extraordinary, it has departed leſs from its primitive auſterity, than any other monaſtic inſtitute in the chriſtian church.

It is not the philoſopher or the politician, who will be called upon to give his ſanction to ſuch extraordinary eſtabliſhments: but to the infinite variety of character, which marks the human race, it ſeems, all poſſible modes of life ſhould be permitted, whereby content and happineſs can be procured. Man is a free agent, and may chuſe for himſelf: there is tyranny in the contrary doctrine.

Fontevraud.

At this period, while Bruno and his diſciples, in the horrid retirement of Dauphiné declared war againſt themſelves and the allurements of the world, Robert d'Arbriſſelles, in the milder climate of Touraine, ſupported the ſame conflict, but in circumſtances ſtill more extraordinary. He alſo was a man of letters, and had rendered himſelf ſerviceable in the church. He prayed much, faſted much, watched much, and over his ſkin he wore a coat of mail. His zeal againſt the faſhionable vices of the age was flagrant, ſimony, eccleſiaſtical concubinage, and every ſpecies of oppreſſion on the poor and on the church. Robert had enemies; he therefore quitted the world, and withdrew to the woods.

Pope Urban being at Angers, the capital of Anjou, in 1096, was told of the pious ſolitary, and of his abilities: he wiſhed to hear him preach. Robert attended, and acquitted himſelf ſo well before a numerous aſſembly of people, that the pontiff, on the ſpot, granted him an unlimited commiſſion to preach, whereſoever fancy might lead him. Arbriſ-

BOOK II. ſelles's fancy was not eaſily confined: he ranged into the neighbouring provinces; multitudes crowded to hear him, and his ſucceſs was wonderful. For ten years he led this unſettled life.

Robert was, at laſt, made ſenſible, that great abuſes were the conſequence of this promiſcuous aſſemblage of men and women. Having no fixed habitation, they wandered with their maſter, and where night found them, there they repoſed. Robert was of a more ſocial turn than the holy ſolitary of Grenoble: he held out his hand to the moſt profligate ſinners, and women, of all deſcriptions, were ſure to find an aſylum near him. His friends expoſtulated very ſeverely with him; they charged him with too eaſy a familiarity; they condemned his unſettled way of life; and they ridiculed his long beard, his naked feet, and his groteſque apparel. Robert looked round for an habitation, and he found one.

It was a wilderneſs, called Fontevraud, on the confines of Poitou. Inhabited by wild beaſts, and in that ſtate of incultivation, which nature, in her luxuriant fancies, loves to form, it was of no value to its proprietors. They gave it to Robert; and here he ſettled his numerous family. To protect themſelves from the inclemencies of the air, they built huts. Robert then ſeparated the men from the women. To the men he preſcribed hard labour, and, at ſtated times, called them to ſing pſalms or to pray: the women he confined to their cabins, and he turned the key upon them. For ſome time, they lived in great indigence, ſupported only by the wild roots of the wilderneſs, and the water of the brook, or by the uncertain contributions of the neighbourhood.

bourhood. The proſpect ſoon cleared: very conſiderable donations in land were made to them; and the deſart of Fontevraud began to ſmile.

In 1116, ten years after its foundation, Fontevraud was in a flouriſhing ſtate. Kings and the nobles of the land had heaped their riches round it. The number of religious of both ſexes, exceeded three thouſand.—It was a whimſical idea of their founder to ſubject the men to the women. He had read in the goſpels, that John, the beloved diſciple of his maſter, had been ordered by him to adopt the virgin Mary for his mother. This was an example to be followed: the holy women of Fontevraud were to have the privilege of mothers; and it ſhould be the duty of their ſons to ſerve them, and to obey them. Robert drawing near to his end, aſſembled the male part of his community, and ſaid: "My "children, is it your intention to perſevere in the holy "reſolution you have made, and to obey the handmaids of "our Lord, whom I have ordained to govern all the houſes "of my order?" They anſwered, unanimouſly, that ſuch was their intention. He then choſe for their ſuperior, Petronilla de Craon, a noble widow, and ſoon after expired [o].

[o] Fleury vol. xiv. Nat. Alex. ſæc. xii.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK III.

Diſtreſs of Abeillard—Heloiſa hears the news—Hard fate of Fulbert.—Abeillard propoſes to Heloiſa to quit the world—She is profeſſed a nun—Abeillard becomes a monk at St. Denys—He reſumes his lectures—Is cited before the council of Soiſſons—Is confined at St. Medard—Returns to St. Denys—Eſcapes in the night.—Reflections.

Anno, 1119.

UNCHEERING was the ſun which roſe to Abeillard. —His ſervants, wakened by the noiſe, and the cries of their maſter, had run in to his aſſiſtance, and procured him the help his melancholy ſituation called for. The neighbourhood was alarmed; but the aſſaſſins had eſcaped. He deſired to be left alone.

Now

BOOK III.

Diſtreſs of Abeillard.

Now it was, that a thouſand diſtreſſing thoughts ruſhed into his mind.—He that had been the idol of admiration, was become an object of ſcorn and ridicule!—He ſhould be pointed at in the ſtreets; every tongue, and the eye of every beholder, would ſay; there goes Abeillard!—How would his enemies exult in his fall; and even from his friends, he could only look for pity! Was pity at laſt the enviable reward, that was to crown all his glory!—There was an end of literary fame; an end of philoſophy; an end of every purſuit which was dear to his ambition.—Should he again dare to enter the ſchools—but the jeering looks of the young men would be an eternal bar to the attempt.—Yet how much, thought he, had he merited this humiliation: and how equitable were the judgments of heaven! He had baſely betrayed the man, who had confided in him; and now treachery was returned from treachery[a].—He pauſed; but no thought would ariſe, from which to draw the ſmalleſt gleam of comfort: nor does he ſay, in this tumultuary crowd of reflections, that his mind even once turned from itſelf to Heloiſa.

The mournful ſoliloquy, however, was ſoon broken. Rumour had carried the tale from door to door; and it was hardly day, when his friends, anxious to know the truth, and to expreſs their condolence, crowded to his houſe. "The whole city, ſays he, aſſembled round me: aſtoniſh-
"ment was marked on their countenances; tears fell from
"their eyes. But can I expreſs, how much their lamenta-
"tions irritated and diſturbed me? The churchmen chiefly,
"and more than theſe my ſcholars, pained me with their
"ſighs

[a] Hiſt. Calam.

" ſighs and wailings. It was their compaſſion which af-
" flicted me, and not the ſmart of my wounds. I hung my
" head, and bluſhed. I had read in the book of Numbers,
" that ſuch animals as myſelf were not to be received, even
" as victims, in the ſacrifices of the Lord[b]."

Vanity may be thought to have ſuggeſted the firſt part of this narration; but the ſtory is told in terms equally pompous by a contemporary author[c]. In a letter of conſolation to Abeillard, he ſays: " You were retired to reſt, and
" meant evil to no man; when the hand of villainy, armed
" with a murdering knife, prepared to ſpill your blood.
" The venerable metropolitan of Paris bewailed the fatal
" ſtroke; the college of prebends and of illuſtrions church-
" men bewailed it; the city, deeming herſelf diſgraced by
" the atrocious deed, joined in the doleful lamentation—
" So great, indeed, was the general grief, that you might
" be pleaſed rather with the cauſe which produced it. It is
" not in proſperity that we know our friends. Paris, which
" lamented your misfortune. has now told you, how much
" ſhe loves her Abeillard."

Heloiſa hears the news.

Heloiſa, in the mean while, was at Argenteuil. In the ſociety of her dear nuns, in literary purſuits, and in holy meditation, the hours flowed gently on. Abeillard did not often viſit her; but leſt freſh ſuſpicions ſhould be raiſed, ſhe had herſelf adviſed the moſt circumſpect caution. When he was with her, ſhe enjoyed his company without danger of intruſion. Compared, therefore, with what ſhe had ſuffered under her uncle's roof, the cloiſter of Argenteuil had a thouſand pleaſures. Imagination alſo helped to gild the

[b] Hiſt. Calam. [c] Fulco ep. ad Abeil.

BOOK III. ſcene: they looked forward to the day, when, poſſibly, ſome event, in the general revolution of things, might be propitious, and make their union happy.—Such was the ſituation of Heloiſa.

But Abeillard, for ſome days, had not appeared; the time he had promiſed to return was paſſed; a vague rumour of ſomething diſaſtrous began to ſpread; and it was whiſpered that Abeillard had been attacked by ruffians. Nothing is ſo eaſily moved as the minds of lovers. Heloiſa ſtarted at the ſound; the forebodings, which troubled her, had not ſubſided: ſhe knew the revengeful ſpirit of her uncle, and that he had been grievouſly irritated; and ſhe knew the temper of the men, in whom he confided moſt. The report gradually gained ſtrength; and Heloiſa ſoon underſtood the extent of her misfortune[d].—It might, at firſt, be indiſtinctly conveyed, but the delicacy of the age would be no bar to the moſt circumſtantial detail of the tragical event.—Now it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould exert her heroiſm; ſhould draw conſolation from religion and philoſophy; and ſhould appear as great in affliction, as ſhe had in love.—The ſelfiſh Abeillard is again ſilent on the ſubject, and no hiſtory is extant to record the behaviour of Heloiſa on this ſad occaſion.

The ruffians, I have ſaid, had eſcaped; but diligent ſearch was made by the magiſtrates, and two of them were taken. One of theſe was the ſervant, who had betrayed his maſter. The puniſhment inflicted on them was agreeable to the notions of the age; they loſt their eyes, and the *lex talionis*, (a law founded on the ſtricteſt principle of juſtice, and which might,

[d] Vie d'Abeil. p. 96.

might, with the greateſt propriety, be revived in all countries,) completed the work[e].

Hard fate of Fulbert.

Nor were the biſhop and his clergy leſs active in proſecuting Fulbert. He, as well as Abeillard, were members of the eccleſiaſtical body, and conſequently, the cognizance of their cauſe appertained to them. Such was then the eſtabliſhed diſcipline.—The unhappy Fulbert appeared before his judges: the crime, of which he was accuſed, ſeemed notorious; but, as he was not preſent at its perpetration, he was permitted to make his defence. What his defence was, is not related; only it is ſaid, that he denied himſelf to be guilty. The circumſtance of his abſence, and the cruel provocation he had received, were maturely weighed; the milder ſpirit of the eccleſiaſtical court was permitted to operate; and a ſentence was pronounced, ſevere indeed, but not bloody as that which fell on his accomplices. He was deprived of his benefice, and his goods were confiſcated[f].

We hear no more of this unhappy man, whoſe fate was peculiarly hard. Deceived by him, on whoſe integrity, he preſumed, he might rely; and deſerted by a niece, in whoſe happineſs all his affections centered, is it ſurpriſing, he ſhould fly to vengeance for redreſs?—Abeillard, with a ſelfiſh indignation, which a great ſoul could not have harboured, arraigned, as too indulgent, the ſentence of Fulbert's judges, and called the biſhop and his clergy, the accomplices of his guilt[g].—Even Heloiſa ſeemed to have no feeling left for the poor old man. In her letters ſhe mentions his name with horror, and ſees no alleviation to his guilt. When time and religion had worn off the edge of paſſion; poſſibly ſhe

[e] Hiſt Calam. [f] Fulco ut ſupra. [g] Ibid.

BOOK III. would view his conduct with a more indulgent eye: his name, at leaſt, is regiſtered in the mortuary calendar of the Paraclet. There is a time, it ſeems, when the moſt reſentful minds forgive.

Abeillard propoſes to Heloiſa to quit the world.

Abeillard was unable to withſtand the humiliating reflections, which preſſed on his mind. The philoſophy, he had ſtudied, was not of a nature to ſpeak comfort to him; of religion he knew little more than its ſplendid theory; and his great talents, the diſplay of which had given exaltation to his name, being once brought low, would only ſerve to add weight to his depreſſion. His friends in vain conſoled him: their pity could but hurt his pride; and their advice, he knew, was unſupported by truth and the opinions of the world. Like Prometheus, he felt the vulture at his breaſt. In this ſtate of mind, he ſays, it was, that he looked to the cloiſter, as the only place, which, at once, could bury his ſhame, and hide him from the obſervation of mortals[h].—He communicated his deſign to Heloiſa, and propoſed that ſhe ſhould imitate his example.

Heloiſa had not reached her twentieth year. In the vigour of youth and the prime of beauty, could it be ſuppoſed, that ſhe alſo muſt ſee charms in a cell, or that ſhe would be inclined to turn her back on a world, with which ſhe had hardly made acquaintance, and which, notwithſtanding, had expreſſed a ſtrong partiality for her character, and an admiration of her talents. But the ſelfiſh eunuch knew the exceſs of her love for him, and of this he would avail himſelf: could ſhe be his companion no longer, the remainder of her days ſhould be devoted to ſolitude, and the

[h] Hiſt. Calam.

pure

pure colloquy of angels.—It is not ſaid, how Heloiſa received this generous propoſal; but, as we know from her own letters, that the natural diſpoſitions of her mind were averſe from the cloiſter; it is probable ſhe would expoſtulate with Abeillard: ſhe would aſſure him of her unalterable regard; that it ſhould never be in the power of man to divide her heart; that the world ſhould ever-more be hateful to her; but that, as ſhe felt no inclination to the veil, ſhe hoped, ſhe might be permitted to ſpend her life, a voluntary recluſe, without the tie of eternal vows, within the walls of Argenteuil.

The proud man was irritated by this gentle expoſtulation, and he ordered her inſtantly to comply[i]. Heloiſa aſſented. "It was not religion, ſays ſhe, which called me to the cloiſ-" ters: I was then in the bloom of youth; but you ordered, " and I obeyed."—The ſacrifice was not yet complete. She had, indeed, promiſed to comply with his injunctions; but was he ſure, ſhould he firſt engage himſelf, and leave her at liberty, that ſhe might not violate her promiſe, and return to the world. He was therefore cruel enough to ſignify his ſuſpicions, and to inſiſt, that ſhe bound herſelf firſt. " When " you had reſolved to quit the world, ſhe ſays to him, I " followed you; rather I ran before you. It ſeems, you " had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes: " You feared I might look back; and therefore before you " could ſurrender your own liberty, I was to be devoted. " In that one inſtance, I confeſs, your miſtruſt of me tore " my heart: Abeillard, I bluſhed for you. Heaven knows, " had I ſeen you haſtening to perdition, at a ſingle word, I " ſhould

[i] Hiſt. Calam. Ep. Helois. 1ª.

BOOK III.

" ſhould not have heſitated to have followed, or to have " preceded you. My ſoul was no longer in my own poſſeſ- " ſion[k]."

She is profeſſed a nun.

Having ſubmitted alſo to this harſh demand, and chuſing the abbey of Argenteuil for her long reſidence, a day was fixed for the ſolemn ceremony of her profeſſion.

It was, by this time, no longer a ſecret, that Abeillard and Heloiſa had been married: the ſtory of their adventures was generally known; it was known what had inſtigated Fulbert to his ſavage revenge; and it was now known, that the lovers were retiring from the world, and that the places of their abode were choſen.

The day came. Curioſity had drawn crowds to Argenteuil. The biſhop of Paris officiated in the ceremony; and having bleſſed the holy veil, which was to cover the head of the victim, he laid it on the altar. The aſſembly ſtood in ſilent expectation: the gates of the cloiſter opened, and Heloiſa came forward.—She was clothed in the becoming dreſs of the order; her attitude marked reſignation to her fate; and the hand of affliction had given to her features an angelic ſoftneſs.—As by a mechanical impulſe every boſom thrilled with compaſſion: it had been whiſpered that her ſacrifice was involuntary: numbers preſſed round her; and her approach to the altar was impeded[l].—They begged her not to proceed; they urged the fatality of the ſtep; they accuſed her pretended friends of cruelty; they ſpoke of her beauty, of her charms, of her talents, and of the horrors of a cloiſter.—Heloiſa was viſibly affected; but not by their expoſtulations: the fate of Abeillard alone, who was ſoon to

[k] Ep. Hel. 1ª. [l] Hiſt. Calam.

to tread the ſame mournful path, hung heavy on her heart: tears rolled down her cheeks; and, in broken accents, ſhe was heard to pronounce the words of Cornelia:

Q maxime conjux!
O Thalamis indigne meis! Hoc juris habebat
In tantum fortuna caput? Cur impia nupſi,
Si miſerum factura fui? Nunc accipe pænas,
Sed quas ſponte luam.

Lucan. Phar. l. 8.

Uttering the laſt words, as ſhe ſtrove to advance, the crowd ſeparated: her reſolution roſe fuller on her countenance: ſhe mounted the ſteps of the altar: put her hand on the veil, with which ſhe covered her face: and pronounced diſtinctly the fatal vows, which were to ſever her from the world and Abeillard for ever[m].

The heroiſm of this action has ſeldom, I believe, been equalled. But love and the peculiar ſtrength of her mind, would have carried Heloiſa even to more arduous ſacrifices, had they been preſented to her.—It will be ſaid, that her mind, at the awful moment of giving herſelf to God, was not in the diſpoſition of a chriſtian votary; that it more reſembled a pagan ſacrifice; and that, inſtead of the pious ſentiments, agreeable to the occaſion, which her mouth ſhould have uttered, ſhe profanely repeated the lines, which Cornelia, with a dagger in her hand, addreſſed to the manes of Pompey, when ſhe received the news of his death.—It is true: nor did Heloiſa, either at the time of taking the veil, or afterwards in life, ever pretend that ſhe had any thing in

[m] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. in view, than merely to obey the command of Abeillard. To have acted a part, inconſiſtent with this object, became not her character: She wiſhed not to introduce the affectation of religion, where nothing religious was meant: the honeſty and candour of her mind revolted at the thought. Indeed, it is manifeſt, had Abeillard but hinted that the action would have pleaſed him more, with a Roman countenance, ſhe would have met the point of a dagger, or have ſwallowed the deadly hemloc.

Years afterwards, turning to this event, ſhe ſays to Abeillard: "I obeyed, Sir, the laſt tittle of all your commands; "and ſo far was I unable to oppoſe them, that, to comply "with your wiſhes, I could bear to ſacrifice myſelf. One "thing remains, which is ſtill greater, and will hardly be "credited: my love for you had riſen to ſuch a degree of "phrenzy, that to pleaſe you, it even deprived itſelf of "what alone in the univerſe it valued (himſelf), and that "for ever. No ſooner did I receive your commands, than I "quitted at once the dreſs of the world, and with it all the "reluctance of my nature. I meant that you ſhould be the "ſole poſſeſſor of whatever I had once a right to call my "own. Heaven knows, in all my love, it was you, and "you only, that I ſought for—whilſt together we enjoyed "the pleaſures, which love affords, the motives of my at-"tachment were to others uncertain. The event has proved "on what principle I ſtarted. To obey you I ſacrificed all "my pleaſures: I reſerved nothing, the hope only ex-"cepted, that ſo I ſhould become more perfectly your own. "—For this ſacrifice, if I have no merit in your eyes, vain "indeed is all my labour! From God I can look for no

"reward,

" reward, for whoſe ſake, it is plain, I have as yet done " nothing[n]."—" Through the whole courſe of my life, ſhe " ſays in another letter, heaven knows, what have been my " diſpoſitions. It was you, and not God, whom I feared " moſt to offend; you, and not God, I was moſt anxious " to pleaſe. My mind is ſtill unaltered. It was no love of " him, but ſolely your command which drew me to Argen- " teuil. How miſerable then my condition, if, undergoing " ſo much, I have no proſpect of a reward hereafter! By " appearances, you may have been deceived like others: " you aſcribed to the impreſſions of religion, what ſprang " from another ſource[o]."

Uſed to contemplate in ourſelves and others, human nature, as caſt in common molds, we view its eccentricities with the mixed emotions of aſtoniſhment and pleaſure. Of this deſcription was Heloiſa. She was born in a century, remarkable for ignorance and a blind attachment to the weakeſt follies; her education, within the walls of a convent, had been little adapted to improve her underſtanding or to enlarge her heart; and, at the time ſhe began and finiſhed the bold tragedy, I have deſcribed, the bloſſom of life was but in its firſt ſtage of expanſion: yet already ſhe was learned, to the admiration of France, and her mind had acquired a boldneſs of conception, and a ſufficiency in itſelf, which carried her far beyond the ideas of her ſex, and the adopted maxims of the age. In the moſt brilliant days of Roman greatneſs, Heloiſa would have been a ſplendid character.—Her notions of moral and religious duty may be deemed too free: but my ſurpriſe rather is, from

[n] Ep. Helois. 1ª. [o] Ep. 2ª.

BOOK III. whence ſhe could have drawn them. She had read, we know, the ſcriptures, and ſhe had meditated on the works of the fathers of the church: but, as in the ſenſe and application of the doctrine, they contained, ſhe was told to adhere to low comments and trifling interpretations, her mind was unſatisfied: ſhe did not find in them that ſublimity of thought and fulneſs of idea, which could meet the expanding energy of her ſoul.—She turned to the compoſitions of the old philoſophers; and ſhe dwelt, with rapture, on the poets of Greece and Rome. Here ſhe was free to range, unſhackled by rules, and unoppreſſed by authority. In them the romantic caſt of her ſoul found ſomething which accorded with its feelings; and ſhe became the diſciple of Epicurus, of Seneca, and of Ovid, without perceiving that ſhe had quitted the amiable purity of the chriſtian ſcheme, and the ſeverer morality of eccleſiaſtical diſcipline.—When guides are ignorant, or when maxims are ſuggeſted, unfounded on truth or clogged with puerilities, a great mind is diſguſted; it begins to think for itſelf; and imperceptibly adopts ſingularities, perhaps extravagancies: but they are the extravagancies of genius, and the errors of bold nature. When the eagle riſes to meet the ſun, it leaves the earth and all its beaten paths far below it.

Abeillard becomes a monk at St. Denys.

Abeillard having completed one part of his deſign, haſtened to the execution of the other. He had choſen the abbey of St. Denys for his retirement; and there he entered, a few days only after Heloiſa had made her vows at Argenteuil [p].—The abbey of St. Denys, ſo celebrated in French hiſtory, for the munificent donations of the living, and as the

[p] Ep. Helois. 1².

the repoſitory of the aſhes of her dead kings, was not then ſo ſplendidly magnificent, as it had been. Dagobert, its founder, had covered part of the roof with plates of ſilver; and the internal decorations were anſwerable to it. It is ſaid, that Clovis the ſecond, at a time of public diſtreſs, unroofed the gorgeous monument, and, with a more laudable liberality, diſtributed it piecemeal to the neceſſitous. The Norman ravagers, in the ninth century, did not ſpare this ſumptuous pile; they pillaged its riches, and nearly reduced the whole fabric to a heap of ruins[q]. It belonged to the Benedictine order of monks; and as their revenues were immenſe, St. Denys ſoon recovered from it delapidation, and was in high ſplendor, when Abeillard ſubmitted his head to the cowl. But the monaſtic diſcipline of its inhabitants, which had been broken down, as it always happens, in the general deſolation, had not recovered, in the ſame proportion, as the edifices, which ſtone and mortar eaſily repaired.

A man of Abeillard's talents and reputation would be received with open arms. The joy was reciprocal; for here it was that he looked for repoſe, and in conſtrained lowlineſs of ſpirit, dared to hope, that the world would forget him. The world did not co-operate with his wiſhes. His abſence from Paris was ſoon felt; his ſcholars (the number of whom, as a contemporary author relates[r], collected from all parts of Europe, exceeded whatever had before been ſeen,) were vociferous in their complaints; they diſturbed the peace of the city, and threatened to retire, if Abeillard could not be prevailed on to reſume his lectures Other

[q] Fleury vol. xi. [r] Fulco ad Abeil.

BOOK III. profeſſors in vain offered their inſtructions.—It was reſolved that deputies ſhould wait on him in his cell[f].

The philoſopher had hardly recovered from his wounds, and was beginning to taſte the gentle comforts of retirement, when ſuddenly his reveries were interrupted, and he was publicly called on to return to the ſchools. In the depreſſion of ſpirits, with which he had juſt quitted the world, confounded, penitent, and diſguſted, the propoſal, at firſt, ſtartled him: he did not conceive it to be ſincere, and he might ſuſpect it was rather meant to ridicule, than ſeriouſly to do him honour. He refuſed to comply. On this they went in greater numbers; St. Denys thronged with the crowds: and firſt they waited on the abbot, requeſting he would permit Abeillard to come to them, and would even command him to leave his cell, ſhould he perſevere in his refuſal. They begged to ſee their old maſter, and to him, in the warmeſt terms, they urged their petition.—Would he, they ſaid, generous and diſintereſted as he was, who had done ſo much to gratify the world and his own deſires, now do nothing on the more noble principle of ſerving God and his religion? He ſhould reflect, with what intereſt, the talents, which heaven had ſo liberally conferred, would be redemanded from him. Hitherto he had given his principal attention to the great and the opulent; it was time that the low and indigent alſo ſhould receive benefit from his inſtructions.—They hinted, with ſome delicacy, at his late misfortune, and ſuggeſted that it had been permitted, perhaps, for wiſe ends: he was now free from many incitements to vice, and withdrawn from the deluſions of the world, that ſcience

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

ſcience might poſſeſs him more completely to herſelf. Now was the moment, they concluded, to become the true philoſopher[t].—Theſe perſuaſions had not the deſired effect.

But though Abeillard ſeemed ſo unwilling to re-engage in his former purſuits; it was not long before he was much diſguſted with the manners of the monks of St. Denys. He deſcribes them not only as men, departing from religious diſcipline, and addicted to the world, but as abandoned to the moſt ſhameful paſſions. The abbot he cenſures, in terms equally ſevere: "As by office, he ſays, he was raiſed "above others, ſo was his life more criminal, and his infa- "my more notorious[v]."—This account is thought to be unfair. He wrote it at a time of great irritation; when he had reaſon to conceive himſelf unjuſtly perſecuted: to retaliate he dipt his pen in gall[u].

Let there be ſome exaggeration in the ſtory; it is ſtill well known, as I have obſerved, that but little of the monaſtic ſpirit was left at St. Denys.—Abeillard naturally acrimonious, from circumſtances rendered more ſevere, and miſtaking, poſſibly, the effects of ill-temper for the ſuggeſtions of pious zeal, heſitated not to declare his diſapprobation of their conduct. Privately, and repeatedly, he expoſtulated with his brethren; but finding ſuch remonſtrances ineffectual, he publicly arraigned the enormities of their lives, and, with his powers of language, held up their crimes in full view before them.—The monks were not diſpoſed to admit this check to their amuſements; when Adam, their abbot, led the way to pleaſure, was Abeillard, a monk of yeſterday, whoſe habit had not yet loſt its gloſs, to become the

[t] Hiſt. Cal. [v] Ibid. [u] Notæ Quercet.

BOOK III. the cenſor of his elders, and to replant the thorns which, with the labour of years, they had been ſtriving to eradicate: he might purſue, with taſteleſs perſeverance, his own reſearches, as he pleaſed, and they would not interrupt his lucubrations; they only aſked the ſame liberty for themſelves, which they allowed to him[w].—What had fallen to the lot of other reformers, Abeillard, I preſume, was prepared to expect. His advice was diſregarded; perhaps it helped to increaſe the evil, whilſt he himſelf became the object of univerſal diſlike and hatred.

He reſumes his lectures.

The young men from Paris ſtill continued their application, and the whole convent of St. Denys was now diſpoſed to co-operate with the petitioners. The moment was favourable to both. Abbot Adam, ſuch I have ſaid was his name, gravely adviſed Abeillard, as nothing leſs could give ſatisfaction to his ſcholars, if he could poſſibly ſurmount his reluctance, to comply with their requeſt; that it was with much difficulty he had prevailed on himſelf to give his approbation to the meaſure; that with pain he ſhould ſee him quit his roof; but that no diſtance of place ſhould ever untie the band which united him to St. Denys; and that, on his ſide, ſuch a condeſcenſion muſt be conſidered as an heroic example of monaſtic virtue.—The holy brotherhood abetted the ſolemn farce.—The flimſy ſubterfuge was eaſily penetrated: but Abeillard, diſguſted of a ſituation which diſappointed his wiſhes, and flattered into better hopes by the perſeverant intreaties of his friends, now thought proper to avail himſelf of the occaſion, and to accede to their propoſals.—Paris was judged too diſſipated a reſidence for a religious man;

[w] Hiſt. Calam.

man; and probably he himſelf, for obvious reaſons, objected to it: therefore a ſmall place in the country was choſen, where, in a few days, he opened his ſchool[x]. BOOK III.

The news was carried to Paris, and from thence very ſoon it reached the more diſtant provinces. The conflux of ſcholars was inceſſant: there were no habitations to receive them, nor could the country ſupply food for the multitude[y].—Some authors ſpeak of more than three thouſand, who, at one time, attended his leſſons[z].—How ſcarce muſt have been the means of inſtruction; or how ardent the thirſt to acquire it, when the reputation of one man could excite ſuch a ferment in Europe!

Abeillard now directed the force of his genius to theological purſuits. He thought the ſtudy more analogous to the new character he had aſſumed; but as his ſcholars were very deſirous to be inſtructed alſo in profane learning, to which he had himſelf been moſt habituated, he deemed it proper not to neglect the latter. The charms which, he knew, philoſophy would take from his tongue, he determined to convert to a nobler purpoſe. When his hearers, pleaſed by the delightful eloquence of their maſter, at once admired his manner, and imbibed his doctrine, he led them on from ſubject to ſubject, and from profane to ſacred, till he could fix all their attention on the great truths of revelation or the ſublime attributes of the deity[a].—He well judged that there is a gradation in truth, and that the plaineſt maxims or the profoundeſt diſcoveries are but rays from one common centre.—This method, Abeillard tells us, he took from Origen, the firſt of chriſtian philoſophers; and it was moſt undoubtedly

[x] Hiſt Calam. [y] Ibid. [z] Vie d'Abeil. 129. [a] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. undoubtedly excellent: but there was beſides a peculiar reaſon, why Origen ſhould be the maſter he preferred to imitate.

It ſoon appeared, that the talents of Abeillard were equally competent to every purſuit, and that it was only exerciſe which had given him the firſt place in philoſophy. He interpreted the holy ſcriptures, with the ſame facility, as the commentaries of Ariſtotle: and divine truths ſeemed to owe as much to his expoſition, as did the moſt abſtruſe deductions of reaſon. His ſchool daily ſwelled with auditors, and the benches of other profeſſors were deſerted.—If oppoſition ſhould now be raiſed againſt him, it would evidently be dictated by envy or low paſſion. There was no competitor or proud maſter to irritate.

The fame of Abeillard extended, and the whole college of profeſſors took the alarm: ſomething, it was neceſſary, ſhould be done, to ſave their falling intereſt. Two objections, it ſeemed, they could raiſe againſt him, and theſe they were reſolved to enforce. He was a monk, they ſaid, and conſequently the ſtudy of profane literature was abhorrent from his profeſſion: beſides, dared he not to open the ſacred volumes of ſcripture, and to interpret their myſterious words, when it was notorious he had never received any regular documents from a maſter[b]? His treatment of the renowned Anſelm was well remembered.—On this ground the profeſſors reſted their oppoſition; and they hoped to prevail. Archbiſhops, biſhops, abbots, and the whole deſcription of churchmen, were importuned to eſpouſe their quarrel.

[b] Hiſt. Calam.

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The method, which Abeillard had adopted, was highly approved by many; and they who, hitherto, felt themſelves oppreſſed by authority, were relieved by the rational forms, he introduced into theological diſcuſſions. What he had written, on philoſophical and literary ſubjects, had been read with pleaſure, and they flattered him that his genius, at leaſt with equal facility, might penetrate the ſecrets of religion[c]. They requeſted that, to the authorities either of ſcripture or fathers, which were generally adduced to prove the dogmas of chriſtianity, he would ſuperadd ſuch elucidations, as might ſeem expedient to render them more agreeable to reaſon. The introduction of obſcure terms, they thought, was futile; becauſe what they did not underſtand they could not believe; and that it was ridiculous to ſpeak of things, of which neither the maſter, nor his ſcholars, had any fixed idea: ſuch maſters might truly be called the blind leaders of the blind[d].

Theſe were bold notions for the twelfth century; but they were neceſſary to diſpel the Cimmerian darkneſs, which had ſo long enveloped the chriſtian world. When the ſeeds of moral or of phyſical evils have taken deep root, it is not a gentle effort which will draw them out.—The liberty of reaſoning on myſterious matters had, by ſome philoſophers, been carried to undue lengths. Proud of their logical acuteneſs, becauſe, agreeably to certain rules of art, they could form a ſyllogiſm, they ſaw nothing, in the whole range of grace or nature, which ſhould outſtretch their comprehenſion. Roſcelin, whom I have mentioned, had taken the lead among theſe philoſophiſing chriſtians.

[c] Prolog. ad Theolog. [d] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. Abeillard, induced by the arguments of his ſcholars, and not a little prompted by his own natural bias, undertook the arduous work. He would ſhew, that the great points of religion were not adverſe to human reaſon; he would render them more palpable by compariſons drawn from common nature; and from the notions even of the pagan philoſophers themſelves, he would demonſtrate how weak were the objections of modern reaſoners againſt the myſteries of revelation. With this view, he compoſed and publiſhed, in three books, his *Introductio ad Theologiam*[e].

Religion, obſerves Abeillard, has not a nobler object, than the doctrine of the *Trinity;* and the names of the three perſons deſcribe that being which is infinitely perfect. The name of the father announces power; the name of the ſon announces wiſdom; and the name of the holy ſpirit announces goodneſs or charity. The union of theſe three conſtitutes perfection.—Nor does the diſtinction of perſons reſt here: it alſo tends to generate in the breaſt of man ſuch ſentiments, as may carry him to the adoration of his maker. On fear and love is founded reſpect: fear is produced by the ideas of power and wiſdom: and we love that being, which is kind and beneficent.

It was this myſtery, he ſays, which vain reaſon principally attacked; therefore he aims to defend it.

The founder of the chriſtian ſyſtem did but develope the myſterious Trinity. It was known, he thinks, to the prophets, and to the ancient ſchools of philoſophers; and to the latter it was revealed, in recompence of their virtues. He praiſes the eminent qualifications of their minds, the purity

[e] Op. Abeil. p. 973.

purity of their manners, the excellence of their morality; and he dares to give them a ſeat of happineſs in thoſe regions, to which ſome chriſtians, in too vain a partiality, pretend an excluſive right.

He then meets the arguments of his adverſaries, and attempts to ſolve their ſubtle intricacies. He explains the nature of each perſon, and their differential properties. The language he here uſes is that of modern Trinitarians. —There exiſts not in nature, he obſerves, a being, in which a plurality of perſons ſubſiſts with unity of eſſence. It is only by analogies or diſtant compariſons that any notion can be formed; and theſe muſt be imperfect.—The co-eternity of the perſons he exemplifies by the light of the ſun, which co-exiſts with the ſource of its generation or proceſſion.

From the Trinity he turns to the power of God, and diſcuſſes the high queſtion, whether God could have acted otherwiſe, than he has done, in the creation of things. He weighs, with a ſteady hand, the principle and the order of the divine decrees. Wiſdom and goodneſs, he ſays, are the attributes, by which the almighty power is directed: they preſided over all his works. If therefore there be any good, which remains unrealiſed, it was his wiſdom which forbad its eduction. Every thing has been made which power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, could effect. More than what God has done, he concludes, he could not have done; nor could he have done it otherwiſe; nor was he free not to have done it.—This is the doctrine of Optimiſm, which, the great Leibnitz, in an after-age, more fully expounded, ſtrengthening it with thoſe powers of argument, which his vaſt genius was able to ſupply.

BOOK III. I have briefly ſtated the contents of this volume, which is written not inelegantly, and which contains matter of profound and intricate diſcuſſion. Abeillard boldly meets the argument; he diſplays a conſiderable ſhare of erudition and of logical acuteneſs; but if he flattered himſelf that he rendered more intelligible what was before obſcure, and has ever continued ſo, his eye was organized to ſee light in darkneſs. There was novelty in his manner of treating religious queſtions; and that it was which pleaſed his own vanity, and raiſed the admiration of his readers. Leſs bigotted than his contemporaries, and leſs awed by authority, the mind of Abeillard took a wider range; but, at the ſame time, he expreſſes a diffidence of himſelf, and a willingneſs to ſubmit his writings to the judgment of the church, and to the criticiſm of the learned.

The applauſe, which followed the publication of this work, was great: it appeared that Abeillard had drawn aſide the veil, under which the doctrines of chriſtianity had hitherto been covered; he had done away the difficulties, in which myſterious queſtions were involved; and he had anſwered the abſtruſeſt objections of their adverſaries[f]. Novelty of expreſſion they miſtook for novelty of idea; unfounded opinions were to them authentic documents; and in his weak alluſions to material objects they diſcovered the ſtrongeſt illuſtrations of intellectual truths.—A work of this nature was evidently open to ſiniſter interpretations; and it could not be that his enemies would view it with impartial eyes.

Albericus and Lotulphus, who have been mentioned as the rivals of Abeillard, when he ſtudied divinity under Anſelm

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

Anſelm at Laon, now came forward. The animoſity, they had formerly entertained againſt him, had increaſed with their years, and had grown with the reputation of Abeillard. Anſelm and William de Champeaux were both dead[g]; and to their honours it was the ambition of theſe two men to ſucceed. They were profeſſors in Reims, and Abeillard ſeemed only to obſtruct the ſpread of their reputation. When the work, I have mentioned, appeared, they read it; and it need not be ſaid, with what diſpoſitions. Its excellencies were no objects to them; but its blemiſhes they conſtrued into ſhocking deformities, and its caſual miſtakes into monſtrous errors: his deviations from common language were heretical innovations. He that looks for heterodoxy will be ſure to find it.—They waited on the archbiſhop of their dioceſe, and laid the impious work at his feet[h].

For ſome time had the good man been ill-diſpoſed towards Abeillard. Unable to judge for himſelf, he had relied on the aſſertions of others. Albericus and his colleague were loud in their accuſations: their repeated ſuggeſtions alarmed the pious zeal of the prelate; and having raiſed in his mind a high opinion of their own orthodoxy, they now dared publicly to criminate Abeillard, and to demand the condemnation of his book.—By their advice, Rodolphus, ſuch was the archbiſhop's name, engaged to call a ſynod of his ſuffragan biſhops, at Soiſſons. The pope's legate was then in France: him they invited to preſide at their meeting, that, with one accord, they might proceed to the weighty buſineſs. Abeillard was cited to appear before the council, and to bring along with him the work he had compoſed. He obeyed[i].

[g] Hiſt. Calam. [h] Ibid. [i] Ibid.

In

BOOK III.

He is cited before the council of Soiſſons, and condemned.

In the mean time, his enemies were not idle. Albericus and Lotulphus had circulated many reports againſt him, and the minds of the multitude were inflamed to a degree of fury. He had dared to teach, they were told, that there were three Gods—Abeillard, with a few companions, confiding in his own integrity, and unſuſpicious of the machinations of his enemies, went to Soiſſons on the appointed day. His aſtoniſhment was great, when he heard the wild clamours of the citizens, and ſaw the preparations they had made to ſtone him to death. They would avenge, they ſaid, the inſulted honour of their maker, and not wait the ſlow proceſs of a council. Abeillard, however, eſcaped, and preſented himſelf before the legate[k].

He held his book on the Trinity in his hand: "If I have "written any thing, ſaid he in a ſubmiſſive but manly "tone, which varies from the belief of my anceſtors and "the faith of the church, behold me prepared to retract "it, or to make ſatisfaction. This is the work, I have "written: take it, Sir; read it; and judge."—The legate, who is repreſented as a man of worth, well verſed in political intrigue, but as no adept in theological intricacies, very politely declined the propoſal, and referred Abeillard to the archbiſhop of Reims. The ſcheme probably was preconcerted: for by this means, his accuſers, who were the confidential friends of the archbiſhop, became his judges.

Albericus and Lotulphus, proud of the cenſorial commiſſion, with alacrity opened the deteſted volume; they weighed its contents in the unfair balance of prejudice, and with wonderful malevolence, they miſconſtrued, miſconceived, and

[k] Hiſt. Calam.

and miſrepreſented.—If there be an eaſy taſk, it is to deſcry errors in the opinions of thoſe who diſſent from us; and never is the eye of criticiſm ſo penetrating, as when the zeal of overweening orthodoxy animates the inquiry. Religion, which ſhould temper animoſity, and give a gentle check to the ſelfiſh paſſions, often ſerves to imbitter controverſy. We loſe ſight of its high and important character; our own feelings we ingraft on the venerable ſtock; and we arrogantly fancy it is the love of ſacred truth that inſpires us, when the baſe ſuggeſtions of our own minds are the guides which point the way.

The holy inquiſitors found ample matter for reprehenſion: they were ſcandaliſed by novelty of expreſſion; in words of an equivocal meaning they could read a dangerous tendency to hereſy; and, at every page, their pious ears were offended; becauſe, at every page, Abeillard had either departed from the old forms of language, or he had dared to explain what they deemed inexplicable, or he had attempted to make that appear rational, the principal merit of which conſiſted, they thought, in its oppoſition to common ſenſe, and in a darkſome intricacy of myſtery. Still they were unſatisfied. A moment's reflection told them, that the fathers of the council might be more favourably inclined to Abeillard than themſelves; that his book really contained nothing which was expreſsly heterodox; that the learning and reputation of the author were vaſt; and ſhould he be permitted, in public aſſembly, to make his defence or to explain his own doctrine, it might be too hazardous to expoſe themſelves to the impetuoſity of his eloquence or to the danger of a defeat. They choſe then what ſeemed the

moſt

BOOK III. moſt prudent ſtep: they waited on the legate; they magnified the importance, and the intricacy of the buſineſs; they talked of the multiplicity of their own engagements, which hourly called them off from the main enquiry; and they propoſed, as other matters were to be debated in council, that the condemnation of Abeillard might be poſtponed to the cloſe of the ſeſſions. The legate aſſented[l].

Abeillard, during the celebration of the ſynod, was permitted to preach in public; and every day, from the pulpit, before a large concourſe of people, he ſelected ſome point of chriſtian belief, which he explained, agreeably to the principles he had advanced in his book. His diſcourſes gave wonderful ſatisfaction: ſuch perſpicuity of language, and ſuch a comprehenſion of religious truths, their ears had never witneſſed. "Is this the man, ſaid they, who believes "in three Gods, and whoſe doctrines, we were told, are "deteſtable! He now ſpeaks publicly, and where are his "accuſers to controvert his aſſertions? The ſynod draws to "a concluſion; it was convened againſt Abeillard; but as "yet we have not ſeen him at their bar. Have our pre-"lates, perchance, diſcovered that themſelves, rather than "Abeillard, are in error[m]?"—Such were the obſervations which all ranks of men openly repeated in the ſtreets of Soiſſons. With ſilent indignation his enemies heard them.

At length, the fatal diſcovery was made by Albericus. With inceſſant labour he had waſted the nightly lamp, and, in anguiſh of mind, was ready to deſiſt from all further purſuit, when a paſſage, big with the moſt noxious hereſy, burſt on his aching ſight. With exultation he cloſed the page, threw

[l] Vie d'Abeil. p. 157. [m] Hiſt. Calam.

threw himſelf on his couch for a momentary repoſe, and was ready, early in the morning, to wait on Abeillard. The propoſition he meant to bring before the council, clothed in its moſt horrid features; but how could he forego the luxury of an anticipated triumph, over the author himſelf, in a perſonal interview? He was accompanied by ſome of his ſcholars.—When the uſual complimentary ſpeeches were made, and they had talked on ſome general topics: "I have "read your work," ſaid Albericus, in a magiſterial tone, and with a countenance, which ſpoke the ſwell of his heart. —"Have you?" obſerved Abeillard drily.—"I have, con- "tinued he, and in it my eye has fallen on a propoſition, "from the horror of which, it will be long, before my "mind recovers its wonted ſerenity."—Abeillard ſeemed rather ſtruck, and begged he would ſpeak out.—"There is "but one God," ſaid Albericus.—"It is very true," replied Abeillard.—"This one God, continued Albericus, gene- "rated his word, which is alſo God."—"That alſo is true," ſaid Abeillard.—"It is true, obſerved Albericus ſmartly, "and yet you dare aſſert, that God cannot generate him- "ſelf! This is the blaſphemous propoſition."—The laſt words were uttered with an air of the moſt unbounded con- fidence.—Abeillard ſmiled: "I will prove the truth of that "propoſition, ſaid he, only liſten to my arguments."— "What care I for your arguments, ſaid Albericus, your "reaſon, or your common ſenſe: is religion to be weighed "in their ſcales? Authority, Sir, the impreſſion of autho- "rity, is all I look for."—"You ſhall have authority, re- "plied Abeillard: open that work of Auſtin, which, I per- "ceive, you have brought with you, and you will find it."

BOOK III.

BOOK III. Albericus turned over the leaves, but found nothing.—" I " will ſhew you where it is," ſaid Abeillard, taking the book into his own hands, and immediately pointing to the following paſſage: " He who imagines that God has power to ge- " nerate himſelf, is the more in error, becauſe not only " God cannot do it, but becauſe there is no creature, cor- " poral or ſpiritual, to which the capacity can belong. No " being can give exiſtence to itſelf[n]."

The young men, who came with Albericus, were amazed, and bluſhed: their maſter was not ſo eaſily diſconcerted.— " The paſſage, you have read me, ſaid he, after ſome pauſe, " is eaſily ſuſceptible of a favourable interpretation."—" It " may, replied Abeillard; but as you aſked for bare autho- " rity, any comment, it ſhould ſeem, would be, at this " time, rather unſeaſonable: and were you not, continued " he ironically, ſo great an enemy to ratiocination and " common argument, I think, I could make it appear that " Albericus himſelf, agreeably to his own principles, has " fallen into the wild hereſy of thoſe, who maintain, that " the father is the ſon of himſelf."—At the ſound of the word *hereſy*, Albericus was no longer maſter of himſelf: what rage could dictate, he threw out againſt Abeillard, reproaches, menaces, abuſe. " The day is at hand, ſaid he, " when neither reaſon nor authority ſhall avail your pur- " poſe[o]."—He turned on his heel, and departed.

The next day, which was the laſt of the council, before the chamber opened, the legate and archbiſhop held a long conference with the proſecutors of Abeillard, and many of their confidential friends. It was debated, what was moſt proper

[n] Aug. l. 1. de Trin. [o] Hiſt. Calam.

proper to be done with Abeillard and his book, for the condemnation of which the ſynod had been convoked. In the work itſelf, after mature examination, nothing had been diſcovered, which ſeemed to merit eccleſiaſtical cenſure, and the diſcourſes, he had publicly delivered, were univerſally applauded. The legate was diſpoſed to ſuſpend all further proſecution, and the aſſembly inclined to his opinion. A general ſilence prevailed; his enemies did but mutter indiſtinct accuſations; and even Albericus with-held the dreadful charge, he had threatened to produce againſt him. Gaufridus, biſhop of Chartres, a prelate venerable for his piety and conſummate learning, roſe from his ſeat, and ſpoke.

" You, who hear me, well know the profound erudition " of this man: to whatever ſtudies he has turned his appli- " cation, you know, what applauſe has ſurrounded him, " and you have counted the number of his followers; the " high fame of the profeſſors we eſteemed moſt, and that " of his own maſters, you know, how eaſily he has eclipſed; " and you know, that the wide branches of his reputation " have reached from ſea to ſea. Should you pronounce a " precipitate ſentence againſt Abeillard, (of which I do not " ſuſpect you capable,) what indignation will it not raiſe? " The tongues of thouſands will be ready to defend him. " We have ſeen that the work, in queſtion, contains nothing " which we can publicly criminate. Take care therefore " that you add not to his glory by any violent proceedings, " and detract from your own reputations in the ſame pro- " portion. Would you wiſh to act, agreeably to the eſta- " bliſhed canons of diſcipline? The way is open before you.

BOOK III. " Exhibit your charges in public aſſembly; Abeillard ſhall " be preſent, and ſhall hear each head of accuſation diſ- " tinctly urged againſt him. His own confeſſion, or con- " viction from authentic documents, will decide betwixt us; " and the ſentence, we ſhall pronounce, will impoſe an " eternal ſilence on him, and meet the approbation of his " warmeſt admirers [p]."

This diſcourſe, dictated by good ſenſe and a juſt appreciation of things, was clamorouſly oppoſed by the adverſe faction. " The advice is admirable! ſaid they: ſhall we " enter the liſts with a man whoſe verboſity is eternal? Not " the world combined could long withſtand his ſophiſms " and captious argumentation."—Perceiving they were not to be prevailed on to adopt the reaſonable meaſure, Geoffrey propoſed another ſcheme, to which, he flattered himſelf, the inveteracy of their prejudices might give way. Having remarked, that the cauſe was of conſiderable moment, and that the council, from the paucity of its members, was hardly adequate to the deciſion; he moved, that the abbot of St. Denys, who was preſent, ſhould reconduct Abeillard to his convent, and that there, in a more numerous and reſpectable convocation, the buſineſs ſhould be maturely weighed and terminated.—To this the legate and the reſt of the company aſſented; and the biſhop was commiſſioned to inform Abeillard, that he had permiſſion to return to St. Denys [q].

Albericus and Lotulphus could not approve this placid reſolution: they ſaw there was an end to their ſcheme of humbling the pride of Abeillard, ſhould his cauſe be tried out of the dioceſe of Reims, where only their voice, they knew,

[p] Hiſt. Calam. [q] Ibid.

knew, could command attention; beſides, how humiliating was the reflection that, with all their high words, they had done nothing, and that the enemy might draw glory from their diſgrace. They waited on the archbiſhop, whom they eaſily perſuaded into their opinion: "Would it not reflect "ignominy on himſelf and them, they ſaid, that the here-"tic, who had been cited to their tribunal, ſhould be al-"lowed to retire, uncenſured and free, as he came; and "that another court only ſhould be judged competent to "the puny deciſion: who would now dare to check the pro-"greſs of the inſolent innovator, if the metropolitan of "Reims muſt truckle before him[r]?"

Thus having obtained the conſent of the archbiſhop to continue the proſecution, they directed their attack on the legate. But it might be no eaſy taſk to ſhake the reſolution of a man who, but a few minutes before, had, in a public aſſembly, declared his ſentiments. The profeſſors knew the ground they trod on, they knew the character of the Italian prelate, and from the experience they had juſt had of their own powers of perſuaſion, they doubted little of the event. Admitted to his preſence, therefore, they repeated the arguments, with many additional clauſes, which had ſo happily ſucceeded with the archbiſhop. The legate who, in the whole buſineſs, had relied much on the opinions of others, was not unwilling, in this inſtance alſo, to ſurrender his own better judgment. "But, ſaid he, if it be your "wiſh and that of the metropolitan, that the proſecution "continue, are you prepared to meet Abeillard, as this is "the laſt day of the council, and the buſineſs can be pro-"tracted

[r] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. "tracted no longer?"—The profeſſors heſitated: the ſcheme, they had projected, they hardly knew how to bring forward. "Does it ſeem neceſſary to your Eminence, at length ſaid "they, in the gentle tone of adulation, that Abeillard ap- "pear in council; that he be permitted to reply to objec- "tions, and to make his own defence?—And can judgment "be pronounced, without theſe conditions? obſerved the "legate with an air of indignation.—Abeillard, continued "they, is a man, dangerous and ſeductive in his diſcourſe: "beſides, has he not dared to open public ſchools, legally "unqualified to teach? And this baſe volume before us, did "he not publiſh it, and did he not diſperſe it through the "chriſtian world, without the conſent of his biſhop, with- "out the approbation of the church, and without the ſanc- "tion of the Roman pontiff?"—The courtly legate was viſibly ſtruck by the laſt words.—"Why then, urged the "profeſſors impetuouſly, be awed by idle formalities? Let "the book be condemned, without further inquiſition; and "Abeillard, with his own hands, ſhall give it to the flames. "It will be an example uſeful to the daring inſolence of "future innovators.—The meaſure is violent, replied the "legate, but if the archbiſhop and you, his counſellors, "deem it expedient, I ſhall not with-hold my conſent, tho' "I give it reluctantly[f]."

The biſhop of Chartres was ſoon appriſed of the infamous reſolution; and he waited on Abeillard: he acquainted him of the whole intrigue, and by what means it had been conducted. Lamenting the violence of his enemies, and the weak condeſcenſion of the legate and the archbiſhop, he entreated

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

entreated him to ſubmit, with a manly reſignation, to the will of his ſuperiors, however unjuſt or imperious it might ſeem. He remarked, that ſuch proceedings would bring infinite diſgrace to his proſecutors, and that his own glory would only riſe more reſplendent from the ſtorm. He hinted at what he had heard, that it was their final determination to move, that he be impriſoned in ſome convent for life. He knew, he ſaid, that the legate acted in oppoſition to himſelf, and that as ſoon as he ſhould be free from the reſtraints of the ſynod, he would immediately releaſe him from any confinement, to which he might be ſentenced. Other arguments he uſed to ſtrengthen and to conſole him. —Abeillard was thunderſtruck, and the unexpected vengeance of his enemies unmanned him: he promiſed to ſubmit. The biſhop again ſpoke comfort to him, and, in retiring, ſhewed how much he pitied his cruel fate: his good heart melted into tears, and they were mingled with thoſe of Abeillard[t].

In a few minutes, Abeillard was ſummoned before the council. He appeared. The legate abruptly announced the final reſolution. "It is our will, ſaid he, that you "burn your own book."—A fire was lighted before him: Abeillard ſeized the volume, and threw it into the flames.

The arbitrary meaſure, and the promptitude, with which Abeillard ſubmitted, ſtruck the aſſembly. It was neceſſary to weaken this impreſſion: the legate, more than any other, ſhewed marks of diſſatisfaction: a friend to the meaſure therefore whiſpered in his ear: "I ſaw this horrible ſen-"tence in his book; that God the Father is alone almighty!" —The

[t] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. —The legate catched the words, and riſing, with an amazed countenance, ſaid: " There is not a ſchool-boy, that could " err ſo groſsly: the common faith of Chriſtendom profeſſes " to believe, that there be three almighties."—*And yet there be not three almighties, but one almighty*, jeeringly exclaimed a learned doctor, who ſtood in the aſſembly, quoting the ſymbol of Athanaſius.—His remark was cenſured as a petulant attack on the dignity of their preſident.—Terricus, ſuch was the name of the bold divine, nothing daunted by the general clamour, proceeded in the words of Daniel: " Why " are you thus fooliſh, children of Iſrael? Not judging, or " knowing what is true, you have condemned a ſon of " Iſrael; return to judgment. You have choſen a judge, " continued he, who might inſtruct us in truth, and cor- " rect error; and this judge ſtands condemned in his own " words: remember the fate of Suſanna; and do you alſo " free Abeillard from the hands of his unjuſt accuſers."—The attack was pointed and forcible; but ſhould it paſs unnoticed, the conſequences might be ſerious. The archbiſhop, with much ſolemnity, roſe from his ſeat. " My " Lord Cardinal, ſaid he, in a ſmall change of words, has " ſpoken the language of Athanaſius: *The Father is almighty,* " *the Son is almighty, and the Holy Ghoſt is almighty.* He who " diſſents from this is a heretic: we ſhall not liſten to his " defence."

He then told the aſſembly that, if agreeable to their wiſhes, he would propoſe that Abeillard make a public profeſſion of his faith before them; that if orthodox, it might be approved; if heterodox, be cenſured.—The philoſopher ſhewed the utmoſt willingneſs; but as he was beginning to

ſpeak,

ſpeak, his adverſaries called out, that his words were not required; that the ſymbol of Athanaſius would be a better teſt of his belief. They preſented the ſymbol to him: "You "may not be much verſed in that ſacred formulary, ſaid "they ſneeringly, or your memory may deceive you."—The ceremony, with all its circumſtances, was too humiliating: the greateſt man in the literary world was reduced to the puerile taſk of reading his profeſſion of faith: any child, ſays he, might have done as much.—He read, he ſighed, he ſobbed, he wept; whilſt his enemies exulted, and the council, in ſecret triumph, looked down on the fallen man[v].

As if guilty, and fully convicted of atrocious errors, Abeillard was then delivered into the hands of the abbot of St. Medard. This was a celebrated convent in the town of Soiſſons; and they meant he ſhould there remain, as in the ſecure confinement of a priſon. The abbot took him by the hand, and conducted him to his cloiſter.—Thus ended the council of Soiſſons, in the year 1121, much to the ſatisfaction of the archbiſhop of Reims, and of thoſe malignant divines, who had ſo inveterately perſecuted Abeillard. At this time, he was in the forty-ſecond year of his age[u].—The whole account of this tranſaction is likewiſe, to all appearance, too deeply coloured, as I have already, on other occaſions, remarked: but the memoirs of Abeillard are the only ſources of information.

He is confined at St. Medard.

The abbot of St. Medard was a man of great worth; and we are told that his monks were not leſs remarkable for their literary endowments, than for the exemplary conduct of their lives[w]. In ſuch a ſociety, Abeillard, it ſeems, might

[v] Hiſt. Calam. [u] Fleury vol. xiv. [w] Vie d'Abeil. p. 185.

BOOK III. have been happy, if happineſs could be found in involuntary confinement. They received him with the ſtrongeſt indications of joy: but ſympathiſing, at the ſame time, with him in his hard treatment, they commiſerated his fate; they endeavoured to conſole him; they cenſured the conduct of his judges; they applauded his heroic ſubmiſſion; they ſpoke of the number of his admirers; they reviewed the ſplendid career of his literary life; they extolled the erudition and wonderful perſpicuity of his writings; and they promiſed him a greater increaſe of fame, from the lowering ſky which, at the preſent moment, ſeemed to cloud his horizon. Could he be contented to honour their humble retreat with his preſence, how brilliant would be the days of St. Medard! They, at leaſt, knew how to value the treaſure they poſſeſſed, and ſhould it remain with them, their happineſs was complete[x].

The ſoul of Abeillard was too gloomy to admit one ray of comfort; and the ſoothing ſpeeches of his new brethren and their abbot hardly ſeemed to reach his ears. He begged to be ſhewn to his cell.—Anguiſh, ſhame, deſpair, there ruſhed upon his mind: "And it is thus, thou God of juſtice, ſaid "he, that thou ſheweſt the equity of thy judgments! Is it "in chaſtiſing the innocent, that thou pretendeſt to vindi-"cate the ways of thy providence to man! If I am made to "be miſerable, collect all thy vengeance, and cruſh the "worm, that merits not, it ſeems, the notice of its maker[y]!" —The blaſphemous ſound fell upon his heart, and he pauſed.—"But what was that misfortune, continued he in "a leſs raging tone, which I once ſuffered, and for which "I deemed

[x] Hiſt. Calam. [y] Ibid.

" I deemed myſelf the moſt miſerable of mortals, when " compared with this? Pain of body bears no competition " with pain of mind. I was then betrayed, infamouſly " abuſed: but here my reputation ſuffers; the glory of my " life is blaſted for ever. My previous conduct had then been " bad; I own, it called for chaſtiſement: But now, when " the pureſt intention, when ſolicitude for the honour of " religion, guided all my views, and urged me to the de- " fence of truth; I am baſely traduced; I am treated as the " enemy to God and his holy altars[z]."—His ſtrength was exhauſted, and he ſank ſpiritleſs to the earth.

The arbitrary proceedings of the council no ſooner got wind, than a very general clamour was raiſed againſt them: indeed, the moſt partial apologiſt could not pretend to juſtify ſuch conduct The heads of the cabal were even aſhamed of themſelves, and durſt not meet the public reprehenſion. From their own, they tried to throw the blame on other ſhoulders. The legate, more than any other, felt the reproof of his conſcience, and freely cenſured his own weak condeſcenſion: but to the intrigue and baſe jealouſy of the French faction, he ſaid, the whole infamy of the tranſaction was aſcribable. The reparation, he was able to make to Abeillard, and to the violated rights of eccleſiaſtical diſcipline, he was ready to perform. The biſhop of Chartres could but applaud the public diſpleaſure, and if he concealed the detail of circumſtances which himſelf had witneſſed, it proved that the delicacy of his mind kept pace with the honeſty of his heart. Even Albericus and Lotulphus were ſeen to bluſh; but verſed in the quibbles of

[z] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. ſophiſtry they could evade conviction, and almoſt ward off the point of cenſure[a].

Abeillard had been but a few days at St. Medard, when the legate, to ſilence the general murmur, and from a conviction of its expediency, and alſo thinking he had done enough for the gratification of a faction, whoſe abſolute diſpleaſure, it is ſaid, he was not willing to incur, gave notice to the priſoner, that he was at liberty to quit his confinement, and to return to St. Denys[b].

To quit confinement was a pleaſing circumſtance; but to return to St. Denys might not be quite ſo eligible. The news of the firſt, Abeillard received with rapture: it was an unexpected gleam that at once diſſipated the cloudy horrors of his mind; becauſe it told himſelf and the world, that his confinement had been unjuſt, that his treatment in the council had been unmerited, that his doctrine had been orthodox, that the flames, which conſumed his work, had been lighted up by the breath of envy, of malevolence, of falſe zeal, or of misjudging dulneſs.

To return to St. Denys was a ſerious reflection. His mind recollected the unpleaſant hours he had ſpent in that houſe of diſſipation; and when he compared with it the gentle manners, the religious deportment, the philoſophic gravity, and the endearing attention, of the monks of St. Medard, he felt a ſecret propenſion which ſeemed to tie him to his cell. But the hand of arbitrary deſpotiſm had confined him there; and ſhould he, from the freeſt determination, reſolve to remain, would it be aſcribed to its real motive? No; ſhould the conſequences of his removal prove ever ſo perſonally

[a] Hiſt. Calam. Vie d'Abeil. [b] Ibid.

ſonally diſagreeable, the world and his enemies ſhould know that he was free.

He returns to St. Denys.

His reception at St. Denys was not auſpicious. He read on the countenances of his brethren, that they were little pleaſed by his return. For this he was prepared. He obſerved in their behaviour the ſame looſeneſs, in their converſation the ſame impudence, in their table the ſame intemperance, and, at all times, the ſame diſreliſh for ſerious application and abſtracted retirement. Experience might have taught him prudence; but the natural impetuoſity of his temper, now only exulcerated by ill-uſage, made him more ſevere, and he repeated the harſh reproaches, which they had heard ſo often from his mouth.—Abeillard reſumed his ſtudies, and in ſolitude ſought for comforts, which the ſociety of his brethren could not give him[c].

Thus a few months paſſed.—Reading in his cell the works of Bede, his eye accidentally fell on a paſſage, where the venerable man, expounding the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, ſays, that Denys the Areopagite, whom St. Paul converted to the chriſtian faith, was afterwards made biſhop of Corinth, and not of Athens. If this be ſo, thought he, then are the monks of this convent, and the French nation itſelf, much deceived, who fancy, they poſſeſs, within theſe walls, the body of the Areopagite; for their St. Denys, they inſiſt, was biſhop of Athens.—" Here, ſaid he jeſtingly, to ſome of " the monks who were paſſing by, I can now overthrow " your moſt favourite opinion:" and he ſhewed them the lines in Bede.—They read and reddened.—" Bede, ſaid " they in great heat, is a lying ſcribbler: we well know the " thouſand

[c] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK III. " thouſand fables, which ſwell his oſtentatious volumes. It " is to Hilduinus, abbot formerly of this convent, that we " give our faith. To aſcertain, for ever, the important " queſtion, he travelled himſelf into Greece, ſearching " every corner of the land, and having found the truth, " he left it as a certain document to future ages, that " Denys, the Areopagite, was biſhop of Athens, and that " we poſſeſs his bones[d]."

It was no time for altercation; nor did the ſubject merit it. Abeillard only ſmiled, and was ſilent. But the buſineſs was not to be compoſed ſo eaſily. They repeated their obſervations, extolled Hilduinus, and calumniated Bede.— " You ſhall tell us poſitively your own ſentiment, ſaid one " of them with importunity; which is the moſt to be relied " on, Bede or Hilduinus?"—Abeillard declined anſwering. They urged him to it.—" If I muſt ſpeak then, ſaid he, I " own I cannot avoid preferring the authority of Bede, " whoſe works are read and admired, through the whole " Latin church."

The reply was blaſphemous. Had he denied the prophets, or reviled the religion of Chriſt, it would have ſounded leſs horribly in their ears. They called him heretic, an enemy to his country, and the calumniator of their holy order. It was now plain, they obſerved, what had ever been his diſpoſitions towards the convent of St. Denys; nor was it leſs plain, how little he valued the glory of the Gallic name: dared he not impiouſly to tear down the palladium, on which reſted the ſplendid ſecurity of its fame; the holy patronage of Denys, the Areopagite, biſhop of Athens!—

Abeillard

[d] Hiſt. Calam.

Abeillard in vain ſtrove to ſooth their anger. He told them, he had himſelf formed no decided opinion; that he wiſhed to be informed; that he had barely ſpoken of the comparative authority of Bede; that he entertained no ideas, hoſtile to the French name; but that, indeed, he could not diſcover, why it muſt be thought a matter of ſuch importance, that the bones, in their church, ſhould be thoſe of the Areopagite, provided it were allowed, that their Denys was a glorious ſaint[e].

The convent was inſtantly in an uproar, and the monks hurried to their abbot, to appriſe him of the event. He heard it with the mixed emotions of diſmay and ſatisfaction. It was melancholy, he felt, that a monk of St. Denys ſhould dare to harbour in his breaſt an opinion, ſo derogatory from its honour; but he was pleaſed, that Abeillard ſhould be the man. Now, he flattered himſelf, he ſhould have it more effectually in his power to chaſtiſe him, than had had the ſynod of Soiſſons; and the reflections he had made on the intemperance of his conduct had long hung, like a poiſoned arrow, in his heart[f].

The chapter aſſembled, and Abeillard appeared before them. It was unneceſſary to expoſe, in many words, the atrocity of his crime. The abbot, in ſolemn language, deplored his obduracy, and threatened him with the heavy vengeance of his own arm and of St. Denys. Nor was that all: "I will write inſtantly to the king, ſaid he; he muſt "avenge his own cauſe; for ſeditiouſly you have aſſailed "the glory of his empire, and raiſed your hand againſt the "ſacred

[e] Hiſt. Calam. [f] Ibid.

BOOK III. " ſacred diadem. Let him be guarded with the moſt care-
" ful vigilance, till my meſſenger return[g]."

Abeillard could hardly believe they were ſerious: the whole buſineſs had rather the appearance of a ſolemn farce: but when the countenance of his abbot, and the geſtures of the monks, had convinced him they were in earneſt: " If " I have been guilty of any fault, ſaid he, I am ready to " ſubmit to whatever puniſhment, in the order of monaſtic " diſcipline, you may judge proper to inflict."—He was not heard, and they dragged him to his cell.

The reader, who may know, with what warmth, this queſtion, even in the moſt enlightened period, has been agitated by the French critics, will not be ſurpriſed that, in the twelfth century, in the convent itſelf of St. Denys, it ſhould have raiſed ſuch a ferment. At length, I believe, the weighty point is decided; for it ſeems generally agreed among the learned, that Denys the Areopagite ſuffered martyrdom at Athens in the year 95; and that the other Denys did not come into France till towards the beginning of the third century. He was made firſt biſhop of Paris, and was martyred ſome years after; when as abbot Hilduinus, the author of the whole fable, whom I have mentioned, relates, he picked up his own head from the ground, and walked away with it. His body reſts in the noble abbey which bears his name[h].

He eſcapes in the night.

Abeillard, though again in deſolation, was not diſpoſed to ſink under it. This new inſult was exaſperating, and it rouſed his paſſions. If fortune had conſpired againſt him, and the world muſt be his foe, he had himſelf only to look to:

[g] Hiſt. Calam.

[h] Fleury, Nat. Alex. and others.

to: and where is the man who bears not within his own breaſt an anchor, on which he may ſecurely reſt, when billows roll around him? But it was not prudent to expoſe himſelf to all the fury of his enemies, nor to wait till the meſſenger ſhould return from the king. The exaggerated and falſe reports, which would be carried to his majeſty, might rouſe him to too ſignal a vengeance. He determined to eſcape from St. Denys.

This eſcape, however, could not be ſo eaſily effected. The guards that watched him were vigilant, and they were animated to their office by the ſevere orders of their ſuperiors, and by their own perſonal diſlike to the priſoner. But for the honour of human nature, never was there a man in diſtreſs, who did not find a friend.—Among the monks of St. Denys were ſome few, who could ſee the exalted virtues of Abeillard, and could admire them; who could behold the depraved conduct of their brethren, and could pity Abeillard who was expoſed to their reſentment. Abeillard in their looks read the emotions of their hearts: they had eluded his keepers, and approached him, and he ſaw the tear of compaſſion ſtanding in their eyes. He opened his heart to them, and told them his deſign.—"We will "favour your eſcape, ſaid they; fear not. We are men, "and pity you. When the convent ſhall be ſunk to reſt, "be ready at the door of your cell: leave the reſt to us."—The hour came: ſome of his old ſcholars, who had engaged to be the companions of his flight, were poſted near the convent: his keepers were bribed or withdrawn: the ſignal was given; and Abeillard came out from his cell, bleſſing

BOOK III. the indulgent night, which, more than once, had been propitious to his deſigns[i].

Reflections. When we review theſe extraordinary ſcenes, in which Abeillard has been engaged, we ſhall certainly be diſpoſed to think rather favourably of him. In the firſt part of his life, a natural petulance of mind, heightened by ambition, and often by vanity, had hurried him into controverſy, and acrid altercations with his maſters. When he ſuffered, we did not pity him.—The tragical event, which then ſucceeded, we alſo aſcribed to his own miſconduct; and I think, we may ſay, that he deſerved it.—But we have lately beheld him perſecuted without cauſe, ſmarting under the laſh of malevolence, traduced where praiſe ſhould have crowned his labours, and made a butt, againſt which, ignorance and falſe zeal, dulneſs and rancorous jealouſy, pride and licentious depravity, directed their ſhafts.—The exultation of mind which ſwelled his heart in proſperity, ſeemed to leave him ſo enfeebled, when the hour of diſtreſs came, that, like a reed, the gentleſt blaſt could bend him. He poſſeſſed not the ordinary courage of a man: he deſponded, hung his head, and looked for the womanly conſolation of ſolacing his grief in tears.

Theſe obſervations muſt be juſt; for they are founded on the very circumſtantial detail he gives of his own adventures and ſufferings. When he ſpeaks of his own weakneſſes, he may be credited: he even ſeems to have indulged an extraordinary vanity in the narration: but in the account he gives of other men, of their tranſactions, and of the motives by which, he ſays, they were led, great allowance muſt be made;

[i] Hiſt. Calam. Vie d'Abeil. p. 206.

made; and I am ſometimes almoſt inclined to believe, that he loved himſelf, better than he did truth: or, at all events, ſo dark was the medium, through which he viewed the conduct of others, as it related to himſelf, that he had it not in his power to form an equitable and candid judgment. Round his own perſon played a bright and brilliant ſunſhine, which caſt light and amiability on every thought, every deſign, every undertaking, every action. So he fancied.—Such was Abeillard. BOOK III.

Heloiſa he ſeemed to have forgotten. Abſorbed in himſelf, where was the object, that deſerved a moment's thought, if it could not miniſter to his own happineſs? The fancied magnitude of his misfortunes ſo filled his mind, that there was no room for the cares of others. Heloiſa, immured in her cell, could give joy to no other man, and Abeillard was ſatisfied. Alluding to this period, ſhe ſays to him: "But how has it happened, tell me, that after my "retreat from the world, which was all your own work, I "have been ſo neglected, or ſo forgotten, that you never "came, either perſonally to recreate my ſolitude, or ever "wrote a line to conſole me. If you can, account for this "conduct; or I muſt tell you my own ſuſpicions, which are "alſo the general ſuſpicions of the world. It was paſſion, "Abeillard, and not friendſhip, which drew you to me; "it was not love, but a more baſe propenſion. The in-"citements to pleaſure removed, every other more honour-"able ſentiment, to which they might ſeem to give life, "has vaniſhed with them[k]."

[k] Ep. Helois. 1[a].

BOOK III. The perſecutions, to which his doctrinal ideas expoſed him, give a ſtrong portrait of the times; but it is a portrait, I fear, which, with ſome little variation, may be made to repreſent almoſt every æra of human exiſtence. Yet we are ſtruck when we ſee Abeillard before the council of Soiſſons, treated with ſuch unmerited ſeverity, and we feel comfort in the reflection, that we do not live in ſo intolerant an age. Comfort we may feel; but he, I think, who, with ſome attention, has obſerved the real character even of the preſent times, will be ready to acknowledge that, if they are leſs intolerant, it is not becauſe either their principles or their paſſions are different, but becauſe they dare not, or are aſhamed, to profeſs them. The philoſophy of a few, the chriſtian moderation of others, the religious indifference of many, and the modiſh vices of more, have gained ſo much on the bigotry, the ſuperſtition, the falſe zeal, the fanaticiſm of the multitude, that he who dares to be intolerant is laughed at, and he who would perſecute is ridiculed.

Yet what are the points which, in the times I am deſcribing, could ſo warm the breaſts of churchmen, and which, in 1786, would perhaps communicate to the ſame order of men an equal portion of holy fire, were the impediments removed, which I have mentioned? View them abſtractedly, as they are generally conſidered, and it will be found that, they regard not the important worſhip of our maker, nor the great intereſts of religion, nor the good of ſociety, nor moral worth, nor our own improvement in virtue, juſtice, and piety. It has been ſaid, with ſome ſemblance of truth, that the holy founder of the chriſtian ſyſtem, therefore expreſſed certain doctrines in ambiguous or myſterious lan-

guage,

language, that men who, he knew, from variety of character, could never adopt unity in belief, might not indeed be free to think as they pleaſed, (for his language is ſufficiently perſpicuous,) but that, when they differed from one another, they might find indulgence. If ſuch was his intention, how much have we ſtriven to counteract the wiſe arrangement? We have quarrelled, and have perſecuted, and have tormented one another, with as much preſumption, and with the ſame ſtubborn acrimony, even when we owned the matters in litigation were impenetrable to human reaſon, as if they had been ſelf-evident principles, or the moſt obvious maxims in common life.

And what is it that can rouſe this preternatural zeal? When our intereſt is engaged, or the buſineſs comes home to our own feelings, then, I conceive, we may be ardent, we may ruſh into oppoſition, or into faction: but when the object is as remote as earth from heaven; when it conſtitutes, perhaps, a part of thoſe eſſential attributes, which the deity has pleaſed to conceal from us, in the dark abyſs of his own infinitude; when he has not conſtituted us his delegates, to repreſent his perſon, or to vindicate his rights: why are we arrogantly to erect a tribunal, and call our equals before it? He who made us what we are, would very willingly, I preſume, diſpenſe with the forwardneſs of our zeal, and be more ſatisfied, that we lived as men, in the improvement of our own natures, and left the things above us to that adminiſtration, the wiſdom and beneficence of which are beſt adapted to the important work.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK IV.

The count of Champagne protects Abeillard—The ſtory of Stephen de Garlande—Abeillard retires into the foreſt of Nogent—He is viſited in the foreſt, and again begins to teach—He builds the Paraclet—Norbert of Premontré—Bernard of Clairvaux—Miracles—Abeillard is choſen abbot of St. Gildas—Argenteuil taken from the nuns—Heloiſa goes to the Paraclet—Abeillard is again cenſured—He fixes at St. Gildas, and is perſecuted by his monks.

Anno, 1122.

ABEILLARD, with the few companions of his flight, found himſelf, by break of day, not far from the ſpot, to which he had retired, and where he had taught, when, as the reader will recollect, he was ſuddenly called before the ſynod of Soiſſons The place, indeed, belonged to the abbey of St. Denys, but it lay in the territories of the

The count of Champagne protects Abeillard.

BOOK IV. the count of Champagne[a]. The count, named Theobald, though a vaſſal of the French king, was, in other regards, agreeably to the feudatory tenures of the age, an independent prince. Here, ſhould the abbot of St. Denys be diſpoſed to proſecute his ſubject, or ſhould Lewis of France attempt to puniſh the culprit, who had dared to think that the patron of his nation might not have been biſhop of Athens, Abeillard knew he ſhould be ſecure, and be protected from inſult.

Theobald, a nobleman of ſplendid virtues, and the great patron of learning, was no ſtranger to the character of Abeillard. He had ſeen him, on former occaſions, and he had heard the ſtory of his misfortunes and his oppreſſions: he received him with proper marks of attention; and having inquired into the cauſe of a viſit ſo unexpected; "In "what, ſaid he, can I ſerve you, Abeillard?"—The philoſopher only aſked for an aſylum, for the common protection which the perſecuted may claim.

Near to the gates of Provins, a ſmall town in Champagne, was ſituated a monaſtery, the prior of which was the intimate friend of Abeillard. To the roof of this friend he begged leave to retire, and the favour was inſtantly granted. The good prior came out to meet him; and his countenance ſhewed that warmth of benevolence, which the full heart, on ſuch occaſions only, can expreſs. Abeillard entered, and felt himſelf happy: he had eſcaped from danger, and he was now in the arms of a ſincere and ſympathiſing friend[b].

[a] Hiſt. Calam. [b] Ibid.

In

In the collection of his works is a letter, which he ſeems to have written, immediately on his arrival at Provins, to the abbot and monks of St. Denys. It is addreſſed, in the language of inſincerity, to *his moſt dear father, Adam, by the grace of God, abbot of St. Denys, and to his beloved brothers and co-monks.* Himſelf he ſtiles, *a monk in dreſs, in conduct a ſinner.* —He ſays not a word of his precipitate flight, nor alludes to any circumſtance of his preſent ſituation. The whole letter is on the ridiculous diſpute about Denys, the Areopagite. Having conſidered the point more maturely, or apprehenſive, perhaps, that the enemy might dare to purſue him into his ſecure intrenchments, he is diſpoſed to give up the authority of Bede, and to join thoſe, whoſe weight, he thinks, ſhould preponderate. It is a weak piece of criticiſm, and does no more honour to his head, than it did to his heart. What effect it had at St. Denys, we are not told: Abeillard, in his memoirs, does not even mention the circumſtance of having written the letter.

He had not been many days at St. Ayoul, ſuch was the name of the convent, when, to his great ſurpriſe, he was informed, that the abbot of St. Denys was come to Provins. It was a viſit to the count, on buſineſs regarding his monaſtery. Abeillard thought the moment favourable; and ſhould he be able to prevail on the count, to be his interceſſor, he doubted little of the ſucceſs of his ſcheme. In company of the prior he waited on Theobald: his requeſt was, that he would petition the abbot to pardon the fault he had committed, by leaving his cell without permiſſion, and

BOOK IV. that he would grant him leave to practiſe the life of a monk, in any retirement, which might be agreeable to him [c].

The abbot heard the propoſal with attention; and he anſwered the count, that he was ſorry it was not in his power immediately to comply with his requeſt, but that he would lay it before the monks, who had accompanied him, and that, before night, the reſult of their opinions ſhould be notified to him.—The confraternity aſſembled. It was very evident, they thought, that Abeillard's intention was to retire into ſome other convent; and would not this reflect diſhonour on St. Denys? However much his conduct might be diſpleaſing to them; he was a man of vaſt erudition, raiſed to the higheſt pitch of literary glory; was admired by the world, and muſt be conſidered as a jewel of immenſe value, which they could not ſurrender into other hands. When he had taken the reſolution of quitting the world, it was St. Denys he had preferred to every other monaſtic eſtabliſhment.—They therefore unanimouſly reſolved not to comply with his requiſition; and the ſame was made known to the count of Champagne. They went further: on the ſpot, it was ſignified to Abeillard that, if he did not forthwith return to St. Denys, they ſhould iſſue a ſentence of excommunication againſt him; and, at the ſame time, the honeſt prior, his protector, was very ſolemnly threatened, that a like cenſure ſhould fall on him alſo, if he dared to retain Abeillard any longer in his convent [d].

The two friends felt the harſh impreſſions of this imperious mandate, but how could it be oppoſed?—The abbot, with his monks, returned; and, in a few days, news was brought

[c] Hiſt. Calam. [d] Ibid.

brought that heaven had called him to a country, where abbots ſurrender the enſigns of their dignity, and the humble monk is compelled to obey no longer.

Suger, a name of high renown in the annals of French hiſtory, was choſen ſucceſſor to Adam, in the abbacial honours of St. Denys. He had entered very young into the conventual profeſſion, had been educated, in company with Lewis, ſon to Philip the firſt, in the convent of St. Denys; and when the prince came to the throne in 1108, he was called to court, where he became the friend and the counſellor of his maſter. At this time, he was abſent from the kingdom, on an embaſſy to Callixtus the ſecond, pope of Rome, and was returning home, when a meſſenger from St. Denys informed him, that his abbot was dead, and that he was choſen to ſucceed him[e].

Abeillard was delighted with the news of this promotion: he could look for every indulgence from the liberal and beneficent character of Suger. The biſhop of Meaux had alſo declared himſelf his friend, and with him he waited in perſon on the new abbot. They expreſſed their ſincere gratulations on the occaſion; and then Abeillard preſented the ſame petition, which had been before rejected. Suger, though a man of the world and condeſcending in his diſpoſitions, was not, however, blind to what he deemed the intereſt of his abbey. The propoſal made to him he could not comply with; he ſaw it in the light it had appeared to others: but he obligingly permitted his petitioner to return to Provins, requeſting he would revolve the important matter more ſeriouſly in his mind, and that he would not think

[e] Fleury vol. xiv.

BOOK IV. of quitting a houſe, which held his abilities in eſteem, and admired his virtues. The philoſopher was little flattered by the courtly addreſs of his abbot, and he took his leave, reſolute not to deſiſt from a ſcheme, on which his happineſs ſeemed ſo much to depend. He was adviſed to convey his petition to the foot of the throne[f].

There was then in the court of Lewis, a very favourite nobleman, Stephen de Garlande, who held the firſt offices about the crown, and whoſe intereſt was irreſiſtible. This man engaged to befriend Abeillard; nor could his cauſe be in better hands. When Suger came next to court, de Garlande took him aſide: "And what motive, ſaid he to him, "can impel you to detain Abeillard, among you, againſt "his free conſent? The auſterity of his manners does, by "no means, agree with the temper of your convent: his "reproaches bring diſgrace upon you, even in the eye of "the world; and where is the advantage in poſſeſſing ſuch "a ſubject? Believe me, diſmiſs him, Suger; and think "yourſelves happy to be freed, upon ſuch eaſy terms, "from a man, who is, and ever will be, a galling thorn "in your ſides."—There was an artful policy in this advice, which Suger ſeems not to have penetrated: De Garlande and the courtiers apprehended, that Abeillard, who, they knew, was inceſſantly inveighing againſt the undiſciplined lives of the monks, might perhaps ſo far ſucceed as to give a check to their exceſſes. This they wiſhed not to ſee. In its preſent ſtate, St. Denys was more dependent on the will of his majeſty, who, by threats of a reform, could at any time draw from them what ſums, the exigencies of his

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

his crown, or the extravagances of his favourites, were disposed to call for[g].

Suger, when he understood that it was the will of his master that Abeillard should be released, was too experienced a courtier to oppose it any longer. He gave his consent, but on such terms as he was yet free to prescribe. The parting with so great a man, he knew, would reflect disgrace on his abbey: Abeillard therefore, he said, might quit St. Denys, provided he would be satisfied to retire to some lonely wilderness, and never subject himself to the rule of any other religious institute. By this clause, he conceived, the honour of his house would be maintained: it could not be said that he had left it in quest of higher honours, or in quest of a perfection which might in some other convent be found, and St. Denys had not to give. In the presence of the king, these conditions were formally subscribed to by both parties; and Abeillard, once more, was at liberty.

The story of Stephen de Garlande.

Stephen de Garlande, on this occasion the friend of Abeillard, was a man as extraordinary in his fortune, as he was in his character. When very young, and not yet in holy orders, ignorant, dissipated, and debauched, he was elected to the episcopal see of Beauvais; but the pope refused to ratify his nomination. He did not however quit the church, wherein he soon after received the order of deacon, and by his wonderful address making his way to the affections of the king, he rose to the high office of chancellor of the realm. On the death of William, his elder brother, he succeeded to the charge of Seneschal, which was

[g] Hist. Calam.

BOOK IV. was then the poſt of the greateſt honour and power in the French court, compriſing in itſelf, what were afterwards the diſtinct offices of grand maſter of the houſhold and of conſtable. Stephen wore his high honours with ſplendour; but he wanted ſenſe and moderation to rein his ambition and the native pride of his heart. So great was the aſcendancy he held over his maſter's diſpoſitions, that it was ſometimes ſaid that Stephen, rather than Lewis, wielded the ſceptre of France. With too much appearance of ſovereignty, he aimed to extend this controul alſo, over the queen his miſtreſs. She oppoſed his wild pretenſions; when the intoxicated favourite, who no longer preſcribed limits to his inſolence, dared publicly to inſult her. He did not reflect, that an irritated woman is a dangerous enemy.

Adelaide watched the favourable moment, and repreſented to the king, "that Stephen, the proud miniſter of "his court, was become intolerable to the nobles of his "realm, and that the people, worn down by his oppreſ-"ſions, would ſubmit no longer; that to behold an eccle-"ſiaſtic, ſometimes at the head of armies, and then diſ-"charging the civil offices of the ſtate, was a circumſtance "which raiſed general ſcandal and diſguſt; that ſhe herſelf "could not brook his haughty and inſultive demeanour; "and that to her huſband ſhe muſt now fly for protection "againſt the tyranny of a man, who could, at every mo-"ment, forget the duties, he owed to her rank and dig-"nity; but that there was another circumſtance, which "came nearer to her heart than all this: Lewis, conti-"nued ſhe, in the favours you ſhower down upon de Gar-"lande, you forget yourſelf: are you ſenſible that the

"prince,

" prince, who delegates his eſſential prerogatives to a mi-
" niſter, tears from his own brow that ſacred character,
" which gives him reſpect in the eye of the multitude."—
The forcible addreſs had its deſired effect. The king ſent an order to de Garlande inſtantly to ſurrender into his hands all the inſignia of office, and to retire from court.

He did retire; but he refuſed to reſign his charge of Seneſchal, which was become hereditary, he ſaid, in his family, and he flew to arms. In a moment the kingdom was in a ferment; Stephen rode from province to province, and thouſands joined his ſtandard. De Montfort, who had married his niece, preſſed the king to reinſtate him in his honours; but in vain. Henry of England engaged in the quarrel, and Theobald of Champagne was on his march to ſuccour the fallen favourite. However, the good fortune of Lewis prevailed, and de Garlande was reduced to ſubmiſſion. The queen, alarmed by the troubles, which innocently ſhe had excited, interceded for peace. Some time after, Stephen was again taken into favour, and new honours were conferred upon him. Thus, in the tranquil enjoyment of dignity, he ſpent ſome years, when he retired voluntarily from the ſcene, and died dean of the chapter of Orleans, the mitre of which he had refuſed[h].

Abeillard retires into the foreſt of Nogent.

It was but a dreary proſpect, which Abeillard had before him, when, agreeably to the conditions he had ſigned, he left St. Denys. He was poor; and was he ſure he ſhould find friends who would be diſpoſed to relieve him? Penury, however, he conſidered, with all its attendant evils, was far preferable to the diſguſting enormities of the abbey, he

[h] Daniel t. iii. Vie d'Abeil. p. 222.

BOOK IV. he had left behind him; and having experienced how little his diſpoſitions were calculated to coaleſce with folly, and how many were the torments, which ſociety ſupplied, his mind began to warm with the reflection, and he flattered himſelf that the happineſs, perhaps, which hitherto he had ſought for in vain, might be found at a diſtance from the habitations of men. Thus penſively he purſued his journey.

As formerly he had wandered through the foreſts of Champagne, he had obſerved a ſpot, the recollection of which now returned upon his mind. It was a ſmall ſequeſtered vale, ſurrounded by a wood, not diſtant from Nogent ſur Seine, and a rivulet ran near its ſide. It did not appear that the foot of any mortal had hitherto diſturbed its ſolitude. To this place Abeillard haſtened, and he ſpent his firſt night, as did the other tenants of the foreſt, protected only by the wide branches which ſpread over his head. Heloiſa ſays, it was, at that time, the receptacle of wild beaſts, and the retreat of robbers; that it had not ſeen the habitations of men, or known the charms of domeſtic life[i]. —He had one companion, who was an eccleſiaſtic.

Abeillard, delighted with the novelty of his ſituation, (for when the mind is warmed by a degree of enthuſiaſm, it can diſcover beauties in a wilderneſs,) waited on the owners of the land, and expreſſed to them his wiſhes of becoming an inhabitant of their woods. The undertaking was then no unuſual thing; and they very freely gave their conſent, and even made him a preſent of any extent of ſoil, he might chuſe to occupy.—The philoſopher returned, and had ſoon meaſured out the diſtrict, which could bound his deſires.—

[i] Ep. Helois. 1ª.

deſires.—His next ſtep was to apply to the biſhop of Troyes, in whoſe dioceſe his new poſſeſſions lay, for permiſſion to build a ſmall oratory. This likewiſe was granted.—Without loſs of time, Abeillard then and his companion, planned the new building, and with the ſame hands began to erect it. The materials were not diſtant, nor was great ſkill required to put them together. They collected ſome bows of trees; theſe they tied with twigs; and the ſtructure roſe viſibly into form before their eyes.—Having completed what they called their oratory, and ſolemnly dedicated it to the holy Trinity, to expreſs his diſapprobation of the unitarian ſyſtem, which his enemies had alſo imputed to him, they conſtructed a ſecond building, which was to be their own dwelling. This, it may be preſumed, was not more highly finiſhed than the temple they had dedicated to their maker[k].

Seldom had Abeillard been more happy than at this buſy moment. Free from anxious cares, his mind enjoyed the preſent object. It was not brilliant indeed; but it occupied him. He had eſcaped from troubles; the voice of malevolence ſounded no longer in his ears; and perſecution ceaſed to oppreſs him. It was the ſituation of a weary traveller, who, at the end of his journey, lays down his heavy burden, and feels contented, becauſe the load, which preſſed him to the earth, is taken from his ſhoulders.—Abeillard roſe with the ſun to adore his maker; he thanked him for the repoſe he enjoyed, and he lamented the follies of his life. The day he ſpent in ſtudy, or in converſation with his friend, to whom he recounted the adventures and the perils he had gone through. The water of the brook allayed

[k] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK IV. his thirſt, and of the very ſcanty proviſions, which the foreſts of Champagne could ſupply, he made his meal. With the birds, which ſang round him, he retired to reſt; and he laid his head down on the turf, careleſs and undiſturbed.—A mind, like his, could not indeed circumſcribe itſelf within the precincts of his lonely habitation: it would range the ideal world; enter there into active ſcenes; and ſometimes perhaps be pleaſed with the proſpect of future honours and renown. But foreſee he could not, that this career of glory was ready to open in the very wilderneſs, which ſeemed to have put an eternal bar to the familiar intercourſe of mortals.

He is viſited in the foreſt, and again begins to teach.

When it was publicly known, that Abeillard was again an independent man, and had ſeceded entirely from the world, the lovers of ſcience, and many who had before been his ſcholars, enquired anxiouſly for his abode, reſolved, could the learned ſolitary be diſcovered, to put themſelves under his tuition, and once more to draw ſcience from his lips. Their ſearch was ſoon crowned with ſucceſs: they found him ſituated, as I have deſcribed, in the foreſt near Nogent; and they opened their wiſhes to him.—Abeillard in vain reſiſted; he ſaw every avenue to his hermitage filling with young men, and crowds were round him, before he had time to take the advice of friends, or to conſult the feelings of his own heart. The ſtep could not at firſt ſeem pleaſing, unleſs already the pure delights of ſolitude had begun to pall upon his mind. With one voice they requeſted, he would again become their maſter. He ſhewed them his humble cell, the oratory he had raiſed, and he pointed to the wilderneſs, which their eager ſteps had juſt penetrated.

" Your

" Your propoſal, ſaid he to them, is inconſiderate. I can " but applaud your thirſt after knowledge; and the choice " you make of me for an inſtructer, is truly flattering. But " you forget yourſelves. In a moment, this dreary ſpot " will teach you, that ſcience, without the conveniences " of life, is not worth purſuing[l]."—His remonſtrance was to little purpoſe: when the mind is ſtrongly bent to an object, the view of ordinary difficulties does but animate its exertions.

" If want of conveniences, ſaid they, be the obſtacle " which ſtands in our way, we will ſoon remove it."—An extraordinary and intereſting ſcene now commenced. They looked round them; when, after a ſhort conference, it was determined that, in imitation of Abeillard, they ſhould become their own architects, and provide, in the firſt place, againſt the inclemencies of the air. Their maſter's cell gave the general plan. They tore down branches from the trees, and they twiſted the pliant twigs. In a few hours the buſineſs was nearly completed.—Abeillard viewed, with infinite ſatisfaction, the buſy ſcene; his approbation gave freſh life to their exertions; and it was no longer poſſible he could refuſe his aſſent to a petition, which was pronounced with ſuch unqueſtionable marks of ſincerity[m]."

He came forward: they read conſent in his looks: " With " to-morrow's ſun, ſaid he, I will meet you under yon ſpread- " ing tree, and with the bleſſing of heaven on my endea- " vours, what inſtructions it may be in my power to give " you, you ſhall freely receive from me." They heard his words with general acclamations.

[l] Hiſt. Calam. [m] Vie d'Abeil. 233.

BOOK IV.

The wants of nature now called for attention; but when the mind, engroſſed with its own thoughts, retires in upon itſelf, theſe calls are eaſily ſatisfied. They, whom the luxurious tables of Paris could hardly gratify, now ſat down to roots, and they found them ſavoury. The oaten cake had a reliſh, which they had not experienced in the ortolan. Their beds were made of dry weeds, or of the leaves which had fallen from the trees [n].—Thus did this new tribe of philoſophers prepare themſelves for the approach of wiſdom: the academic grove was truly ſeen to riſe again, and never had the ancient ſages, on whoſe praiſes hiſtory dwells with wonder, ſought for truth with more ardent enquiries.—Abeillard pronounced his firſt lecture: it was from the foot of the tree, I mentioned: his hearers were ſeated round; for they had made themſelves benches of bows, and had raiſed the green turf into tables [o].

I have before remarked how extraordinary was this thirſt after knowledge, which, with a degree of enthuſiaſm, of which we can form no idea, ſpread itſelf over the ſtates of Europe. But nothing can mark more ſtrongly the fallen condition of literature. When learned men are common, and learning itſelf is very generally diffuſed, not only the means of acquiring it are at hand, but there is alſo no novelty in the purſuit, calculated to excite peculiar energy and to rouſe the paſſions. In the times I am deſcribing, a learned man was a phœnomenon; and who can be ſurpriſed that he ſhould have been viewed with wonder? What is rare is highly priſed; and what we priſe is ſought for, ſometimes with an eagerneſs which aſtoniſhes cooler minds, and before

[n] Hiſt. Calam. [o] Ibid.

before which obſtacles either vaniſh, or only ſerve to give an additional ſpring to exertions.—The ſcarcity of books, before the invention of printing, was likewiſe another principal circumſtance, which, as it circumſcribed the ſpread of learning, ſo did it render thoſe, who, ſurmounting every impediment, attained it, objects of greater admiration.

Before the end of the firſt year, the number of Abeillard's ſcholars exceeded ſix hundred, ſituated in a foreſt, ſuch as I have deſcribed, expoſed to the inclement ſeaſons, without a ſingle convenience to ſmooth the rugged life, or without one amuſement, excepting what literary purſuits, ſcientific converſation, and their own ſociety could ſupply.—The ſubjects they diſcuſſed were either philoſophical or religious, to which Abeillard added diſſertations on the moral and ſocial duties, which he could enliven by the brilliancy of his imagination, and by anecdotes drawn from ſacred and profane hiſtory. But it matters little, as I have elſewhere obſerved, what our purſuits be, provided they excite attention, and we place our intereſt in them.—The compoſitions indeed of Abeillard I can read with little pleaſure; they are jejune, intricate, and inelegant; and to me ſuch would have been his lectures. I could not have inhabited the Champagne foreſts, nor have travelled in queſt of ſuch literary lore; and my European contemporaries will not diſſent from me: but this only ſhews that, with circumſtances, our diſpoſitions vary, and that nothing can be more irrational, than to meaſure by the ſame ſtandard, the notions and characters of two ages ſo remote, as this and the twelfth century.

BOOK IV.

Abeillard, as it may be collected from his memoirs, at their hours of recreation, talked to his ſcholars of the ancient philoſophers; he told them how theſe ſages lived; he recounted the purity of their manners, and the eminence of their virtues: he turned to the ſacred volumes, which relate the lives of the ſons of the prophets; and here he found men who, near the waters of Jordan, had emulated the perfection of angels. With rapture he dwelt on the more than mortal virtues of the Baptiſt, and he followed the firſt converts to chriſtianity through their exemplary courſe of ſelf-abaſement, of prayer, of recollection, and of temperance. With theſe ſplendid epochs he compared the preſent day. They liſtened with complacency. In Abeillard they ſaw the divine Plato: and in themſelves that illuſtrious group of diſciples, which had given renown to the academic walks of Athens.

But the ſerenity of the ſky began to cloud over. His enemies heard, with indignation, of the ſucceſs of his labours, and of the new honours which attended him in the wilderneſs. Should this be unoppoſed; in what could it terminate, but in their own diſgrace, and in the further exaltation of Abeillard? Impatiently they looked to ſome event, which, from the character of their rival, or in the probable courſe of things, could not, they truſted, be very diſtant: this they would ſeize, and once more attempt his downfall.

He builds the Paraclet.

In the mean while, this learned colony daily increaſed and proſpered more. But as the firſt enthuſiaſm abated, they could feel more ſenſibly the inconveniences, to which the inhoſpitable ſituation expoſed them: theſe they now wiſhed

wiſhed to remove, and to bring round them ſome few, at leaſt, of the comforts of domeſtic life. They wanted not means, if they would turn them to advantage; and they could even command what ſums of money might be neceſſary, if expence were called for. Their maſter was deſtitute of every thing; and for the intellectual treaſures he ſupplied, were they to make no return? Neceſſaries, at leaſt, their own hands could give him: they improved his cell, they tilled his field, they dreſſed his victuals, and they clothed him.—"My penury, ſays he of himſelf, was at "that time extreme: but I could not dig, and to beg I was "aſhamed. Recurring therefore to the profeſſion, I beſt "underſtood, I made my tongue execute, what my hands "were unfit for[p]."

They then undertook to enlarge their place of worſhip; and they propoſed doing it, on a more improved and permanent plan. Stones and timber were prepared; and from theſe they erected a building, inelegant indeed, but firm and reſpectable. The firſt humble ſtructure, as I mentioned, was dedicated to the ſacred Trinity. Now, in ſolemn ceremony, Abeillard and his diſciples aſſembled: he explained to them the motives, which had induced him to prefer that myſterious name; and he added that, as he had entered this deſart, ſunk down with care, where the goodneſs of heaven had watched over him, and he had found comfort, could he more emphatically expreſs his gratitude, than by conſecrating this more auguſt temple to that perſon of the holy triad, which more peculiarly is ſtiled the Comforter? "We will dedicate it, ſaid he, to the *Paraclet*[q]."

[p] Hiſt. Calam. [q] Ibid.

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The circumſtances of this event, Heloiſa thus relates; "On the very dens of wild beaſts, and on the lurking holes "of thieves, where the name of God had not been heard, "you raiſed a temple to his name, and you conſecrated it "to his holy ſpirit. To this the donations of kings or "princes did not contribute; you wanted not their aid. "From all quarters, an almoſt infinite number of ſcholars "crowded to be inſtructed by you. They ſupplied what-"ever was neceſſary. Even churchmen, who had been "uſed to live on the donations of others, whoſe hands were "ever open to receive, but not to give, became here pro-"fuſe; they were importunate in their contributions[r]."

Great offence was taken by the zealots, when it was known, that Abeillard had dedicated his oratory to the Paraclet. It had not been heard, that any building had hitherto been put under the protection of that myſterious ſpirit. The Reimiſh profeſſors were particularly loud: but it was a circumſtance, they thought, which, if properly managed, might be turned to advantage.—When nothing ſeriouſly reprehenſible, in the conduct or the belief of an adverſary, can be detected, the mereſt trifle will be made matter of cenſure; eſpecially any novelty in opinion or language will be noticed as a crime, on which malevolence, with wonderful rancour, will love to faſten.—A church, theſe wiſe caſuiſts ſagaciouſly obſerved, might be dedicated to the Son or to the Holy Trinity, but not to the Father, nor to the Holy Spirit.—Abeillard, who ſhould have ſmiled at the puerile nonſenſe, ſeemed ſeriouſly affected: he knew indeed the temper of his adverſaries, and he very gravely undertook

[r] Ep. Helois. 1[a].

took to juſtify what he had done, by arguments from ſcripture and reaſon.—To reaſon with ſuch men was telling them that their obſervations merited notice: they would only repeat them with more inveteracy: ridicule is ſometimes the beſt teſt of truth.

But the profeſſors, it ſeems, were rather conſcious of ſome weakneſs: they did not chuſe to expoſe themſelves alone in a controverſy, which might require more than their own addreſs to give it conſequence: they had recourſe to foreign aid. "Senſible, ſays Abeillard, that their own "powers could not go far, they took care to inſtigate "againſt me two new apoſtles, in whom the world then "much confided. The one boaſted that he had revived "the ſpirit of the ancient canons; and the other that of "the monks. Theſe men, roaming about the earth, by "their impudent invectives, rendered me contemptible in "the eyes not only of the eccleſiaſtical, but alſo of ſome "ſecular powers. The reports, they circulated, of my con-"duct and religious tenets, alienated the affections of my "beſt friends; and the few, who ſtill retained the ſmalleſt "kindneſs for me, awed by the names of my opponents, "judged it beſt to conceal their ſentiments[f]."—The one of theſe was Norbert of Premontré, and the other the famous Bernard of Clairvaux.

Norbert of Premontré.

St. Norbert, deſcended from an illuſtrious German family, was born in the dutchy of Cleves. When young, he was called to the court of the emperor, Henry the fifth, his relation. Here, the elegance of his manners, the affability of his temper, and the general charms of his deportment, gained

[f] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK IV. him uncommon admiration. But what contributed to faſhion his exterior, inſenſibly corrupted his heart: he became diſſipated and licentious. The danger, to which his life was, one day, expoſed from a violent ſtorm of thunder, rouſed him to reflection: he withdrew from the court, reſigned his employments, ſold his eſtates, and diſtributed his riches among the poor. Thus diſengaged from every tie, which united him to the world, he began a ſevere courſe of penance: but the mortifications he thought expedient for himſelf, he wiſhed to inculcate to others. He preached to the neighbouring people; from them he carried his inſtructions to more diſtant provinces, and the ſucceſs which attended his labours was great. His ſcheme of introducing a general reform, particularly among churchmen, was violently oppoſed: he met enemies at every ſtep.

In 1118 he waited on pope Gelaſius, who was in France, from whom he obtained an unbounded permiſſion to preach, ſuch as had been granted to Robert d'Arbriſſelles. Two years afterwards he was prevailed on to make ſome ſtay at Laon, by his friend, the biſhop of that city. He offered him for his retreat a neighbouring valley. Norbert was delighted with the ſolitary ſpot: it was called *Premontré*: and here he laid the foundation of that reformed order, which has taken its name from the vale. The cares of his riſing family did not however confine him at home; he continued his former preaching, and travelled much[t].—At this period it was that, inſtigated by the miſrepreſentations of the enemies of Abeillard, he made the philoſopher, with whom he was not particularly acquainted, a ſubject of public reprehenſion. The

[t] Fleury vol. xiv.

The zeal of good men is often too irritable. Norbert was not very learned, and he would eaſily be impoſed on by ſuch men as Albericus and Lotulphus.—The wandering ſaint, in 1126, was choſen archbiſhop of Magdebourg.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Bernard, the reſtorer of monaſtic diſcipline in the Weſtern church, the engine, which gave life and energy to the religion and politics of Europe, the thaumatergus of the twelfth century, was born, in 1091, near Dijon, in Burgundy, of an ancient and noble family. His mother, agreeably to the romantic piety of the age, awed by a dream, devoted him, in a particular manner, to the ſervice of God, whilſt ſhe bore him in her womb. He was the third of ſix ſons. Nature had endowed him with uncommon abilities, and his education was fitted to his high deſtination. He loved retirement, he reflected much, and he ſpoke little, at a time, when youth is moſt forward and exuberant. He was ſimple in his manners, mild in converſation, and modeſt as angelic innocence. The beauty of his perſon accorded with the elegance of his mind: there was a harmony in his voice which captivated, his language was perſpicuous, and eloquence, in ſweeteſt accents fell, like honey, from his lips. —He entered the world, and every object ſeemed to ſmile at his appearance: ambition, ſcience, pleaſure, at once laid their charms at his feet. But Bernard could not be ſeduced. The world he ſaw was a perilous ocean; and ſo peculiar was his caſt of mind, that vice, in whatever form it preſented itſelf, only ſtruck him with horror. Very ſoon the placid current of his thoughts was ruffled: in vain he ſtrove to oppoſe the diſſipation which, at every turn, met his eye; the counteraction of his ſoul was vehement; and

BOOK IV. he felt an enthuſiaſm ſtir within him, to which, till now, he had been a ſtranger.

The pleaſing emotion, which this dangerous paſſion excites, has a thouſand charms; becauſe though it pictures vice in the moſt horrid and diſguſting forms, it, at the ſame time, repreſents virtue with every alluring feature: religion ſeems to hold before it its moſt excluſive bleſſings, and heaven, in all its glories, burſts upon the ſight. But as the paſſions, which are ſtiled the ſprings of life, are only ſerviceable, ſo long as they continue under the check of reaſon, and are ever, from their natural tendency, running to exceſs; ſo is religious enthuſiaſm of all paſſions the moſt dangerous: it takes its riſe in exceſs, and is only ruled by impulſe: it begins by hating vice, and ſoon carries its hatred to the vicious; to itſelf it takes the rewards of virtue and the promiſes of revelation, and to others it extends the judgments of heaven in this life, and its vindictive puniſhments in the next.—Bernard reſolved to turn his back on a world, which only gave him diſguſt, and which he could not reform.

Citeaux, in Burgundy, the firſt monaſtery of the Ciſtercian order, had been founded fifteen years: but the rule they had adopted was ſo ſevere, that very few had yet choſen to ſubmit themſelves to its auſterities. It was to this inſtitute that young Bernard turned his eyes: its rigid diſcipline ſeemed to harmoniſe with the ſtate of his mind. His friends ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the deſign, and they endeavoured to avert his attention. It was in vain: enthuſiaſm is not conquered by oppoſition. Rather his reſolution daily gained ſtrength: the call of heaven ſeemed to ſound in his ears,

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and to charge him with indolence.—More than once he had experienced the efficacy of his own oratory, and he might ſuſpect that the religious glow, which animated his own heart, could be communicated to others. In his deſign he was irrevocably fixed; but if he could take his friends along with him, it would be a glorious atchievement, and the ſacrifice to heaven would be more complete. He undertook it, and ſucceeded.

Awed into ſubmiſſion by a perſuaſive ſtrain of eloquence, which was irriſiſtible, to the aid of which he, at every turn, called heaven and its judgments, four of his brothers joined him in his undertaking; and very ſoon the number of his followers encreaſed to thirty. This powerful reinforcement he conducted to Citeaux.—Bernard was, at this time, in his twenty-ſecond year.

As he had withdrawn from the world, to be forgotten by it, and to bury himſelf in ſolitude; his firſt ſtep was to baniſh every ſentiment, which could tie him to ſociety or to the earth. The maſtery he acquired over his ſenſes was aſtoniſhing: abſorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things, he roſe above the impreſſions of matter, and was truly a ſpiritual man. Having never indulged his paſſions, they could have no ſway over him: he only ate to ſupport nature, and he ſlept, when his head, through laſſitude, ſank to the earth. To ſuch inceſſant auſterities the delicacy of his conſtitution gave way: like to a flower, cut by the mower's ſithe, his health languiſhed, his beauty withered, and he ſeemed to bend to the grave. But the vigour of his mind abated not, and the fervour of his devotion only grew into

BOOK IV. into greater animation. It was neceſſary to check this ardent career, and the authority of ſuperiors interpoſed.

In 1115, Clairvaux was founded, and Bernard, tho' but beginning the ſecond year of his religious life, was nominated abbot. His brothers went along with him. In this new poſt, where example was neceſſary to animate his followers, the young abbot exhibited freſh inſtances of his unbounded fervour. Clairvaux was a barren ſpot: the monks laboured, and tilled its ſurface, but it only returned weeds, or a few weak and inſipid vegetables. On theſe they lived. Bernard, in the retirement of his cell, converſed with angels: when he came out among his brethren, a heavenly brightneſs appeared to radiate from his countenance; he ſpoke of things, which they did not comprehend; and when he preſcribed rules of conduct, or deſcanted on religious perfection, it ſeemed that he had forgotten, that his hearers were mortal. They liſtened with amazement; they admired his maxims; but they felt their weakneſs, and could only wiſh to practiſe what he taught.

As the fame of his ſanctity ſpread, he was viſited from all quarters, and the ſilence of his retirement was broken. The affairs of his convent alſo, and ſometimes the concerns of others, drew him into the world. Wherever he went, curioſity aſſembled thouſands round him. He preached to them, laying before them the delights of ſolitude; and he returned to his cell, followed by innumerable proſelytes, whom his eloquence had converted.—Now it was, as his hiſtorians relate, that nature began to be obedient to his voice; and the number of miracles, he is ſaid to have worked, are recorded by them with veneration and aſtoniſhment.

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Miracles.

I am ready to believe that Bernard, whom his diſciples and the multitude viewed as a prodigy, and as the peculiar friend of heaven, might be very capable of producing ſuch effects, as, at that time particularly, would be neceſſarily conſtrued into miraculous operations. It can be denied by no one, who has attended to man; who knows the texture of his frame, the influence of circumſtances, and the powers of imagination.—I muſt likewiſe grant, that he, to whoſe beck nature and nature's laws are ever obedient, can, when it pleaſes him, ſuſpend their operation, or modify their effects. This, at all times, he has done: and who ſhall ſay, that he has ceaſed from doing it?—But when critically we examine the prodigies, aſcribed to Bernard and other holy men, at theſe times of cimmerian darkneſs; can we, conſiſtently with the notions, which modern diſcoveries and the improved ſtate of ſcience ſuggeſt, attribute them to a real preternatural agency? Had many of them happened, juſt as they are told, ſtill, I think, they might, on philoſophical principles, be accounted for; but it is evident, that their relaters viewed them as wonders, and recorded them as ſuch. An hiſtorian, under ſuch impreſſions, would be too much diſpoſed, even unintentionally, to depart from the ſimplicity of honeſt narration.

Ignorance, or a heated imagination, which would deceive the incautious ſpectator, might alſo impoſe on him, who ſhould conſider himſelf as the miniſter of omnipotence. Bernard, for inſtance, had heard of the miracles, which his predeceſſors or his contemporaries in ſanctity had worked, and he had believed them: in ſimilar circumſtances, an unuſual impulſe would ſeem to move within him, and he would

BOOK IV. would think divine providence was preparing to make uſe of him as an inſtrument, of his mercies or of his judgments to man. Such a ſentiment would, by no means, be inconſiſtent with the moſt perfect piety and ſelf-abaſement.—But is it credible that he, who, in infinite wiſdom eſtabliſhed his eternal laws on the fitneſs and univerſal relation of things, would ſubvert the divine harmony of his ſyſtem, unleſs a criſis, worthy of it, ſhould intervene? I do not find this criſis in the vulgar hiſtory of the miracles of the dark ages.

When a new religion, ſuch as the chriſtian, was to be founded or propagated, extraordinary means would be ſometimes neceſſary. Incredulity, rivetted on habits and the ſtrong oppoſition of inveterate prejudices, was to be ſurmounted; and it was expedient that the miſſion of him, who delivered a new and unheard of doctrine, ſhould be eſtabliſhed on an authority, which nothing might controvert.—In the times of Bernard, was there an object, like this, in agitation? Or rather, is not he ſaid to have worked miracles, the general importance of which cannot be diſcovered; for they regard private intereſts, perſonal views, and ſometimes, it appears, rather unimportant matters.—A man of family and his relation had ſuddenly loſt his ſpeech and his recollection. His friends were afflicted, that he ſhould die without confeſſion and the rites of the church, and they came to Bernard. The ſaint aſſured them that, if ſatisfaction were made to the church and the poor, which the nobleman had pillaged and oppreſſed, he ſhould recover, and be in a ſituation to confeſs his ſins. They agreed to the conditions. Bernard then fell on his knees; when news was brought him, that the ſick man had recovered his ſpeech.

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He then made his confeſſion to the ſaint, performed other works of piety, and died after three days[u].—Let this miracle, which was wonderfully celebrated, as the firſt which the ſaint worked, be tried by the received canons of impartial criticiſm.

It is remarkable that, in proportion as the clouds of ignorance have diſperſed, as ſcience has diffuſed its benign influence, and as religion has been purified from the baſe allay of human opinions, thoſe portentous events have ceaſed to happen. The circumſtance, it muſt be owned, is not favourable to the credit of our pious anceſtors. Why ſhould providence with-hold his preternatural interference at a time, mankind is beſt able to appreciate the wondrous ſyſtem of his ways, and would be moſt diſpoſed to honour them? Ignorance, ſuperſtition, bigotry, and enthuſiaſm, have, moſt clearly, attended the progreſs of miraculous operations, through that long ſeries of years, when their appearance was thought to be moſt frequent.—Many, I know, of thoſe events might, in a certain ſenſe, be termed miraculous, becauſe they exceeded the powers of nature, as theſe were then underſtood. Carry back into the twelfth century, the aſtoniſhing effects of animal magnetiſm, or the reſuſcitations, which almoſt daily take place, of perſons apparently dead by drowning or ſuffocation, what aſtoniſhment would be excited! Ignorant of ſuch cauſes which, in the regular courſe of things, could produce the effect; to what could they have recourſe but to preternatural agency? And they would be juſtified in the judgment, they might form. On us it is incumbent to be more cautious:

[u] Fleury vol. xiv.

BOOK IV. with the accuracy of inquiry we weigh modern events, proportioning cauſes to effects, we ſhould meaſure thoſe of our more credulous, becauſe leſs informed, anceſtors.

The author of miracles is likewiſe the author of nature: nor is he more admirable, when he departs from eſtabliſhed order, than when, uniformly omnipotent, he conducts, with unerring rectitude, the vaſt ſyſtem of the univerſe. The general ways of providence are to me more awful and ſublime, becauſe they proceed on plans, which infinite wiſdom projected and ſupports: but in miraculous events, which to us are deordinations, that ſame providence, out of compaſſion to human weakneſs, deſcends from his ſphere of incomprehenſible greatneſs, and deigns to ſpeak to our ſenſes a language, which may over-awe reaſon, and command an involuntary aſſent. Had man been more perfect than he is, the intervention of miracles would have been unneceſſary: they are no compliment to the powers of human intellect.

It was, when the reputation of Bernard was high, and he began to draw himſelf from ſolitude into public obſervation, that Abeillard, whoſe character and habits of thinking had been unfairly repreſented, became an object of his cenſure. Bernard was incautiouſly betrayed into a vehement animoſity, which is hardly reconcileable with the upright diſpoſitions of his mind: means therefore muſt have been uſed as impoſing, as they were ungenerous. The prejudice, he imbibed againſt him, ſank deep in his heart, as will be ſeen in the continuation of my hiſtory.

Abeillard is choſen abbot of St. Gildas.

Abeillard, whom the news of this powerful confederation ſtruck with amazement, ſaw the danger, to which he was expoſed. His heart ſank within him: "God is my witneſs, "ſays he, as often as I was told of any eccleſiaſtical meet-"ing, I conceived it was aſſembled againſt me; and in tre-"pidation I waited the ſummons, which would drag me to "their bar[v]."—The remembrance of Soiſſons haunted his recollection, and as he wanted fortitude to withſtand the impreſſion, he fell, like a broken reed, before it. In deſpair he meditated the wildeſt plans: he would retire, he thought, from the confines of the chriſtian world; he would ſeek refuge among the diſciples of Mahomet; where, under the ſtipulation of ſuch a tribute, as they ſhould pleaſe to impoſe, he ſhould bē at liberty, he truſted, to lead the life of a chriſtian amongſt the enemies of Chriſt. When they ſhould hear, that he had been accuſed of holding opinions, adverſe to chriſtianity, they might be inclined, he thought, to treat him more gently; they might even imagine, he could be proſelyted to their belief[w].

Loſt in theſe deſponding thoughts, he indulged the romantic wiſh of expatriating himſelf for ever: the Paraclet could no longer give him pleaſure; he ſuſpended his leſſons, his ſcholars in part withdrew, and nothing but deſolation and the horrors of the wilderneſs roſe in proſpect before him. But unexpectedly an event took place, which promiſed, if not thoroughly to alleviate his misfortunes, at leaſt to break the dark cloud, which lowered round him. When anxiety preſſes, or pain, of whatever deſcription, makes life uneaſy, the moſt trifling variation gives relief.

[v] Hiſt. Calam. [w] Ibid.

BOOK IV. There was in Little Britany a monaſtery, of very ancient renown, founded, as it is ſaid, in the fifth century, by Gildas our countryman, in the reign of king Childeric, the ſon of Meroveus[x]. It was called St. Gildas de Ruys; and the abbot was lately dead. Abeillard, by the unanimous voice of the monks, was choſen ſuperior of this houſe, and the duke of Britany gave his warmeſt approbation to their choice. The philoſopher, a native of the province, would be naturally admired by his countrymen, and they would wiſh to poſſeſs him. A meſſenger was ſent to St. Denys to beg the conſent of Suger, to whom Abeillard ſtill belonged: his conſent was eaſily obtained. The deputy then proceeded into Champagne, where he found Abeillard in his retirement, abaſhed and melancholy, and he laid before him the letters of his promotion, which he had brought from St. Gildas. The philoſopher peruſed them with the indifference of a man, who was neither flattered by the profered honours, nor could augur much happineſs to himſelf in the event. He pauſed: his preſent heart-breaking ſituation was to be weighed againſt the uncertainty of future proſpects.—Should he retire from the Paraclet; the perſecutions, which again threatened him, would ceaſe perhaps, and he might be happy: but the land, to which he was called, was almoſt barbarous, and their language was unknown to him: beſides, report had told him, that the monks of St. Gildas were diſſipated and undiſciplined; and how much had he not ſuffered from this circumſtance in the abbey of St. Denys? But he who ſees a naked dagger, ſuſpended by a hair over his head, would ruſh into a precipice to avoid its point.—

[x] Notæ Quereet.

point.—In a more favourable view; was not command offered him? And might he not be able, by the exertion of it, to repreſs the bad conduct of his monks, and to eſtabliſh his own authority? They might alſo be inclined to reſpect his learning, his virtue, and his renown.—The laſt reflection preponderated, and he anſwered the meſſenger, that he was ready to accompany him into Britany[y]. Still, his heart was heavy: he left the Paraclet, committing it to the care of two intimate friends.

Abeillard ſoon was ſenſible how imprudently he had made his choice. He found St. Gildas in a ſtate of depravation, of which no idea could have been formed; and he was more than ſurpriſed, that they ſhould ever have fixed on him for their ſuperior. Their general language was the harſh jargon of the country; and he knew not how to make them ſenſible of the enormities of their lives, or of his deſign to reform them. The obligations of his charge were however preſſing; and though he foreſaw the anxiety and dangers, to which it would expoſe him, he determined not to neglect his duty. As well might he have attempted to preach virtue to a band of lawleſs robbers.—In aggravation to all this, the lord of the territory, a man of conſiderable power, availing himſelf of the notorious conduct of the monks, had not only contrived to ſubject the abbey to his controul, but had alſo ſeized ſuch of their poſſeſſions, as pleaſed him beſt: the whole country groaned under his exactions[z].

To diſtreſs their abbot, whoſe ſchemes of reformtion they abhorred, the monks importunately applied to him for clothing and other neceſſaries; though they knew he was deſtitute

[y] Hiſt. Calam. [z] Ibid.

BOOK IV. deſtitute of every thing. Hitherto they had made their own proviſions; and out of the ſtock, they could ſteal or lay by, had contrived to ſupport themſelves, their concubines, and their ſons and daughters. More than ever they were now active to pilfer the common ſtore, that Abeillard, finding it impoſſible to ſatisfy their wants, might be forced to withdraw himſelf from amongſt them, or to drop his taſtleſs ſcheme of reformation[a].

This ſituation of Abeillard was really more diſtreſsful, than any he had hitherto experienced. When he looked round him, he ſays, he could diſcover nothing but a moſt barbarous and lawleſs people, from whom nor aſſiſtance, nor advice, could be expected; their notions and habits of life were in direct oppoſition to his own. If he quitted the door of his convent, the tyrant, juſt mentioned, or his guards, met his eye; and their geſtures told him that he was their ſlave. If he returned home; there was a worſe enemy waiting within, whoſe intemperate clamours ſounded, like the ſhrieks of diſcord, in his ears. He viewed the harſh decrees of fate, which, with an accelerated force, ſeemed to weigh upon him; and if, in rueful deſpondency, he lamented, we muſt now forgive him. He recollected that, on former occaſions, he might have given ſome cauſe for oppreſſion; but that now he was guiltleſs: he recollected that, hitherto it had been at leaſt in his power to do ſome good by example or inſtruction, and therein comfort might be found; but that now every exertion was as uſeleſs to himſelf, as it was to others: he recollected all the repoſeful moments of the Paraclet, and in the recollection his mind was too ſedulous

[a] Hiſt. Calam.

ſedulous to omit every care, which had really diſturbed their ſerenity. "And could I leave the Paraclet, exclaimed "he, that is, the comforter, to ruſh into certain miſery? "I was threatened indeed; but muſt I run from threats, "when dangers, I knew, would inevitably overtake me at "every ſtep[b]!" Nor was he a little hurt, that he ſhould have left his dear oratory in ſo neglected a ſtate; that he had not provided for the due celebration of divine ſervice: but what could he do, who was poor? Or could a wilderneſs make up the deficiencies of penury?

Argenteuil is taken from the nuns.

At this time, Suger, abbot of St. Denys, whoſe power was great in the court of Lewis the ſixth, thinking the moment favourable for the completion of a ſcheme, which he had for ſome time agitated, aſſembled the chapter of his convent, and laid his deſign before them. He had diſcovered in ſome old writings of his abbey, that Argenteuil, where Heloiſa, as the reader will recollect, reſided, belonged in ſtrict juſtice to St. Denys. This right he reſolved to urge, whilſt he had power in his hands, which could give it efficacy. The chapter applauded his deſign. Without delay deputies were ſent to Rome, veſted with ample authority, and they carried with them ſuch papers, as were requiſite, to eſtabliſh the ground of their pretenſions.—In addition to this right, which was weak in itſelf, and by preſcription obſolete[c], Suger was in poſſeſſion of another plea, in which probably he confided moſt. The nuns of Argenteuil, if there be truth in his repreſentation, were diſſolute and worldly-minded: this circumſtance, with all the glow of deſcription, was to be laid before the Roman pontiff. Could he

[b] Hiſt. Calam. [c] Notæ Quercet.

BOOK IV. he obtain his requeſt, he aſſured Honorius, that, where vice and diſſipation now prevailed, he would introduce, with his monks, a ſyſtem of reform, which ſhould do honour to the monaſtic inſtitute.—It is remarkable that Suger, who could not be ignorant of the enormities, with which his own houſe was charged, ſhould have the effrontery to inſiſt on arguments, which muſt neceſſarily bring reprehenſion on himſelf. The negociation however ſucceeded, and Argenteuil, with all its appendages, was ſolemnly made over to the abbey of St. Denys. The king, whom Suger calls his maſter and his friend, confirmed the donation about the year 1127[d].

Heloiſa was prioreſs, that is, ſecond in office, when this unpleaſant event happened. I am willing to hope, though ſhe was involved in the general accuſation, that ſhe was innocent of the crimes, with which Argenteuil was charged. Abeillard relates the fact, I have mentioned; but he only ſpeaks of the pretended right, on which Suger founded his claim. Nor do I think that, either love for Heloiſa, or a general feeling for her ſiſters, would have with-held his pen, had he known them to be guilty in the degree ſome hiſtorians repreſent: they take their accounts from Suger.

The lovely prioreſs had been ſeven years in confinement: to the hiſtorian they are ſeven years of ſilence. His imagination, indeed, is free to delineate her actions and her gentle turn of character, as fancy may direct; but had the regular ſeries of her employments been minutely recorded, it would have afforded little indulgence to curioſity. The life of a nun is uniformly compoſed of a thouſand little actions and

[d] Suger de reb. a ſe geſt.

and trifling incidents; and the hiſtory of one day may be eſteemed the hiſtory of her life. Heloiſa, we may preſume, wore away her days in prayer, in ſtudy, in converſation, in retirement: but if the conduct of the ſiſterhood was ſuch, as Suger tells, the want of diſcipline would allow her more room for the indulgence of her own peculiar diſpoſitions, and their exceſſes might diſturb her little. She had entered Argenteuil, we know, with great reluctance, though in perfect ſubmiſſion to the will of Abeillard: if therefore her heart but ſlowly bent itſelf to the maxims of a recluſe, it was but natural. Her fortitude was great; but the example, which ſurrounded her, was ill-adapted to prepare her ſoul for the ingreſs of divine grace, or rather perhaps of that amiable enthuſiaſm, which can give ſweetneſs to ſolitude and to the many little practices, which form the tiſſue, and conſtitute the almoſt eſſential character of the monaſtic life.

It was in this houſe ſhe had received the rudiments of thoſe literary accompliſhments, which, in a dark age, rendered her a prodigy of ſcience. The ſame means would afterwards ſupply her more abundant occaſions of improvement; and doubtleſs ſhe availed herſelf of them. She had liſtleſs hours to fill up, ſhe had anxious cares to remove, ſhe had the unavailing thoughts of a lover to repreſs, and ſhe had a heavy heart to cheer. It was well ſhe could find any employment, which might anſwer theſe important ends, and which could occupy her attention. But the idea of Abeillard, as I ſhall have ample occaſion to remark, had ſo modified her heart, that it ſeems to have been aſſociated with the motion of every fibre, which compoſed it.

BOOK IV.

Heloiſa goes to the Paraclet.

Suger having obtained the grant, he ſo anxiouſly wiſhed, (for Argenteuil was, at that time, a very opulent eſtabliſhment,) was not ſlow in bringing it to execution. He ſent a peremptory order to the nuns; commanding them to ſurrender their convent into his hands, and he ſignified to them the authorities, on which he proceeded. They refuſed to obey; when force was employed, and they were violently ejected[e].—It is ſaid, that Suger had ſigned an agreement, whereby he promiſed to provide for the ſupport of the nuns: and part of the community, it is known, was received into a neighbouring convent[f]. But Heloiſa, with a few companions, was thrown on the world, without ſuccour and without friends.

Abeillard was at St. Gildas, forlorn as I deſcribed him, when he heard of this event. However ſelfiſh he might be, he could not but feel for the ſituation of Heloiſa; and on his mind hung another thought, which would prompt him to be more active in her ſervice. I have ſaid, that he was much attached to the Paraclet, and that he lamented, he had been obliged to leave it in ſo neglected a condition. Now did an occaſion preſent itſelf, when he might indulge his partiality for that place; and by ſuccouring the diſtreſſed, he might perhaps alſo be able to raiſe it even to celebrity, and himſelf to inherit the glory, which belonged to the founders of convents. The idea pleaſed him: he left St. Gildas, and went over into Champagne[g].

From thence he acquainted Heloiſa of his intentions.—She who, ſince her retirement from the world, had heard nothing of him, but what fame had reported, received his invitation

[e] Hiſt. Calam. [f] Notæ Quercet. [g] Hiſt. Calam.

invitation to the Paraclet with rapture. How enchanting the reflection, that ſhe was not forgotten by the man ſhe loved; and that ſhe ſhould be ſuccoured by him, when no other friend appeared, and the earth had not an aſylum for her! In the thought were abſorbed all her cares, and all the neglectful treatment of Abeillard. To her companions ſhe communicated the joyful news: they acceded to her propoſal, and immediately departed for the Paraclet.—In the number, which was eight, were Agnes and Agatha, two nieces of Abeillard [h].

The reader may pleaſe his imagination, in picturing to himſelf the firſt interview betwixt Abeillard and Heloiſa. No two perſons, who had once been lovers, ever met in leſs accordant characters. He, cold as marble, ſtern from philoſophy, ſore from ill-uſage, broken by affliction, and religious, becauſe the hand of fate had made him ſo. His misfortunes had alſo preyed upon his cheek, and he was no more the airy, the handſome, the ſprightly Abeillard, who had animated the gayeſt circles of Paris.—On the other hand, Heloiſa, who was but yet in her eight-and-twentieth year, had loſt little of her former charms: the veil had not disfigured her features, nor had retirement given any harſhneſs to the tone of her mind: ſhe was gentle as ſhe had ever been, and what encroachments, either care, or years, or application had made, were at this moment compenſated by the inward glow, which the ſight of Abeillard excited, and which beamed upon her countenance, in every expreſſion of joy, of gratitude, of benevolence, of love.—He ſhewed her the ſituation of the Paraclet, the cell where he had dwelt,

[h] Vie d'Abeil p. 274. Notæ Quercet.

BOOK IV. the other habitations which his ſcholars had conſtructed, and the temple they had raiſed. Theſe, and whatever elſe, from the donations of his friends, he could call his own, in lands or other poſſeſſions, he made over to Heloiſa, and he confirmed them to her and her ſucceſſors, for ever, by a ſolemn donation[i]. She was then unanimouſly choſen abbeſs of the new eſtabliſhment; and the little community, diſpoſing of itſelf in the moſt commodious manner, entered on their various duties.

Abeillard viewed, with pleaſure, this commencement of a riſing family; and having exhorted them to piety, and to concord, and to the faithful obſervance of their rule, which was that of St. Bennet, as they had brought it from Argenteuil, he took his leave, and returned to St. Gildas.

Great were the diſtreſſes, to which Heloiſa and her ſiſters were, at firſt, expoſed: they were poor, and the Paraclet could not ſupply them with the common neceſſaries of life. Cheerfully, however, they ſubmitted to their fate, and they practiſed, as they could, the duties of their profeſſion, looking up to him for ſupport, who nouriſhes the brood of the raven, which calls to him for food. Heloiſa alſo, in the ſame ſubmiſſion of mind, drew additional conſolation from every object, with which was joined the dear recollection of Abeillard. But ſoon their wants were relieved. The neighbouring people, whom the pious behaviour of the holy ſiſterhood edified, and whom their diſtreſſes moved to compaſſion, came in to their aſſiſtance[k]. Nor were they ſatisfied to adminiſter a mere temporary relief: Milo, lord of Nogent, gave them three farms, and a conſiderable portion of land,

[i] Hiſt. Calam. [k] Ibid.

land, which lay near to their incloſure; he alſo allowed them to cut down, in his foreſt, ſuch wood, as they might want for firing or for building. Soon after his niece profeſſed herſelf a nun at the Paraclet, when Milo increaſed his benefactions, and granted them a right of fiſhery in the river, which ran near their convent.—To theſe donations others were added by the nobility of the country. Matilda, counteſs of Champagne, was particularly liberal; and even Lewis, king of France, would be numbered amongſt their benefactors. The Paraclet was not then ſubject to his laws; but he granted the nuns permiſſion to buy and ſell in his dominions, without paying any duties to himſelf or ſucceſſors, for ever[l].—Such liberal and unſolicited contributions ſhew the character of the times.

" In a ſingle year, ſays Abeillard, they acquired greater " poſſeſſions, than would have fallen into my hands, had I " laboured a hundred on the ſpot[m]." This good fortune he particularly aſcribes to the powerful efficacy of female diſtreſs. As nature has formed women weak, and little able to provide for their own wants, their petitions, he thinks, are more apt to move us; and their virtue, if ſuffering, is an object, which challenges the regard of God and men. " But " ſo many were the attractions, continues he, which, in " the eyes of every beholder, divine providence gave to " Heloiſa, that biſhops viewed her as a daughter, abbots as " a ſiſter, and the laity loved her as a mother. Her piety, " her prudence, her patience, her gentleneſs of character, " commanded univerſal admiration. Seldom ſhe appeared " in public; the retirement of her cell was better adapted " to

[l] Quercet. ex Tab. Paraclet.

[m] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK IV. " to holy meditation and to prayer: but her ſociety was " ardently ſought for, and ſtrangers wiſhed to be improved " by her edifying converſation."

It is the delineation of a perfect character; but let it be obſerved, that this is the firſt time, that Abeillard has ſpoken of Heloiſa and of her conduct, in terms of approbation. Her behaviour at the Paraclet muſt have pleaſed him well, and I conceive the portrait to be faithful. To praiſe too freely was not his diſpoſition, and flattery, he ſeems, to have cautiouſly reſerved for himſelf. Heloiſa was as wax in his hands, and to all his inclinations ſhe would mould her ſoul. When ſhe ſaw that he was an altered man; that he was pious, reſerved, meditative, and religiouſly ſevere, at once ſhe adopted his maxims, and ſhe appeared a finiſhed pattern of monaſtic perfection. There were moments, I believe, when grace was not ſo triumphant: love and nature would ſometimes prevail; and we ſhall ſee how reluctantly they ſurrendered a heart, which ſeemed made to be poſſeſſed by them alone.

Abeillard is again cenſured.

Whilſt the Paraclet was in diſtreſs, Abeillard had not neglected it. He was often informed of their ſituation, and was ſometimes blamed by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he did not ſufficiently exert his abilities in their ſupport: would he preach publicly, and declare their wants, there was little doubt, they ſaid, of the moſt flattering ſucceſs[n]. Repeatedly therefore he had gone over to them; and now when fortune began to ſmile, and the Paraclet attracted the notice of the charitable and the opulent, he did not diſcontinue his viſits. How delightful to him was this ſpot, which

[n] Hiſt. Calam.

which he had always loved! But when he compared the gentle manners, the innocent converſation, the docile ſubmiſſion, and the attentive ſolicitude of his nuns, with the boiſterous and untoward deportment of the monks of St. Gildas, it was natural he ſhould leave the Paraclet with regret, and ſhould return to it with ardour.—He had projected a ſcheme, it ſeems, of paſſing much of his time with them: he would attend to the due adminiſtration of their temporal concerns, he would inſtruct, and he would edify them. "And ſince, ſays he, the inceſſant oppoſition of my own "ſubjects became ſo inſufferable, I thought, I could ſome-"times withdraw from the tumultuary ſcene, and breathe "the ſerene air of this charming ſolitude. I ſhould not be "uſeleſs to them; my preſence even might be occaſionally "neceſſary[o]."

Theſe viſits of Abeillard to the Paraclet were ſoon noticed by his enemies. Innocent ſurely they were, and, in many regards, laudable; but they could be miſconſtrued, and malevolence would not loſe the ſatisfaction of indulging her favourite purſuit. "The eunuch is not quite ſo inſenſible, "as we imagined, ſaid they: the trees, the brooks, the "whiſpering zephyrs of the Paraclet are indeed charming, "and Abeillard is charitable and humane; but ſince Heloiſa "has been there, we can hardly count his viſits: may it be "that Fulbert's niece has yet ſome charms for the pious "ſolitary[p]!"

The malicious inſinuation reached the ears of Abeillard, and he was ſtill too irritable to diſregard it. Again he entered on a tedious exculpation of himſelf; and from ancient authorities

[o] Hiſt. Calam. [p] Ibid.

BOOK IV. authorities undertook to prove, that ſuch beings as himſelf were always accounted harmleſs. His fate, he thought, was peculiarly hard. But if the mere aſſociating with women could be deemed criminal, not our Saviour, or his apoſtles, or the primitive fathers, ſhould have eſcaped reprehenſion. It was from the example of Jerom only that he could derive conſolation: he, like himſelf, had been defamed; why then ſhould he murmur[q].—His adverſaries laughed at his defence, and only repeated their reflections. The diſconſolate man could withſtand them no longer; he ſighed, and with a heavy heart, returned once more into Britany, reſolved to ſubmit to his cruel deſtiny, and to turn his back for ever on the fair inhabitants of the Paraclet[r].

He ſettles at St. Gildas, and is perſecuted by his monks.

To cheer, as far as might be, the melancholy hours, and that St. Gildas might not be the grave of his talents, as it was of his peace of mind, he undertook to diſcuſs certain theological ſubjects, which were afterwards publiſhed, and of which I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak.—The refractory monks perſevered in their lawleſs exceſſes; and at once provoked that Abeillard ſhould be reſolute not to deſert his poſt, and that he even ſeemed capable of indulging his favourite purſuits, in the midſt of their clamours, they meditated higher ſchemes of vengeance. They had recourſe to poiſon, which they mixed up with the diſhes, or threw into the liquors, which were prepared for his table. By good fortune, or by addreſs, he eſcaped theſe nefarious machinations.—They then attempted to poiſon the chalice, which held the wine for the ſacrifice of the altar: but in this alſo they failed of ſucceſs[s]. Among the monks he had friends, who were careful

[q] Hiſt. Calam. [r] Vie d'Abeil. p. 296. [s] Hiſt. Calam.

careful to give him timely notice of the deſigns of his ene- BOOK IV.
mies.—From the circumſtance of the poiſoned *chalice*, we diſcover that Abeillard was, at this time, a prieſt. When he took holy orders is uncertain, though it probably happened whilſt he was at St. Denys, ſoon after his admiſſion into that convent.

Conon, count of Nantes, being dangerouſly ill, had requeſted Abeillard to come over to him. He obeyed the ſummons, taking with him only one ſervant, and a young monk, whom he much eſteemed. In preference to the count's palace, Abeillard choſe a more humble dwelling: he had a brother living at Nantes, and with him he lodged. Here it was that the ſervant, whom the monks had corrupted before he left St. Gildas, attempted to execute another ſcheme they had laid to poiſon their abbot. They had judged that, at ſo great a diſtance, he would ſuſpect no ſtratagem, and that at laſt they ſhould be ſucceſsful. The diſh was prepared; but when it was laid before his maſter, either from want of appetite, or as he himſelf remarks, by the care of divine providence, he was not diſpoſed to eat. The young monk was not equally protected; he ate, was ſoon after ſeized with convulſions, and expired in extreme torture. The ſervant inſtantly diſappeared; from which it was evident, who had been the perpetrator of the horrid deed[t].—Abeillard remained ſome time longer at Nantes: it was almoſt his native ſpot, and here his name was in great eſtimation; but after the count's recovery, he judged proper to return to his abbey.

[t] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK IV. As the atrocious deſigns of the monks were now publicly known, Abeillard was adviſed to be more on his guard: he withdrew therefore, with a few companions, to ſome cells at a diſtance, where, it was imagined, he would be more ſecure. But ſuch enemies, as were the monks of St. Gildas, are not eaſily deterred from a fixed purpoſe: they followed Abeillard to his cells. Here they watched his motions; and whenever they were told that he had ventured to move from home, they waited his return; and they poſted aſſaſſins near the roads through which he was to paſs. Nor were theſe attempts more ſucceſsful. A favourite indeed of heaven muſt have been the man, whom ſuch repeated attacks could never, in the leaſt, injure! But, as uſual, I ſuſpect the tale to be exaggerated.

An accident, however, ſoon befell him, which proved that he was not at leaſt invulnerable. Riding out, one day, for amuſement, or on buſineſs, his horſe violently threw him, by which his neck was diſlocated. He was relieved by immediate aſſiſtance; but the conſequences of his fall, he complains, were very painful, and they cauſed a general debility, from which he never quite recovered [u].

No ſooner was he able to move about, than he reſolved, ſeeing not the moſt gentle uſage could mollify their fury, nor the utmoſt caution guard him any longer from their inſults, to try on his enemies the effects of canonical cenſures. In an ignorant age, theſe have been ſometimes known to ſucceed, when other arms have failed. He excommunicated the moſt refractory. Intimidated by the ſentence, their arrogant effrontery ſeemed diſpoſed to relent: they acquainted

[u] Hiſt. Calam.

acquainted their abbot, that voluntarily they would leave St. Gildas, and never more give him the ſmalleſt diſturbance, if he would withdraw the cenſure he had pronounced. Abeillard accepted their propoſal; to comply with which they ſolemnly bound themſelves by an oath. But ſuch ties would avail little; they did not quit St. Gildas, and very ſoon recommenced their wonted career of profligacy and baſe intrigue. Abeillard reſolved to have recourſe to Rome.

Innocent the ſecond was then pope. To him the behaviour of theſe unruly miſcreants was ſtated, and he diſpatched a miniſter, with legatine powers, whoſe duty it ſhould be, on the ſpot, to examine the truth of the charges, and to pronounce ſentence. Before the duke of Britany and the neighbouring prelates the cauſe was heard: the criminality of the monks was notorious; and the legate compelled them, again upon oath, to ſubſcribe to the former conditions. The buſineſs ſeemed terminated, and the Roman envoy departed [v].

After the departure of the moſt factious members, Abeillard came out from his retirement: he preſumed, that all danger was over, and that, in confidence, he might reſume the government of his abbey. He was miſtaken: the remaining part of the community, either poſſeſſed all the animoſity, or they were diſpoſed to take up the quarrel, of their exiled brethren. What poiſon, and the ſword of hired aſſaſſins, had not effected, they doubted not could be executed by their own arm. In the night-time, with daggers in their hands, they aſſailed his apartments: he was awakened by the noiſe, and had time to eſcape. A ſubterraneous

[v] Hiſt. Calam.

BOOK IV. paſſage offered him an aſylum, through which he paſſed, and was received into the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman[w]. This is a forced tranſlation of the paſſage; the truth is, that they were only meditating this dark ſcheme, when Abeillard was appriſed of it, and by the friendly aſſiſtance of a certain nobleman was reſcued from the danger, which threatened him[x].

A more deplorable ſtate than this will not eaſily be conceived; and the life of Abeillard ſeemed to be winding up in the true form of tragedy: his mind was not equal to the preſſure of circumſtances, and his lamentations are all drawn in character. "The evils which ſurround me, ſays he, "thicken every hour, and I ſee the naked ſword ſuſpended "over my head. How like am I to the deluded courtier "of the Sicilian tyrant! With the wealth and gaudy pa-"geantry of royalty before him, he viewed the dagger "pointed at his life, and at once the dream of happineſs "was over. From the lowly condition of a poor monk I "was raiſed to wealth and honours; and thus it ends: my "miſery has increaſed with my preferment. Let my exam-"ple be a warning to thoſe, whom ambition may prompt "to venture ſpontaneouſly on the treacherous path of "worldly grandeur."—Then in the moſt religious ſentiments he proceeds. "But ſince all things happen by the "divine appointment; in every diſtreſs this ſhould be the "chriſtian's conſolation, that the goodneſs of heaven per-"mits nothing to derange its all-perfect ſyſtem; from evil "good is ultimately deduced. Let this be our prayer: "*Thy will be done!* How inordinately, therefore, do they "act,

[w] Vie d'Abeil. t. ii. p. 14. [x] Hiſt. Calam.

" act, who confeſs that the hand of God directs all events, " yet murmur when they ſuffer: it is their own will which " they look to, whatever their words may be; and in ſeek- " ing that, they tacitly oppoſe the unerring ways of pro- " vidence[y]."

In theſe ſentiments, which became the abbot of St. Gildas, he purpoſed ſtill to remain at his convent, hoping that time, and lenient meaſures, might at laſt give ſucceſs to his exertions. In the ſame ſentiments it was, that he wrote the memoirs of his own life, which are brought up to this period, and here they cloſe, about the year 1134.

[y] Hiſt. Calam.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK V.

He writes the ſtory of his own life—State of the Paraclet—Abeillard's memoirs fall into the hands of Heloiſa—She writes her firſt letter—Abeillard's anſwer—Heloiſa's ſecond letter—Abeillard's reply—Mr. Pope's Heloiſa.—Heloiſa's third letter—Abeillard's anſwer—Other works of Abeillard—St. Bernard viſits the Paraclet.

Anno, 1134.

BOOK V.

He writes the ſtory of his own life.

IT is ſome alleviation to the ſufferer, when he knows that he is not alone in miſery.—Forlorn, as I deſcribed it, was the condition of Abeillard at St. Gildas, nor did he ſee any end to his ſufferings. Drawing ſome conſolation from ſtudy, but more from religion, with difficulty he wore away the heavy hours. Thus penſive and ſad he was, deeming himſelf the moſt wretched of men, when a letter was brought

him,

BOOK V. him, written by a friend, whom he had left behind him in the neighbourhood of the Paraclet. This friend, whoſe name or condition is not recorded, had long lived in habits of great intimacy with Abeillard[a]. Perhaps he was the man who accompanied him, as has been related, into the deſart, and who was his companion, when together they began to cultivate that inhoſpitable ſpot. Some great misfortune had befallen him, and he was deep in diſtreſs, when, to beg advice and comfort, he wrote to Abeillard.

The abbot read the letter, and he lamented the hard fate of his friend. But, as I have juſt obſerved, there was ſtill ſome comfort in the reflection, that he had now a partner in affliction. To remove the load, as well as he was able, from his friend's ſhoulders, he was moſt willing; and he would pour balm into his wounds, if he could. They can feel moſt for others, who themſelves have ſuffered moſt. He conſidered by what method he could beſt adminiſter conſolation; but when again he reviewed his friend's narration, and the recollection of his own calamities had due time to operate, the tale, that at firſt affected him, vaniſhed into air, and he ſaw nothing round him but the dark cloud of his own misfortunes. What then, he thought, could ſo efficaciouſly anſwer his friend's requeſt, as minutely to detail the events of a life, which was but a chequered ſcene of miſery? With it he would compare his own, and from the compariſon derive the happineſs he wanted.—He had alſo, in this undertaking, a more ſelfiſh object in view: it was to enjoy the pleaſure, which the unfortunate feel in relating their own ſtory; and when accumulated before him he ſhould

[a] Hiſt. Calam.

ſhould behold the whole tiſſue of paſt events, poſſibly preſent evils might appear more ſupportable. What the particular diſtreſſes of his friend were, he does not ſay: intent on himſelf, he ſhut his eyes on all the world beſides. I have before had occaſion to remark that, ſelfiſhneſs was a very leading trait in the character of Abeillard.

He compiled therefore the memoirs of his own life.—It is unneceſſary I ſhould ſay much on this celebrated tract: the preceding hiſtory is faithfully extracted from it, which ſhows what are its contents. The work is not ill-written, though it poſſeſſes few marks of genius, and leſs of elegance. The age indeed was barbarous; nor can it be, in ſuch circumſtances, that the moſt ſplendid talents will ever riſe above a certain level. Were the thing poſſible, what ſubject was ever better formed to call abilities into action? Not a ſingle event does he relate, of which he is not himſelf the hero. Yet he is ſometimes unintereſting, and often tedious, entering on diſcuſſions which have little weight, and reſuming arguments which are not of a nature to convince. His portraits are generally caricatured, and his repreſentations of events are evidently overcharged. This we may pardon in a man, who ſo often had ſuffered unjuſtly.—I am ſurpriſed that his language is not more pure. He quotes the beſt Roman writers: he had read Cicero; Seneca is his favourite; and with Virgil, Ovid, and Lucan, he ſeems to have been familiar. Among the fathers of the church, Jerom, who has been ſtiled the chriſtian Tully, was his admired author: him he had peruſed with avidity, becauſe, beſides his language which charmed him, he diſcovered in his life many events, which reſembled his own, and from his character and

BOOK V.

deportment he could draw ſome leſſons of comfort.—But with all their imperfections, theſe memoirs of Abeillard are valuable, and they are read with pleaſure.—Having completed the work, he ſent it to his friend.

State of the Paraclet.

Since Abeillard had taken his laſt leave of the Paraclet, which was about four or five years, it had greatly proſpered. The number of religious was much increaſed, and wealth had increaſed with their numbers. The fame of Heloiſa was widely ſpread; and many ladies of diſtinction petitioned for admittance into her convent: the fortunes they carried with them were conſiderable[b]. To ſecure their extenſive property, and to procure ſuch privileges, as were deemed moſt expedient, Heloiſa applied to Rome. The ſame Innocent, whom I have already mentioned, was then pope. He graciouſly acceded to the petition, and addreſſed to them a bull, wherein, after having taken the monaſtery of the Paraclet under the protection of the apoſtolic ſee, he declares that all their poſſeſſions, as well ſuch as they then occupied, as what might hereafter, by lawful means, fall into their hands, ſhould remain to them, ſecure and unimpaired, for ever.—Should any one dare to infringe this ſolemn decree, he denounces againſt him the ſevereſt cenſures[c].—By another brief, the ſame pontiff forbids the biſhop or any perſon whatever, to moleſt the nuns in the free choice of their abbeſs, or to interfere in any of their concerns; he ordains moreover, that, on no occaſion, they ſhould be obliged to quit their convent, not even when their abbeſs was to be bleſſed, but that the ceremony ſhould be performed within their own walls[d].—A good prieſt, named Gundricus, about the

[b] Vie d'Abeil. vol. ii. p. 20. [c] Abeil. Op. p. 346. [d] Ibid.

the ſame time, gave to the Paraclet an eſtate, to which he had ſucceeded; and this grant alſo was confirmed to them by the Roman pontiff.

Thus did fortune ſhower down her gifts on the Paraclet; but Heloiſa was the favourite child that attracted her partial notice. The lovely abbeſs had indeed reaſon to be ſatisfied with her ſituation. Every day, freſh ſucceſs ſeemed to attend her endeavours: ſhe was proſperous without doors, and within the walls of her convent, harmony, happineſs, piety, and religious diſcipline, uniting in ſacred concord, diffuſed joy over every countenance, and peace into every cell. Agnes, the niece of the abbot of St. Gildas, was her prioreſs, and in her ſhe repoſed the principal adminiſtration of their internal œconomy[e]. Thus ſhe was more at liberty to purſue her favourite occupations of ſtudy and ſequeſtered meditation. The management of their temporal affairs was in the hands of proper agents.—The prompt acquieſcence which Rome ſhewed to her petitions, demonſtrated the high opinion entertained of her merit, and the circumſtance doubtleſs was flattering to herſelf.

So admired, ſo honoured, ſo beloved, if Heloiſa was not happy, we muſt look for the cauſe in ſome untowardneſs of diſpoſition, or rather in a natural reluctance, which her mind ſeemed to bear towards the confinement of a cloiſtered life. But this is conjectural: we have no reaſon to ſay that ſhe was not happy. Abeillard, indeed, had deſerted the Paraclet; but the illnatured reflections of the world had compelled him to it: her good ſenſe therefore told her that it was her duty to ſubmit. If ſince that time, all corre-

[e] Vie d'Abeil p. 20.

BOOK V.

ſpondence had ceaſed between them, ſhe could aſcribe it ſtill to a certain delicacy of character. Placed as he was at the head of an undiſciplined monaſtery, good example, ſhe knew, was eſſentially neceſſary in the ſuperior. The time might come, when again ſhe and her ſiſters would enjoy the happineſs of his ſociety and of his learned converſation. In this view ſhe reſted.

Abeillard's memoirs fall into the hands of Heloiſa.

The letter of conſolation, which Abeillard addreſſed to his friend, had been received. It was natural he ſhould admire it, and ſhould read it to others. Copies of it were taken, and the original itſelf circulated from hand to hand. It was at laſt taken to the Paraclet[f]. The connection betwixt that houſe and Abeillard was well known, and it was an obvious thought, that the abbeſs, in particular, might like to read a ſtory, wherein ſhe had borne ſome part, and the whole of which, beſides being an ingenious performance, contained the hiſtory of the life of Abeillard.—Heloiſa took the letter from the hand of him who brought it. The ſuperſcription at once told her by whom it was written, and ſhe opened it with eagerneſs. With the ſame eagerneſs her eye ran over the contents; and ſoon, indeed, ſhe felt how much her heart was intereſted in the ſtory. It was the circumſtantial detail of his life and adventures, and of their joint loves and joint misfortunes. At every line ſhe pitied him; this was a ſentiment ſhe might lawfully indulge; and as ſhe pitied him, again ſhe began to love.—At no time, it appears, can the ruling paſſion be ſo far ſubdued, as not to be immediately re-excited, when cauſes are applied with which its action has been ſtrongly united.—Having read the letter, ſhe

[f] Ep. Helois. 1ª.

she gave it back to her officious friends, and retired in confusion to her cell. BOOK V.

We well know, for they have been faithfully brought down to us, what were the thoughts which now rushed into the breast of Heloisa. The closing passages of his letter, wherein he related what he had suffered from his monks, and how great the danger still was, to which he was hourly exposed, dwelt heaviest on her mind. A thousand times she wished it were in her power to succour him; and she formed a thousand plans, as impracticable as they were wild. Abeillard was in Britany, and she, a cloistered nun, was immured at the Paraclet! To providence she could only look; and on her knees, she prayed, that heaven would protect him. How truly miserable had his life been, and yet what mortal was ever more entitled to the smiles of fortune!—Her recollection now returned upon the events, in which she was personally concerned. He had told them, indeed; but was it not with some indifference? The narration of his own immediate troubles was prolix and circumstantial; here he was brief and rapid. Yet how much had she not loved him; and what sacrifices had she not made to please him! Did all this merit no return?—This letter itself was a proof, how small was the space she occupied in his heart. A man, whom he hardly knew, requested his advice, and he had given it in a manner that was almost new and unprecedented: he had poured into his bosom all the public, and many of the private, circumstances of his life. To her, for five long years, he had not written a single line! Was she even sure she was not erased from his memory? — The pensive

[g] Ep. Helois. 12.

BOOK V. penſive abbeſs indulged the ſad reflection, and ſeemed ready to ſink under it.

The pious ſiſterhood ſoon noticed that their abbeſs was more ſad than uſual: her countenance grew wan; and ſhe never left her cell, unleſs when the duties of her ſtation compelled her to it. They were anxious to know the cauſe of the ſudden change, and, with a pleaſing confidence, they aſked it of her. Heloiſa told them of the letter ſhe had read, and of the forlorn condition, in which Abeillard, their common friend and benefactor, then was. They heard the news with trepidation, and in all, but love, ſympathiſed with the feelings of their abbeſs[h]. What ſtep could be taken to relieve their anxious boſoms, they knew not; but unanimouſly they requeſted that ſomething might be done.

This ſolicitude of her ſiſters was very pleaſing to the mind of Heloiſa. Again ſhe revolved the diſtreſsful train of her reflections; and ſoon it occurred to her, that there was one expedient in her power, which poſſibly might anſwer her moſt ſanguine deſires. She would write to the abbot of St. Gildas, praying that, without delay, he would inform her of his ſituation; and, at the ſame time, ſhe would diſburden her mind of ſome other thoughts, the impreſſion of which was very painful.—But this ſcheme, from a word ſhe lets fall in her letter, ſhe ſeems not to have executed immediately. Buſineſs perhaps hindered her; or it might be the tumult of her own mind, which, with difficulty, could be reduced to order.—The letter was, at length, completed, and ſhe diſpatched it into Britany.

[h] Ep. Helois. 1ª.

There

She writes her firſt letter.

There is ſome affectation in the addreſs of this letter: ſhe ſtiles Abeillard, her maſter, her father, her huſband, her brother; and herſelf his handmaid, his daughter, his wife, his ſiſter. The language of real paſſion is ſeldom ſo preciſe. —She then tells him, that accidentally ſhe had ſeen the letter, he had written to his friend, and with what ardour ſhe had read it: ſhe wanted comfort, and looked for it from his words; but how miſerably had ſhe been diſappointed!— She recapitulates the ſubſtance of his ſtory, and remarks how admirably he had fulfilled the promiſe made to his friend: but on the hearts of his daughters of the Paraclet cruel was the effect, this too faithful tale had made!—She begs him, for Chriſt's ſake, to inform them, and that repeatedly, of each circumſtance of his preſent dangers. "I and my ſiſters, "continues ſhe, are the ſole remains of all your friends: "let us, at leaſt, partake of your joys and ſorrows. The "condolence of others is uſed to bring ſome relief to the "ſufferer, and a load, laid on many ſhoulders, is more "eaſily ſupported."—She deſcants on the ſoft intercourſe and pleaſing effects of letters; a method by which he may always be preſent with them, and of which, if Abeillard only be willing, no invidious paſſion or impediment, can ever bereave them.

She reminds him by what ties he is bound to the Paraclet: it was he only who had erected its oratory, and he had eſtabliſhed its congregation: but can the young plant proſper, if it be not often watered with peculiar care? "We are "women, Sir, ſays ſhe, by nature weak and delicate. Thus "had our ſociety been long formed, it would ſtill be ex-"poſed to danger. But now, if you give us not all your

"attention

BOOK V. " attention and all your care, how ſhall we brave the " ſtorm?"—She tells him of the labour he throws away on the ungrateful vineyard of St. Gildas; that his admonitions are all in vain; and that the treaſures which he ſquanders on his enemies, ſhould rather be kept for thoſe, who are docile and obedient. " But I will ſay nothing of others, " continues ſhe: think only how much you owe to me. " Whatever obligations bind you to the devout part of my " ſex, are all concentred in your Heloiſa."

Now ſhe enters on her own immediate intereſts, and in a manner the moſt forcible and affecting, expoſtulates with the ungrateful and ſelfiſh man.—She ſpeaks of his neglectful uſage, when, at his command, ſhe firſt left the world. " Not even " then, ſays ſhe, when long grief had worn me down, did " you come to ſee me, or even ſend me one line of com- " fort."—She recalls to his mind the exceſs of her love for him; ſhe ſpeaks of the loſs ſhe ſuffered when ſhe loſt him; ſhe deſcribes the ſacrifice ſhe made of herſelf and of all her diſpoſitions to his will, and the diſintereſtedneſs with which ſhe made it, In a flight of romantic paſſion ſhe recurs to the ideas, which wildly filled her breaſt, when in the name of *miſtreſs* ſhe could diſcover ſo many charms, and when ſhe would have deemed it more eligible to be *that* to Abeillard, than to be the *wife* of Cæſar. " For the more I humbled " myſelf before you, ſays ſhe, the greater right I thought I " ſhould have to your favour; and thus alſo I hoped the " leſs to injure the great reputation you had acquired." Theſe things ſhe recapitulates to ſhew him, what pretenſions ſhe now has to expect ſome return.

She

She then reviews, with much complacency, the ſplendid endowments and the endearing character of Abeillard, which had ſo juſtly engaged her love. She recounts the general admiration which followed him, the envy with which her own happineſs was contemplated, and the melancholy reverſe of fortune which ſoon enſued. That ſhe was the occaſion of his misfortunes, ſhe owns, but yet that ſhe was not guilty; becauſe it is the motive from which we act, and not the event of things, which makes us criminal: equity weighs the intention. "What, at all times, were "my diſpoſitions in your regard, ſhe ſays, you who knew "them can only judge. To you I refer all my actions, and "on your deciſion I reſt my cauſe."

Again ſhe turns to his neglectful treatment of her, during the many years ſhe reſided at Argenteuil, and ſhe entreats him, if he can, to account for it; or elſe that ſhe muſt herſelf ſay, what her own ſuſpicions are. Theſe ſuſpicions ſhe then declares, and they prove that, in ſpite of love, ſhe was not blind to the failings of Abeillard. "But how much is "it my wiſh, proceeds Heloiſa, that your own ſelf-love "could deviſe ſome excuſe, which might eaſe my pain! "Were I able, even I would willingly invent ſome pretext, "which, to extenuate your fault, might ſeem to leſſen the "pretenſions I have to your notice."

Drawing to a concluſion, again ſhe propoſes her petition, that he would write to her; a petition, ſhe truſts, which he will not find extravagant or difficult of execution. But if he prove ſo niggardly in words, what reaſon has ſhe to think he will be more liberal in things of conſequence? Even at this moment, ſhe urges, ſhe is a victim to his will; his will

BOOK V. it was, and not religion, which called her to the cloiſter. If then ſhe ceaſes to have merit in his eyes; vain indeed is all her labour! From God ſhe can look for no reward, for whoſe ſake hitherto, ſhe confeſſes, ſhe has done nothing.

She upbraids him with the circumſtance of his having inſiſted that ſhe ſhould put on the veil, before he would ſurrender his liberty: and in that inſtance, ſhe ſays, his miſtruſt of her tore her heart, and that ſhe bluſhed for him. Could he have reaſon to miſtruſt her, when he knew that, at a ſingle word, ſhe would have accompanied him to the gates of eternal miſery? "Were you leſs ſure of my love, "continues ſhe, you would be more ſolicitous: but becauſe "my conduct has rendered you ſecure, you neglect me. "Once more recollect what I have done for you, and how "great is the debt you owe me."

There was a time, ſhe acknowledges, when the motive of her attachment might have appeared uncertain to others: it might have been the love of pleaſure, or the indulgence of vanity. It could now be miſtaken no longer; for in obedience to him, ſhe had ſacrificed all her inclinations, and had reſerved nothing, the hope only excepted, that by ſo doing ſhe ſhould become more perfectly his.—Then thus ſhe concludes.—"By that God, to whom your life is conſe-"crated, I conjure you, give me ſo much of yourſelf as is "at your diſpoſal, that is, ſend me ſome lines of conſola-"tion. Do it with this deſign at leaſt, that my mind being "more at eaſe, I may ſerve God with more alacrity. When "formerly the love of pleaſure was your purſuit, often did "I hear from you. In your ſongs the name of Heloiſa was "made familiar to every tongue: it was heard in every "ſtreet:

" ſtreet: the walls of every houſe repeated it. With how
" much more propriety might you now call me to God,
" than you did then to ſcenes of diſſipation? Weigh your
" obligations, and attend to my requeſt. A few words
" ſhall cloſe this long epiſtle.—My only friend, farewell!"

The critic, the moraliſt, and the man of ſentiment, will find much to admire in this charming letter: but it is the original they muſt read, and to that I refer them.—In it the philoſophic abbeſs diſplays great knowledge of the human heart; ſhe aims not to diſguiſe her own weakneſſes; and the imperfections of Abeillard, whilſt ſhe extols his virtues and blazons his endowments, ſhe holds up before him in colours full of truth and expreſſion. Seldom has ſuch love as her's been ſo free-ſpoken and impartial. That his too apparent ingratitude and neglect of her ſhould have rouſed her reſentment, was natural; but in terms how gentle does ſhe utter her reproaches, and how mild is the edge of her ſharpeſt reproofs! She ſeems not to have written a line, which the indulgence of affection had not firſt retouched and fitted to its place. It may ſeem that ſhe rates her own merits very highly: but they only can think it, who have not weighed her conduct: in the mind of Abeillard, at leaſt, there could be no meaſure found by which to appreciate their juſt value. There they ſhould have riſen, in proportion to his own ingratitude, which, I fear, was incommenſurable. Her requeſt was of all things the moſt moderate; and when ſhe conſidered with what promptneſs he had entered into a minute detail of his life, to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a man, he called his friend, was it much to deſire a few lines only, and theſe were to regard himſelf? But it ſeems,

 ſhe ſuſpected that even this requeſt would hardly be complied with.

The moral tendency of ſome paſſages may be controverted. But there will ſoon be a better occaſion of diſcuſſing this difficulty. Suffice it now to ſay, that ſhe is writing in confidence to her huſband and her friend; and therefore, without reſerve, ſhe lays her thoughts before him. In her inſtructions to the nuns of the Paraclet, very different, I ſuſpect, would have been her language. But on no occaſion does ſhe pretend to juſtify the unbounded ſtrength of paſſion, ſhe once felt for Abeillard; ſhe rather treats it as a weakneſs; at all events, ſhe only expreſſes its reality as a fact, which from him was entitled to call for ſome return.—In great diffidence ſhe acknowledges how much ſhe wants aſſiſtance and advice; humbly ſhe confeſſes her unworthineſs before God, for whoſe ſake ſhe had done nothing; and ſhe looks to peace of mind, as the only ſtate, in which the duties of her calling could be properly obſerved.

The language and compoſition of this letter are both admirable. There is ſometimes a purity, a preciſion, a perſpicuity, a conciſeneſs, a nerve in her expreſſions, which, even in the beſt days of Roman latinity, would have been read with pleaſure. Where ſhe falls from claſſic elegance, it is the ſubject, or the barbarous idiom of the age, from which the ableſt ſcholars can never free themſelves, which draws her down. Compare her writing with that of Abeillard or even of Bernard himſelf, and preference muſt be given to the female pen.—The ſubject ſhe diſcuſſes with great art; her arguments are well diſpoſed; ſhe adduces authorities to enforce her reaſoning; and ſhe turns the object

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in every direction, that its whole efficacy may be felt. The intereſts of lovers were never in the hands of a more able advocate; and never was the breaſt of ingratitude ſearched with an addreſs, at once ſo penetrating, and ſo indulgent. Abeillard's diſtreſſes called for indulgence; and had he not found it from the pen of Heloiſa, her addreſs to him, which I admire, would not have poſſeſſed that ſoftneſs of character, which is its greateſt beauty.

Broken by ill-uſage as was the abbot of St. Gildas, the reader perhaps will be diſpoſed to ſympathiſe with his feelings, as he reads Heloiſa's letter. What emotions it excited, we know not, as guardedly he ſeems to have concealed them: but ſtoic as he was, unleſs apathy had deadened every fibre, he muſt have felt its general tendency. Eſtranged from the world and pleaſure by habit and by neceſſity, the ardent language of Heloiſa would find no reſponſive motions in his heart. He might pity her; perhaps even he might ſmile at her folly. But religious, prudent, pious, as he now was, it would have ill-beſeemed his character, to have exhibited any ſymptoms of tenderneſs, or to have returned an anſwer to Heloiſa, from which fuel might have been added to a flame already too fervid. As a friend it was his duty to ſtill the riſing ſtorm; and nothing, he might judge, would more contribute to it, than language, which ſhould breathe religious ſelf-denial and mortification; than ſentiments full of piety, of ſubmiſſion to the divine will, and of ſolicitude for the eternal welfare of his ſoul. So thinking, he cloſed Heloiſa's letter, and wrote as follows.

Abeillard's anſwer.

" If, ſince our converſion from the world to God, I have " not yet written, either to inſtruct or to conſole you, it " was

BOOK V.

" was not done neglectingly; aſcribe it to the high opinion
" I have ever entertained of your wiſdom and prudence.
" How could I think, that ſhe ſtood in need of my aſſiſt-
" ance, to whom heaven had ſo largely diſtributed its beſt
" gifts? You were able, I knew, by example, as by word,
" to inſtruct the ignorant, to comfort the puſillanimous,
" and to admoniſh the luke-warm. When prioreſs of Argen-
" teuil, theſe duties, I remember, you uſed long ago to
" practiſe; and if now you give the ſame attention to your
" daughters, as you did then to your ſiſters, more is not
" requiſite, and all that I could ſay would be of no value.
" But if, in your humility, you think otherwiſe, and my
" inſtructions, in the buſineſs of religion, can avail you any
" thing, tell me only, on what ſubjects, you would have
" me write, and as God ſhall direct me, I will endeavour to
" ſatisfy you."

He then thanks heaven, which had inſpired the pious nuns of the Paraclet with a ſolicitude in regard to the dangers, to which his life was expoſed, hoping that by their prayers he ſhould thus experience the divine protection. " And with this view principally, continues he, it is, that " I haſtened to ſend you the form of prayer, which you " once ſo earneſtly requeſted from me, you, my ſiſter, for-
" merly dear to me in the world, but now moſt dear to me
" in Chriſt. Thus may you offer to God a conſtant ſacri-
" fice of prayers, urging him to pardon *our* great and
" manifold ſins, and to avert the hourly dangers which
" threaten me."

He talks much of the powerful efficacy of prayer, which he proves from the holy ſcriptures, inſiſting particularly on the

the examples of wives praying for their huſbands, and on the general prevalence of female ſupplications. He tells her how much he confides in the prayers of the nuns of the Paraclet, and in her own, to which, as her huſband, he claims a peculiar right.—At the times he had formerly lived with them at the Paraclet, it was their practice, at the end of each church-ſervice, to ſubjoin a prayer for their founder: he now ſends them another prayer, adapted to his own perilous ſituation, which he requeſts, to prove that their charity is ſincere, they will as often repeat for him, as they bend their knees before the throne of grace. It runs thus: "O God, who by thy ſervant didſt here aſſemble thy hand-"maids in thy holy name, grant, we beſeech thee, that he "be protected from all adverſity, and be reſtored ſafe to us "thy ſervants!"

Having, as he truſts, ſecured the prayers he wanted, he goes on ſolemnly: "But if, by the permiſſion of heaven, "my enemies ſhould ſo far prevail as to take away my life; "or if, by any chance, while abſent from you, I ſhould be "numbered with the dead; it is my prayer, that my body "be conveyed to the Paraclet. There my daughters, rather "my ſiſters in Chriſt, turning their eyes often to my tomb, "will more ſtrongly be excited to petition heaven for the "repoſe of my ſoul. And indeed, to a mind penetrated "with grief, and ſtricken by the dark view of its crimes, "where can be found a reſting-place, at once ſo ſafe, and "ſo full of hope, as that which, in a peculiar manner, bears "the name of, and is dedicated to, the Comforter? Be-"ſides, I know not, where a chriſtian could find a better "grave, than in the ſociety of holy women conſecrated to "God."

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He concludes: "It is my moſt earneſt requeſt, that the "ſolicitude you now too ſtrongly feel for the preſervation "of my life, you will then extend to my ſoul. Carry into "my grave the ſame degree of love, you ſhewed me when "alive, that is, let your ſuffrages for me be peculiar and "inceſſant.—Live, and farewell: farewell, my ſiſters; live, "but in Chriſt: remember Abeillard!"

The reader, whom Heloiſa's romantic epiſtle had left animated and greatly intereſted in her cauſe, will, I know, be ſadly diſappointed by this cold reply. To me it is all I looked for, and it ſtamps indelibly the character, I had given to the man. Beſides, is not the contraſt pleaſing, which, by lines ſo ſtrong, divides the hearts of two, whom fabulous report has ſo often ſaid were made for one another?—He evades very artfully the charge of ingratitude, by a complimentary excuſe, which, if it did not ſatisfy, would, he knew, pleaſe her vanity.—His earneſt requeſt for prayer ſhows how much he prized his own concerns, and how much affliction had lowered the exuberance of his ſoul. When he dwells on its efficacy, it is a dull diſcuſſion; and when he preſcribes the new form, which is daily to be recited for his ſafety, we ſee the abbot, big in his own importance, and ſelfiſh as became his dignity,

The latter part of his addreſs is ſolemn and affecting; but had he thought leſs of himſelf, or more of Heloiſa, never could it have fallen from his pen: he would have felt, that every word was armed with a point, far too ſharp for her irritable texture. But in the diſpoſitions, I have deſcribed, what would he not riſk in the gratification of his ruling paſſion? He concludes in a diſtich, the ſentiment of which

is

is appoſite, and very analogous to the general features of the piece. BOOK V.

On the whole, though the letter be not ſuch, as a modern noveliſt would write; yet, as it came in character from Abeillard, it merits commendation: he meant it well. The event, indeed, will ſhew, that he was not ſufficiently guarded; and perhaps a leſs auſtere reply would have ſucceeded better.—In point of compoſition, it is in the ſtile of all his other writings, harſh, inelegant, languid, and ſometimes intricate. It harmoniſed with his mind.—We ſhall now ſee, how it was received by Heloiſa.

Agitated by the workings of her imagination, ſhe had looked with impatience for the return of her meſſenger. It was an anxious moment. Many times ſhe repented, that ſhe had ſaid ſo much; her letter might offend, or it might give him pain. It occurred ſometimes to her, that ſhe had omitted things of the greateſt moment, and that her long addreſs was too trifling to merit notice. Was ſhe ſure, the meſſenger would find him? He might have abſconded from the purſuits of his enemies; or the fatal ſtroke might have been given, which was for ever to deprive her of his ſight! Should he deign to anſwer her letter; what tidings would it bring?—In this wild uncertainty her mind was toſſed, when the meſſenger arrived, and he brought her an anſwer from Abeillard.

He who has experienced that inanition of heart, which diſappointment cauſes, when expectation has been highly raiſed, will beſt know what Heloiſa felt in peruſing theſe cold and inauſpicious lines. There was not a ſingle ſentiment which met her feelings. A formal compliment, much

BOOK V. about prayer and its efficacy, were the principal topics; and he cloſed this languid ſermon by a cruel requeſt, which inſenſibility only, or the certain proſpect of diſſolution, could have dictated. She hung over the heavy words; ſhe read them to her ſiſters; a general conſternation prevailed; they ſaw the aſſaſſin's knife pointed at the breaſt of their deareſt friend; they turned their thoughts to heaven, but the prayer he had ſent them, and which they now attempted to repeat, could find no utterance. Heloiſa, who ſhould have moderated this burſt of intemperate wailing, only added to it by her ſighs and ſorrowing geſtures: but in her it was not the grief of apprehenſion only which intereſted; ſhe had other thoughts to contend with, ſuch as diſappointment, ingratitude, ſuſpicion, and unavailing love had raiſed. In this *diſorder*, again ſhe reſolved to diſburden her heavy mind to Abeillard.—The moment which the agitated mind chuſes for the expreſſion of its feelings, is of all the leaſt adapted to the diſplay of reaſon, and the uſe of temperate, congruous, and guarded language. Such compoſitions muſt ever be read with candour, and be judged with indulgence. Why I have made this remark, will ſoon be evident.

Heloiſa's ſecond letter.

The opening of this ſecond letter is rather captious and unimportant.—Heloiſa expreſſes a ſurpriſe that, in the very front of his laſt ſalutation, Abeillard ſhould have placed her name before his own: this, ſhe ſays, was contrary to the uſual ſtile of epiſtolary correſpondence, and even contrary to the obvious order of things.

She then ſeizes upon thoſe concluding lines of his letter: "But if, by the permiſſion of heaven, my enemies ſhould "ſo far prevail as to take away my life, &c." and ſhe aſks with

with emphaſis: "Oh Abeillard! how could your mind ſug-
"geſt ſuch ideas; how could your hand write them? No,
"no; God will never ſo far forſake his ſervants, as to per-
"petuate our lives, when you are gone: he will not give
"us that kind of exiſtence, which is ten times worſe than
"death." She reminds him, that it will be his duty rather, who had aſſembled them at the Paraclet, to celebrate their obſequies, and to commend their ſouls to God. She entreats him: "In future, do, Sir, be more cautious in your ex-
"preſſions. Already, alas! we are wretched enough; why
"ſhould you make us more ſo; why, before the hour, de-
"prive us of that poor life, which we drag along with dif-
"ficulty? Each day is ſufficiently loaded with its own mi-
"ſery; and that laſt fatal one, covered with a robe of bit-
"terneſs, will bring to each of us an ample ſhare of ſor-
"row."—The addreſs is ſolemn and affecting.

She goes on: "You requeſt, ſhould your death happen
"whilſt abſent from us, that your body be conveyed to the
"Paraclet: thus, you think, with your image ever before
"us, to derive greater benefit from our prayers."—"Do
"you then imagine, (ſhe exclaims in a ſtrain of empaſſioned
"eloquence,) we can ever forget you? Or could that be a
"ſeaſon for prayer, when general conſternation ſhall have
"baniſhed every tranquil thought: when reaſon ſhall have
"loſt its ſway, and the tongue its utterance: when the
"mind, in frantic rage, rebelling againſt its maker, ſhall
"rather ſeek to provoke his anger by complaints, than to
"aſſuage him by ſupplications?—God grant that day may
"be our laſt! If the ſole mention of your death thus ſtrike
"us to the heart; what would the reality not do? It is our

" prayer to heaven, that we may not ſurvive you; that we " may never have to perform that office, which we expect " from your hands."

Again ſhe entreats him to be more conſiderate for the ſake of them all; at leaſt, that he will ſpare Heloiſa, by refraining from all expreſſions which, like the ſhafts of death, penetrate her ſoul.—The ſucceeding lines are placid and beautiful: " For the mind worn down by grief is a ſtranger " to repoſe; plunged in troubles, it is little able to think " on God. Will you impede his ſervice, to whom you have " devoted our lives? It were to be wiſhed that every neceſ- " ſary event, which brings ſorrow with it, might take place, " when we expect it leaſt: for if that torment us, which " human foreſight cannot avert, it only raiſes unavailing " fears." To this ſhe applies the words of her favourite Lucan,

Sit ſubitum quodcumque paras; ſit cæca futuri
Mens hominum fati! Liceat ſperare timenti.

Lib. ii.

The laſt words of the poet, *may he that fears, ſtill live in hope*, touched an irritable fibre, with which, in the breaſt of Heloiſa, was too nearly aſſociated a long ſeries of calamitous reflections; and its motion raiſed a ſtorm, which the reader, perhaps, will view with wonder.

" Hope! cried ſhe; and if I loſe you, what have I to " hope for? Muſt I remain a pilgrim here, when you, my " only comfort, are gone from me? But even in you what " comfort have I, ſave only the thought, that ſtill you live?

" All

" All other joys are forbidden to me: even the privilege of " your company, it ſeems, is too much for Heloiſa!"

Having indulged this firſt ſally of paſſion, ſhe is hurried impetuouſly forward.—" May I then ſay, that heaven has " been my relentleſs perſecutor! If you call it clemency, " where is cruelty to be found? Fortune, that ſavage deſ- " tiny, has ſpent againſt me every arrow of her rage: ſhe " has none left to throw at others. Her quiver was full, " and ſhe exhauſted it on me: mortals have no longer " cauſe to dread her: nor if there were a ſhaft left, would " it find in me a ſpot to light on. But though bleeding at " every pore, my enemy does not ſtay her barbarous hand: " ſhe ſuſpends the fatal ſtroke, and only fears leſt my wounds " prove mortal. Of all the wretched I am the moſt forlorn " and wretched!"—With great expreſſion ſhe relates, how much ſhe had been raiſed above the reſt of her ſex, and how low ſhe had fallen; that there was no woman of birth or fortune, that would have compared ſituation with her; and that in proſperity and in adverſity her life had known no meaſure. " My happineſs was unbounded, ſhe ſays, ſo is " my ſorrow. Hanging over my pitiable ſtate, I ſhed the " more tears, when I view the magnitude of my loſſes; but " they redouble, when recollection tells me, how dear that " poſſeſſion was, which I have loſt. To the greateſt joys " have ſucceeded the greateſt ſorrows."

Again ſhe arraigns the ways of providence, and boldly enters on the diſcuſſion of a ſubject, into which the decency of modern language will not permit me to follow her. There is ſtrength in her reaſoning, but the ſentiments are indelicate: paſſion may be pleaded as ſome excuſe, and the

manners

BOOK V. manners of the age will come in to aſſiſt her juſtification. Modern delicacy, which ſometimes borders on affectation, is no proof of innocence of character.

" Having lowered yourſelf, ſhe continues, to raiſe me, " and thus given dignity to myſelf and all my family, what " more could be expected? All guilt was cancelled before " God and man. But why was Heloiſa born to be the oc- " caſion of ſo black a perfidy—!" She then proceeds to ſhew, from hiſtorical examples, how baneful has ever been the influence of women on the greateſt men; ſtill drawing ſome conſolation from the reflection, that, like the women ſhe had mentioned, no intentional guilt could be imputed to her: but was ſhe ſure, ſhe ſays, that her many antecedent ſins had not juſtly provoked the wrath of heaven? " God " then grant me power, ſhe exclaims, to do ample penance! " May my ſorrow, lengthened out to many days, bear ſome " proportion to what you have ſuffered! It is but juſt, and " to it I conſign my life. Thus to Abeillard, at leaſt, I " ſhall make ſome atonement, *if I make none to heaven.*"

Theſe were the words, which opened to her view a ſcene, that in candour, truth, and ſimplicity ſhe lays before her friend. " I will now diſcloſe to you, ſhe ſays, all the ſe- " cret foibles of my heart. Tell me then, can I hope to " appeaſe the divine anger, I who, at every moment, am " charging heaven with cruelty? My murmurs may draw " on me greater vengeance: the ſorrow, at leaſt, of ſuch a " penitent, will not avert it. But why do I talk of peni- " tence? Whilſt the mind retains all its former attachment " to ſin, what avails the external language of grief? Eaſy, " indeed, it is to declare one's faults; it is eaſy to put on

" the

" the impoſing garb of penitence: but oh God! how hard " is it to tear the mind from thoſe affections, which were " once ſo dear!"—She confirms theſe awful ſentiments by the words of holy Job, and ſhe adduces the authority of Gregory and Ambroſe. Then ſhe proceeds: " So faſcinating " were the pleaſures we once indulged; the thought of " them cannot give me pain, nor can I efface their impreſ- " ſion. Wherever I turn my eyes, in all their charms, " there are they preſent to me. Even in my dreams the " dear phantoms hover round me.—During the pomp of " awful ſacrifice, when the ſoul, on the wings of prayer, " ſhould riſe more pure to heaven, the ſame importunate " ideas haunt my wretched ſoul; they occupy every avenue " to my heart. When I ſhould grieve for what is paſſed, " I only ſigh that the ſame pleaſures return no more. Too " faithful has my mind been to its impreſſions: it holds up " before me every circumſtance of our loſt connection, " when all the ſcenes of vaniſhed joys play wantonly before " me.—Sometimes, I know, the ſtrong workings of my " mind betray themſelves on my countenance; I am heard " to pronounce words, which eſcape unthinkingly from " me. Alas! how truly wretched is my condition! To me " ſurely may be applied thoſe plaintive lines of the apoſtle; " Miſerable mortal that I am; who will free me from this " body of death?" Could I but add with truth! The grace " of God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord."

Such is this plaintive lamentation of Heloiſa, which has often been ſo unfairly repreſented. It is not the ſhameleſs declaration of an abandoned nun, voluntarily loſt in obſcenity, and glorying in the ſtate; but it is the ingenuous confeſſion

BOOK V. confeſſion, which a penitent, ſorrowing in her mind, makes to her huſband, her friend, and her guide. Surpriſed we may be, that time, retirement, application, buſineſs, religion, had not eraſed the impreſſions from her ſoul; but this does but prove, how ardent her imagination, and how retentive her recollection was. There are minds of an extraordinary organization; and ſuch was that of Heloiſa: the very circumſtances which, in others, would have baniſhed thought, falling in her way, only fixed it more. To ſay ſhe was profligate, is to ſpeak a falſhood; to call her impudent in the confeſſion of her weakneſſes, is not to know the circumſtances in which ſhe was; and not to pity her, is to poſſeſs a heart of ſtone.

Heloiſa then goes on to declare her unworthineſs: "They, who cannot look into my ſoul, think me virtuous; "they think me chaſte, becauſe my actions are ſo; when "ſurely this amiable virtue only dwells within the mind. "Men may praiſe me; but before God I am worthleſs: he "is the ſearcher of hearts, and his eye penetrates into the "inmoſt thoughts."—She mentions the hypocritical morality of the age, which is ſatisfied with the outward ſhow of virtue. Some praiſe, ſhe owns, is due to ſuch actions; but that we are obliged not only to abſtain from evil, but likewiſe to do good: neither of them, however, ſhe declares, have any claim to a reward, unleſs they be done from a motive of pleaſing God.

But if ſo, ſhe adds, what muſt her pretenſions be to any reward hereafter? "Through the whole courſe of my life, "God knows, what have been my diſpoſitions. It was you, "Abeillard, and not him, whom I feared moſt to offend;

"you,

" you, and not him, I was moſt anxious to pleaſe. My " mind is ſtill unaltered. It was no love of him, but your " command which drew me to the cloiſter. How miſerable " then my condition if, undergoing ſo much, I have no " proſpect of a reward hereafter! By external ſhow, you " have been deceived like others: you aſcribed to the im- " preſſions of religion, what ſprang from another ſource; " and therefore recommending yourſelf to my prayers, you " aſk that ſuccour from me, which I look for from you."

She begs, he will not place that confidence in her, which may cauſe her to loſe the aſſiſtance, ſhe wants ſo much. If he thinks her in good health, he will apply no medicines; if in affluence, his hand will not be open to relieve her; and if ſtrong, ſhe may fall, alas! before he can run in to ſupport her. Undeſerved praiſe, ſhe obſerves, has been the ruin of many.

" Let me then entreat you, ſhe adds, if you be an enemy " to flattery, and a friend to truth, to ceaſe from praiſing " me. If you think, I poſſeſs any thing commendable, do " not you, at leaſt, raiſe the wind of vanity, which may " diſſipate it at a blaſt. Would he be thought an able phy- " ſician who, from external ſymptoms, ſhould pretend to " determine on the nature of an internal complaint? " Things which are common to the ſaint and the ſinner " have no merit in the ſight of God. Such are all outward " practices, to which the hypocrite more fedulouſly adheres, " than the greateſt ſaint."

She continues the ſame beautiful chain of reflections: " The heart of man is depraved; it is inſcrutable to human " ſight: who yet has fathomed it? And there are ways

BOOK V. " which ſeem to us ſtraight, the ends of which lead to " death. Where God has reſerved judgment to himſelf, " it is raſh in man to pronounce. Praiſe no one while he " lives. Give not commendation at a time, when the very " act of doing it may make him undeſerving of it. To me " your praiſes bring the greateſt delight; but therefore are " they more dangerous."—The moſt chriſtian moraliſt never expreſſed finer ſentiments.

Thus ſhe concludes: " Tell me not, in your exhortations " to a religious life, " that virtue is perfected in tempta- " tion, and that he only ſhall be crowned, who has ſtoutly " contended." I look for no laurels, no crown of victory, " It is enough for me to keep out of the way of danger. I " like not the perils of war. If God will but give me the " loweſt place in heaven, I ſhall be ſatisfied. No jealouſy " is there, where each one is pleaſed with his own allotment " of happineſs."

More reflections on this beautiful epiſtle will not be neceſ- ſary. The reader muſt have made many as he came along; and he muſt have admired, have pitied, and have praiſed the lovely writer. No ſubject perhaps has ever been before him, from which the moraliſt, the philoſopher, and the man of pleaſure could draw more edification and improve- ment. The exceptionable paſſages, if any there really be, will have been judged with the indulgence I requeſted. Se- verer critics may be moroſe, and I ſhall not value their cenſures, or envy their morality.—In language this letter is much inferior to the laſt: it is leſs ſtudied, and conſequently leſs claſſical and elegant. But the thoughts are more glow- ing, the expreſſion more rapid, and the connection of

argument

argument more preciſe. As the ideas occurred, ſhe wrote them, in the firſt words which offered. Such is the character of paſſion; neglectful, but nervous, impetuous, and full. On examination it will be found that the arrangement of her thoughts is admirable: this, it ſhould ſeem, is contrary to the nature of unpremeditated compoſition: but ſurpriſe will ceaſe, when we reflect, how repeatedly her mind had dwelt on the ſubject: it was a ſyſtem of ideas: the occaſion therefore no ſooner called for their expreſſion, than they fell from her pen, glowing, methodical, and natural, as they had pre-exiſted in the fancy of Heloiſa. But innocence ſurely may allay with the moſt fervid imagination, and the humble confeſſion of weakneſſes can never be conſtrued into an attachment to vice.

The abbot of St. Gildas was little affected by this pathetic remonſtrance. He had taken his reſolution, or rather his mind had taken its bent, from which no effort could withdraw it. He ſaw, I think, with ſome commiſeration, the unfortunate ſtate in which Heloiſa was, and he knew the ſway he had over her. He reſolved therefore to try the power of ſerious expoſtulation; he would prove himſelf the experienced phyſician, to whom ſhe had alluded, and as her diſtemper was known to him, he would apply a remedy. This conduct was conſiſtent and friendly, and it merits praiſe.

Abeillard's reply.

The ſubject of her letter he divides into four diſtinct heads, which he ſeparately diſcuſſes. "I will reply to "them, ſays Abeillard, not ſo much in my own juſtifica-"tion, as to inſtruct and to adviſe you. When you ſhall "be made ſenſible, that my requeſts are founded on reaſon,

BOOK V. " you will be more diſpoſed to aſſent to them; when you " ſhall diſcover that, in my own concerns I am not repre- " henſible, you will liſten to me when I undertake to di- " rect your's; and the more blameleſs I ſhall appear, the " leſs, I think, you will dare to undervalue my counſels." This is authoritative and manly.

His firſt reply is to the trifling objection of her name having been placed before his own. This, he ſays, was done agreeably to her own documents: for is not ſhe become, by her religious profeſſion, the ſpouſe of God, and conſequently his miſtreſs and ſuperior?—He then ſhews, in a long and rather puerile diſſertation, what thoſe virtues principally are, which ſhould decorate the myſtic ſpouſe. She is typified in the black virgin of the Canticles, a form to which Heloiſa, he obſerves, in the ſable robes of her order, bears ſome reſemblance. He deſcants on the qualities of negro-fleſh, which, in ſome regards, he ſays, has peculiar attractions.—But I pretend not to underſtand the language of myſticiſm, which is always intricate, and ſometimes ſeems to glow with indecent alluſions.

To her ſecond complaint, that by mentioning the danger to which his life was expoſed, he had but added to her ſorrows, he ſays: " And was not this alſo done agreeably " to your own earneſt requeſt? I have your words in my " recollection, (and he cites them): why then complain, " that I have made you partake of my anxiety, when you " had forced me to relate it? Is it, whilſt I hold my life in " ſuſpence, that you would deem it expedient to be in " gladneſs? In joy you would be my companion, but not " in ſorrow. It is in adverſity that the real friend is tried.

" Let

" Let me then hear no more of theſe expreſſions; ſilence " theſe wailings, which, in truth, are not the language of " ſincere affection. Or, if this be not agreeable to you, per- " mit me, at leaſt, ſurrounded as I am by dangers, to be " anxious for my ſoul's good, and to make what proviſion, " I can, for another world. This foreſight, if you really " love me, Heloiſa, you can never cenſure."—He tells her, if ſhe had any confidence in the divine mercies towards him, that rather it would be her wiſh to ſee him freed from preſent miſeries, which were become intolerable; that ſhe muſt know, that he would be his benefactor, whoſe kind hand ſhould cloſe his eyes: what then might be my fate, ſays he, is uncertain, but I now know what I ſuffer: that the termination of actual miſery would, at all events, be a happineſs; and that they who truly love, look not to their own advantage, but to the caſe of their friends. " And " though their converſation, he goes on, give delight, they " would rather they ſhould be abſent, and be happy, than " be preſent, and be wretched. But even the poor com- " fort of my wretched preſence cannot be allowed to you: " as then you have no intereſt in me, why wiſh me to live " in pain, than die to be happy? And could you draw any " advantage from the length of my misfortunes, would it " be the part of a friend or of an enemy to deſire their " prolongation? The name of enemy does not pleaſe you, " I know; ceaſe, therefore, from your unavailing lamen- " tations."

On the third head he is very ſhort. He applauds her diſapprobation of praiſe, which only makes her more deſerving of it: he truſts, it is as ſincerely in her mind, as it

was

BOOK V. was ſtrongly marked in her letter: if ſo, ſays he, you are truly humble, nor will it be diſſipated by my commendation: but he adviſes her to be on her guard, leſt by ſeeming to decline praiſe, ſhe ſhould only court it the more, and make her mouth give the lie to the feelings of her heart. "My praiſe, he obſerves, ſhall not elate you; it ſhall "animate you in your advances to perfection. The more "it is your wiſh to pleaſe me, with the greater ardour you "will practiſe my inſtructions. I commend not your vir-"tues, that you may glory in them: and obſerve that, as "the cenſures of enemies are often too prejudiced, ſo are "the commendations of our friends ſometimes too partial "to be relied on."

In a more grave and ſolemn tone he then enters on her fourth charge: "It remains, ſays Abeillard, that I examine "more minutely what has long been the ſubject of your "inceſſant complaints; I mean the circumſtance, which "drew us from the world. Here you accuſe the ways of "providence, when it would be more equitable to extol "them. I had thought, indeed, that long ago this bitter-"neſs had been eraſed from your mind. The more dan-"gerous it is, at once threatening the ruin of your ſoul "and body, the more it merits pity, and the more it gives "me pain. You declare, Heloiſa, that your only wiſh is "to pleaſe me: quit then theſe baneful thoughts, that you "may torment me no longer, that you may make me happy. "With them you cannot pleaſe me; nor with them can "you think to go along with me to happineſs hereafter. "You have profeſſed a willingneſs to follow me even to the "gates of miſery, and will you let me go without you to

"thoſe

" thoſe of endleſs joy?—Recollect what you once ſaid; call " to mind the words of your laſt letter, that in the manner " of our converſion, and in the mode of God's chaſtiſe- " ment, heaven had been rather propitious to me."—He then very fully diſcuſſes the ſubject, and enumerates ſome circumſtances of their former lives, which could only be known to themſelves, dwelling on his own exceſſes, which, he thinks, very juſtly draw after them the vengeance of heaven: every where, even in the acts of greateſt ſeverity, he ſees the paternal hand of mercy, working their mutual ſalvation, and drawing good from evil.—The whole is interſperſed with many pious and appoſite reflections, which mark his reſignation to providence, and the habits of a penitential and religious mind. Indelicacies there are, but they are inſeparable from the ſubject: Heloiſa herſelf had firſt moved them, and I can therefore pardon the good abbot, who only continued the diſcuſſion.

If ſhe be ſo much diſpoſed to grieve, he then adviſes her to turn her eyes to another object; and he recounts the circumſtances of our Saviour's paſſion: this, he ſays, ſhould challenge all her tears. He extols the wonders of his love, and he calls him her only true friend.—Again he turns his view to the divine mercies, which had been ſo indulgent to them both, and he concludes with a prayer, which he begs ſhe will often repeat for herſelf and for him.

There was now a pauſe in this intereſting correſpondence. Abeillard had done his duty, and he waited with patience, till an anſwer from the Paraclet ſhould inform him, that his letter had had its deſired effect, and that Heloiſa was returned to a more compoſed and more fortunate diſpoſition

of

BOOK V.

of mind. She had received the letter, and was ſoon ſenſible from its peruſal, that Abeillard was ſtill her friend, that his judgment was better formed than her's, that his religion was more exemplary, that his virtue was more perfect, and that his general views of things were more comprehenſive, and more adequate to the great deſigns of providence. She would not anſwer it immediately; ſhe would permit its documents to operate on her heart; and when the effect ſhould be more ſecure, ſhe would once more write to her friend.

Mr. Pope's Heloiſa.

As the elegant poem of Mr. Pope, according to his own declaration, was *partly extracted* from the foregoing letters, it will not be an unſeaſonable digreſſion to bring it before the reader, on the preſent occaſion. I know the fancy of a poet is not to be curbed, and he that ſhould dare to do it, would infringe his beſt prerogative. It is the abuſe only of this power which is cenſurable. Mr. Pope had read theſe famous letters; but I think, he had only read an unfaithful tranſlation of them, which was publiſhed in French, at the end of the laſt century. In this tranſlation the characters of the two lovers are depicted in the falſeſt colours. The reader, who is now, I hope, better acquainted with them, may perhaps be diſpoſed to think with me, that our inimitable poet might have adhered more ſtrictly to hiſtorical truth, without any danger of undue reſtraint, or without having deprived his compoſition of a ſingle beauty. He that has known nothing of the real lives of Abeillard and Heloiſa, may have read this poem, and admired it; but he read in the dark, and he admired from the mechanical impreſſion which beauty makes upon the mind. It is rather a rhapſody,

replete

replete with elegant diction, and the moſt delightful imagery, than a methodiſed compoſition: it wants order, an exact diſcrimination of ideas, and that accurate fitneſs of character and local objects, which the poet, on other occaſions, ſo eminently poſſeſſed. I have ſeen a garden, into which, without much order, the moſt beautiful flowers of nature have been thrown, and of which the gardener's hand was not permitted to check the luxuriant growth, and this has ſometimes brought to my recollection Mr. Pope's Heloiſa.

The poem opens at the moment, when Heloiſa had read Abeillard's letter to his friend, which had been put into her hands;

In theſe deep ſolitudes, &c.

But it was not love which firſt roſe in her heart; it was pity for his ſufferings, of which ſhe had peruſed the ſad ſtory, and anxiety on account of the danger to which his life was hourly expoſed. Theſe ſentiments, as circumſtances ſtood, were far more natural than love.

The ſtir ſhe then makes about the *dear fatal name*, is unmeaning, and in the true ſtile of a boarding-ſchool Miſs. The name of Abeillard was familiar to every mouth at the Paraclet, and the abbeſs doubtleſs was free to pronounce it, and to write it, when ſhe pleaſed.

O write it not my hand!—&c.

Her deſign in writing was to inquire about his ſituation, and to eaſe her mind of thoughts, which gave her pain. This was laudable and ſeemly.

The following paſſage, *Relentleſs walls!* &c. is beautifully poetical; but it ill accords with Heloiſa's own account, or with the ſtate of mind which the poet had himſelf given her. Are *rugged rocks* often found within the precincts of a convent; or could thoſe of the Paraclet have been *worn by holy knees*, which till this moment, as Heloiſa tells us, had been inhabited only by thieves and howling beaſts, and where the name of God had never ſounded?

Though cold like you, unmov'd, and ſilent grown:

Can hardly be applied to her, whom the poet has deſcribed, the ſlave of love and man.

I tremble too, whene'er my own I find:

It is remarkable that the name of Heloiſa is only, I think, once mentioned in Abeillard's long epiſtle; ſhe might therefore eaſily count the misfortunes which followed ſo cloſe behind it.—Can it be ſaid, when ſhe entered the convent's ſolitary gloom, that *ſtern religion* there *quenched* the flame, which ſtill burnt ſo furiouſly? Or that

There *dy'd* the beſt of paſſions, love and fame?

Is *fame* a paſſion?

Yet write, oh write me all, &c.

Can the reader poſſibly know what ſhe wiſhes him to write? Hiſtory indeed tells us, that ſhe wiſhed to hear of the perils which threatened his life; but of this the poet ſays nothing.

Inceſſantly

Inceſſantly he talks of his ſighs, of his tears, of his grief, as if they ſympathiſed with thoſe of Heloiſa; as if he alſo had been a forlorn and hapleſs lover. All the tears he ſhed were on his own account.

Heaven firſt taught letters, &c.

are charming lines, and improved from the thought of Heloiſa.—So are the following

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame: &c.

They are highly deſcriptive, and drawn from the real circumſtances of their ſituation. But as to *divine truths*, we know that few of them fell from his tongue on the ear of Heloiſa. Their hours were not ſpent in learned dalliance. —In the two laſt lines of this paragraph is made a tranſition from the paſt to the preſent time, for the ſake, it ſeems, of introducing a ſentiment, at once incongruous in the gradation of paſſion, and extravagant in itſelf.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, &c.

Heloiſa was, but once, preſſed to marriage, and then, though reluctantly, ſhe conſented. The knot was ſoon after tied. Yet it muſt appear to the unlearned reader, from this paſſage, which contains the delightful deſcription of diſintereſted love, and from others, that the lovers were never joined in wedlock:

No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love!

And how can ſuch a prepoſterous wiſh be put into the mouth of Heloiſa? She had then been the wife of Abeillard for many long years; and had ſhe not been ſo; ſurely, all circumſtances conſidered, it was a wild wiſh.—Much of this paſſage is taken from the original letter; but, as uſual, the abbeſs of the Paraclet is made to utter the thoughtleſs ſentiments of the romantic Heloiſa, in her eighteenth year.

> Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn Day,
> When victims at yon altar's foot we lay? &c.

On that ſad day the altar of the Paraclet did not exiſt: nor were Abeillard and Heloiſa either profeſſed on the ſame day, or at the ſame place: one was at Argenteuil, the other at St. Denys. But the poet's deſcription of this awful ſcene is truly admirable, and amply compenſates for the errors of time and place; it is likewiſe not widely remote from the real event, as I deſcribed it in ſimple proſe. Still Mr. Pope will have it, that her eyes were now fixed on Abeillard; and what is more incredible, he even makes her ſay that,

> *Love* only was her call.

Could it be *love* that drew her *from* him to the cloiſter? Obedience, we know, it was, and an heroic ſubmiſſion to his imperious mandate.

From the enſuing lines, which are indecent, and no ways warranted by the real language of Heloiſa, the poet, with an apparent ſhock, turns to more becoming ſentiments:

Ah

Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With *other beauties* charm my partial eyes:

Why with *other beauties*, when before he had mentioned none?

Ah! think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care, &c.

The whole paſſage is almoſt literally taken from the letters; which ſhews, that the poet knew how to copy accurately, when it pleaſed his muſe.

In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light: &c.

Struck with this awful picture, we are not aware that it does not harmoniſe with the proſaic *plain roofs*, juſt mentioned, or with Paraclet's *white walls*. It is the deſcription of an antique and venerable abbey: but the introduction of this gloomy ſcene was neceſſary, that Abeillard's eyes might diffuſe their rays, and diſpel the darkneſs.

See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)

How was Abeillard to know that ſhe had recourſe to others prayers? But this line may be underſtood; its correſponding one can convey no idea to the moſt myſtic conception. To beg the aſſiſtance of others prayers, on which Abeillard, in his letter, had ſo much inſiſted, is the fraud of *amorous* charity!

The

The darkſome pines, &c.

Poetry has nothing more beautiful than theſe lines. The moſt airy mind cannot read them without ſome pauſe of reflection. The perſonification of *melancholy* is awfully ſtriking; and he that has been ſad can tell, how often the inward gloom of his ſoul ſeemed to ſpread over every object, and to tinge the gayeſt ſcenes. Such were the ſilver ſprings and flowery meads of the Paraclet to the forlorn eye of Heloiſa.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain, &c.

The whole paſſage, which follows this line, is very nearly taken from that part of Heloiſa's ſecond letter, which I ſtiled her *lamentation*, and the reflections I there made, I wiſh may be applied to it. They will ſerve, perhaps, to reconcile the delicacy of ſome readers to a train of ideas, which, otherwiſe, muſt appear extremely reprehenſible. Mr. Pope, whoſe pencil was ever charged with colours, has certainly heightened ſome expreſſions, and added of his own: for example;

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence;
Now think of thee, and *curſe my innocence*.

How impious are theſe laſt words, and how unfairly do they repreſent the ſorrowing mind of Heloiſa! In bitterneſs ſhe confeſſed her weakneſſes, lamenting that ſtill ſhe was ſubject to them. Shall the poet, when he handles hiſtoric ſubjects, have no reſpect for truth of character, and only ſeek to pleaſe by ſuch means, as his imagination may ſuggeſt?

Can theſe lines be read without a wiſh of being this blameleſs veſtal? I think, I have known nuns, to whom, in truth, each word might have been applied. In their innocence taken from the world; taught to believe that out of thoſe walls all was ſin and wickedneſs, and that within them religion, with every virtue, only dwelt; impreſſed with the awful idea, that they heard the voice of God calling them to the happy ſtate: could there be minds better prepared for the ingreſs of that charming enthuſiaſm, which the poet has deſcribed?

Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals ſing;
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Such was not the ſtate of Heloiſa. The tumult of her mind, Mr. Pope then ſtrongly contraſts with the ſerenity of his blameleſs veſtal:

Far other dreams, &c.

He availed himſelf of a ſingle line in the original, and out of it drew a deſcriptive ſcene, too glowing in its colouring, and too luſcious in its imagery. How unguarded, in general, is the poet's pen, even when he pretends to admire virtue, and to be in love with innocence!

For

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, &c.

The tranſition is beautiful, from the troubled breaſt of Heloiſa, to the *long dead calm* of Abeillard's mind. It is copied from the letters, the laſt lines excepted, which are in the happieſt ſtile of our poet:

Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow; &c.

The following paſſage is alſo ſufficiently juſtified by the original,

What ſcenes appear, where'er I turn my view? &c.

With this difference, however, that there it is ſimply narrative, and here poeſy has profuſely ſpread her moſt bewitching graces; there Heloiſa bemoans the captive ſtate of her ſoul, and here ſhe recounts it with ſeeming complacency. So oppoſite is art to nature!

But with this departure from truth, (which, with the impreſſion of his lines on my mind, I could not but have forgiven,) Mr. Pope was not ſatisfied: he proceeds in a deſcription, which is all fictitious; and from an opening, gentle as the firſt dawnings of grace, riſes to a climax of paſſion, which terminates in raging phrenzy;

Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

She ſays to Abeillard. With reaſon has this paſſage been often cenſured as extremely reprehenſible. And would his

Heloiſa

Heloiſa have been leſs amiable, had ſhe been leſs extravagant? In truth, I know not, how ſhe could ſo ſoon have loſt ſight of the cold and lifeleſs Abeillard, ſhe had juſt deſcribed; and the reflection ſhould rather have checked this rant of paſſion. But as in tragic compoſition, every affection of the mind muſt be carried to its criſis, and there burſt, ſo would not Mr. Pope quit his Heloiſa, till he had extinguiſhed in her every ray of that tranſcendent reaſon, which ſhe ſo eminently poſſeſſed.

Happily, however, ſhocked at her own extravagance, ſhe inſtantly exclaims;

> No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
> Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!

But the annexed ideas prove, that her underſtanding was ſtill bewildered. *Ah, come not:* Abeillard was not diſpoſed to come.—*Write not:* this was the very thing, ſhe had ſo earneſtly requeſted.—*Think not once of me:* it was a groundleſs ſolicitude:

> Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit: ſhe was not free to break the matrimonial bond.

> Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

The reader, who knows what Abeillard's real diſpoſitions had long been, and how much Heloiſa complains of his ungrateful uſage, will hardly reliſh the poet's oppoſition to the truth of hiſtory.

At laſt opens, in charming meaſure, the triumph of grace:

Oh grace ſerene! &c.

I am delighted with this return of reaſon, and to find again the Heloiſa, repentant and guiltleſs, whom theſe pages have exhibited. I knew her not in the meretricious dreſs of the poet; yet aukward is her following attitude;

See in her cell ſad Heloiſa *ſpread:*

And it may be made a queſtion, whether, *ſpread* as ſhe is deſcribed, ſhe could alſo, at the time, be *propt on ſome tomb?* —Mr. Pope likewiſe might have known that tombs are never raiſed in the cells of nuns: but it is clear, though he calls it a cell, that he has placed her in the cloiſters, or rather in one of the ailes of the church.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
" Come, Siſter, come!" &c.

It is the invitation, which a ſainted maid gives to the ſad Heloiſa; ſhe calls her to *eternal ſleep:* well therefore may ſhe ſay that all here is *calm;*

That grief forgets to groan, and love to weep.

Though to *ſleep* for ever be no enticing thought, yet is Heloiſa ready to obey the call;

I come, I come! &c.

Still,

Still, turning to Abeillard, ſhe begs he will pay the laſt ſad office, and *catch her flying ſoul;* or rather, (which would be more in character, as he was a prieſt and an abbot,) that in *ſacred veſtments* he would ſtand by her ſide, and

> Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

But as ſhe ſpeaks to Abeillard of her own death only, where is the propriety of the exclamation,

> Oh death, all-eloquent! you only prove,
> What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love?

This ſhe might have ſaid, hanging over the corſe of her huſband.

> Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy, &c.

One grave did unite them, as the ſequel of this hiſtory will ſhew.—The concluſion of this admired poem proceeds in the ſame line of beauty: it is exquiſitely affecting; and though we know, that Mr. Pope was never joined by fate in a *ſimilitude of griefs* to Heloiſa; though he never loved *ſo long, ſo well* as ſhe, yet he was the bard to tell her ſad and tender ſtory;

> The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt.

I have ventured this ſhort critique on Mr. Pope's Heloiſa. Blemiſhes it certainly has, as a compoſition, only that they are loſt to moſt eyes, in the dazzling glare of its beauties. But its moral imperfections are of a more ſerious nature.

BOOK V.

Never, I believe, was there a more dangerous production. It preſents poiſon to the hand of inexperienced youth, and the cup which holds it is all of burniſhed gold. It would have been well, I believe, for the common intereſts of virtue and innocence, had this ſeductive poem never ſeen the light.

The ſerious contents of Abeillard's laſt letter, tho' they had not wholly reformed the mind of Heloiſa, which was not poſſible, yet had they greatly contributed to abate its too fervid tone. She felt herſelf more tranquil, and more reſigned to heaven: this was the moment to anſwer his letter.

Heloiſa's third letter.

" That you may not have it in your power to charge me " with diſobedience, ſays ſhe, as you ordered me to check " the language of immoderate grief, I have done it: when " I write to you, my expreſſions ſhall be more temperate, " but, on other occaſions, I cannot promiſe to refrain my " tongue. Nothing is leſs in a man's power than his own " mind: to obey it he is often forced, and ſeldom can he " command its operations. The ſudden impulſe of ſtrong " affections cannot be at once repreſſed; their effects are " viſibly marked on the countenance, and they announce " themſelves in words, which are their readieſt vehicle. " From the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh. " But even when my tongue ſhall be ungovernable, I will " keep my hand in ſubjection: it would be well, if the " mind which grieves were as ſubſervient to my voice.—To " reſtore my mind to ſerenity, is not, I fear, in your " power; but you can moderate its ſorrow. One thought " is baniſhed by another. The chain of gloomy meditation

" is

" is broken, when new objects arise to engage the attention; " and the more honourable, or expedient, or interesting " these may appear, the more intense will be their impres- " sion, and the more will the mind turn aside from trou- " ble." BOOK V.

With this view, she proposes to Abeillard two subjects, on which she would wish him to enter. The first was the origin of the monastic institute, as it related to nuns; and the second, the ordaining of a rule solely adapted to women, which should be received at the Paraclet. This, she observes, had not hitherto been done; in consequence of which, all that engaged in the monastic life, men or women, were obliged to practise the same rule; which, through the whole Latin church, was that of St. Bennet. She then examines this famous rule, and shews, in how many instances, its practices and forms are incompatible with the habits and dispositions of women; for whom therefore, she determines, it could not have been primarily intended. " But then, " cries she, how ridiculous, and even presumptuous, to " bind ourselves, by a solemn engagement, to an institute, " which we can neither understand nor practise. Prudence " is the mother of all virtues, and by reason must our con- " duct be ever regulated: these are the only basis of what- " ever may be termed laudable or religious. Before a bur- " den be laid on, the strength of the shoulders must be tried, " which are to support it."

Even St. Bennet himself, she notices, had wisely modelled his rule, agreeably to the circumstances of the times, and the dispositions of his subjects: what then would he not have done, had he been employed to give laws to the weaker sex?

For

For this ſex, ſhe thinks, it would be enough, not to aim, in their religious inſtitutes, at a higher perfection, than what is practiſed by the miniſters of the church; even it would be well, could they emulate the virtues of the pious laity. "Would to God, ſhe goes on, we were only able, "by our beſt exertions, to fulfill the the goſpel precepts, "and not to ſurpaſs them; that we did not aſpire to be "more than chriſtians!"—From the greater ſobriety of women, which ariſes, Heloiſa remarks, from the nature of their conſtitutions, ſhe draws an argument to prove, that they ſhould be under no reſtriction in the uſe of what they may chuſe to eat or drink. The world, ſhe ſays, is viſibly grown old, and its inhabitants poſſeſs no longer that ſtrength of texture, which belonged to their progenitors: rules, therefore, which were enacted for the good of man, ſhould vary as he varies: owing to this obſervation, ſhe ſays, it was, that St. Bennet indulged his monks with the uſe of wine.—"At all events, continues ſhe, why be ſolicitous "about things, which are ſo indifferent in themſelves; which "the ſinner and the ſaint may equally practiſe. Let ſin be "prohibited; but let us have every other indulgence poſ-"ſible." She proceeds to diſcuſs the nature of external obſervances, which ſhe treats as things of no value. Virtue alone, ſhe ſays, has merit before heaven; the true chriſtian is ſolely occupied in perfecting his moral character; it is from the will that evil flows, and not from what is external to it.

She concludes: "But it is now, Sir, your duty to make "ſuch regulations for us, as may be binding on the Paraclet "for ever. You, under God, are the founder of this houſe.

" houſe. When you are gone, we may have a teacher, who " may be diſpoſed to build on another foundation. For us, " we fear, he may be leſs ſolicitous, or we may be leſs at- " tentive to him: ſhould he be willing to ſerve us, as you " are, he may not be equally capable. Do you ſpeak to us, " and we will liſten. Farewell."

The ſound judgment and enlarged views of Heloiſa are eminently conſpicuous thoughout this letter. Her's are not the ideas of a woman, narrowed by a cloiſtered education. She had ſtudied, with much attention, the character of her ſex; the deſign and nature of the monaſtic inſtitute ſhe had freely viewed; the real precepts and duties of chriſtianity ſhe had cautiouſly diſcriminated from human inventions, and from thoſe external works, on which too many rely; and ſhe had convinced herſelf that it was prepoſterous to aim at the high flights of romantic piety, while thoſe virtues are over-looked as inſufficient, on which alone the true ſpirit of the goſpel reſts. She propoſed that her nuns ſhould aſpire to perfection, by the practice only of the domeſtic virtues; that they ſhould ſtrive to be happy in the ſociety of one another; that their tempers ſhould not be ſoured by corporal macerations, or the infliction of humiliating chaſtiſements; and that enjoying the comforts of a ſound mind, with a conſtitution invigorated by proper nouriſhment, they ſhould be able to improve their underſtandings by ſtudy, to ſing the praiſes of their maker with alacrity and perſeverance, and to edify their neighbours by a diſplay of virtues, which it is equally the duty of every chriſtian citizen to practiſe.

Abeillard

BOOK V.

Abeillard's anſwer.

Abeillard undertook to make a very full reply to the two principal queſtions propoſed by Heloiſa. He was pleaſed to find that her mind began to turn from the thoughts, which had oppreſſed it, and that it would be bent on enquiries, from which improvement and inſtruction might be drawn, and on which alſo he himſelf would have an opportunity of exerciſing his authority, and of diſplaying his erudition.—He firſt treats of the origin of the female monaſtic inſtitute, which he deduces from the earlieſt times: it began, he ſays, with Chriſt, and his immediate ſucceſſors. He purſues the ſubject into its various branches, adducing authorities from Pagan, Jewiſh, and chriſtian ſources, to prove that women, with their virtues, were ever the firſt favourites of heaven, and that by men they were, at all times, held in the higheſt eſtimation.—It is a looſe and unintereſting diſſertation, into which, without order, he ſeems to have thrown whatever he could collect on the ſubject. The ladies of the Paraclet might be pleaſed with the flattering encomium on their ſex: in every other view, it has little merit.

On the ſecond part he is even more diffuſe: he enumerates the three leading virtues, which belong to the cloiſter, continence, poverty, and ſilence, and he dwells on each of them. He then ſpecifies the conſtitutions, which Heloiſa had requeſted, which are to regulate the internal and external œconomy of the Paraclet, in the diſtribution of their hours, in the form and quality of their dreſs, and in the nature and quantity of their food. There is much good ſenſe in all theſe arrangements, and had they been delivered in a more ſimple and didactic ſtile, they would even now be

read

read with pleaſure. He ſhews that indulgence to the weakneſſes of human nature, on which the abbeſs had ſo ſtrongly inſiſted, and the perfection he requires is rather to be drawn from an univerſal moderation and abſtemiouſneſs, than from any particular practices of faſting and penitence: on this head, they are to obſerve the eſtabliſhed laws of the church.—I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the rules of the different monaſtic orders of women, to ſay how far theſe conſtitutions of Abeillard may depart from the uſual form: I believe, however, there is little that is new in them, unleſs they be compared with thoſe more rigid inſtitutes, which, ſome years after, the ſeraphic zeal of other founders introduced into the church.

And here, as far as hiſtory informs us, cloſes the epiſtolary correſpondence betwixt Abeillard and Heloiſa. The good abbot had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the reſult of his endeavours; and Heloiſa, we may not doubt, from this time, became a happier woman. To reduce into practice the documents, ſhe had received, and to adapt them to the genius and diſpoſitions of the houſe, over which ſhe preſided, would now be her principal care. The occupation, as ſhe had herſelf obſerved, would engage her attention, and the anxious troubles of her mind, indulged no longer, would give way to better thoughts.—How the reform at St. Gildas went on, we are not told, nor do we read any more of the perſecutions and complaints of their abbot. A great part of his time muſt have been given to writing, which was chiefly dedicated to the nuns of the Paraclet. I will ſpeak of theſe works.

BOOK V.

Other works of Abeillard.

The firſt of them ſeems to have been an addreſs to the Paraclet[i], in which he exhorts the nuns to the ſtudy of the holy ſcriptures. He ſpeaks much of the learning, of the conduct, and of the example of St. Jerom, who had deemed it no unworthy office to attend to the education of women. The old man had ſketched out the firſt elementary lines for his favourite Paula, and he promiſes to become her maſter and her play-fellow, if neceſſary; that he will carry her on his ſhoulders, that he will help her to form her firſt words, and that he ſhall take more glory in it, than did Ariſtotle in the tutorage of Alexander. Abeillard could not be aſhamed to tread in the ſteps of this great man.—He ſtrongly recommends the ſtudy of the Greek and Hebrew languages, as eſſentially neceſſary to the due underſtanding of the ſacred writers, and he talks much of the great imperfection of all tranſlations. "You, ſays he to the nuns, are inexcuſable, "if you neglect to acquire this important learning: you "have no long journeys to make in queſt of it, no expences "to incur. In Heloiſa you have a miſtreſs, who can ſuf- "fice for all: virtue ſhe will teach you by example, and "literature by precept. Verſed in Latin, and not unſkilled "in the Hebrew and Greek languages, ſhe alone, at this "time, ſeems to poſſeſs that knowledge, which in the "bleſſed Jerom was ſo much extolled."—Happy, he ſays, is that perſon, who, turning over the divine volumes, can draw their ſenſe from the pureſt ſource, and who is not neceſſitated to recur to muddy ſtreams, which are ſo ill qualified to allay his thirſt. But he laments that, with the ſtudy of the ancient languages, all knowledge of them had long been

[i] Op. Abeil. p. 251.

been loſt, excepting what, to the ſhame of the other ſex, ſtill remained with the abbeſs of the Paraclet.—He concludes this not inelegant addreſs, by again preſſing them to the moſt ſerious ſtudies; that this they can do with more eaſe than th monks, becauſe they are leſs engaged in manual labour; and he adviſes them to beware, leſt the enemy, in their indolence, or in the weakneſs of their ſex, lay ſnares for their virtue.

The nuns, as we ſhall ſee, were animated by this addreſs: they took the advice of their maſter; Heloiſa ſhewed the way; and they entered on the new career which was opened to them. They ſtudied the learned languages, and they read the ſcriptures. Enviable would be the conventual life, were it always ſo employed! But they found many difficulties, which grew on them as they advanced; (for it is only to the ſuperficial and vain enquirer that the ſenſe of the inſpired word is always plain and intelligible,) and theſe difficulties they laid before their abbeſs. Some ſhe could remove; but others, as became her, ſhe acknowledged, lay not within the limits of her humble comprehenſion. As theſe impediments multiplied, they were diſturbed, and they purſued their labours with leſs alacrity. Heloiſa then adviſed them to note down, every day, ſuch difficulties as in their reading ſhould occur, and when they roſe to any bulk, ſhe promiſed to ſend them to Abeillard for his ſolution. Thus was formed that collection of *Problems*, which is in the works of Abeillard[k].

They are preceded by a preface written by Heloiſa, wherein ſhe ſtates the circumſtances, I have mentioned, and

[k] Op. Abeil. p. 384.

BOOK V. are forty-two in number: to each problem is immediately ſubjoined Abeillard's ſolution.—The queſtions are propoſed in a very ſuccinct and accurate manner, and ſome of them are ſuch, as have ever given trouble to the moſt ſagacious commentators. The replies are often diffuſe and deſultory, and ſeldom ſeem to reach the difficulty: he indulges his taſte in forced and figurative interpretations, and when the problem preſſes hard has recourſe to myſtery. His anſwer to the laſt difficulty is a caſuiſtical diſcuſſion of matters, the like to which, probably, was never laid before a convent of nuns. It is wantonly aſſumed, as the queſtion related to no ſuch ſubject: vanity or pruriency of imagination therefore muſt have ſuggeſted the unſeemly digreſſion.

The next work I find, is a body of *Sermons*, on the principal feſtivals of the year, moſtly written for the uſe of the Paraclet[1]. Heloiſa had begged them from him, and for that reaſon, he ſays, he had compoſed them. "I am not uſed, "he obſerves to her, to this ſtile of compoſition: I aim at "no eloquence, but in plain language to expreſs my "thoughts. And, perhaps, the more homely this expreſ- "ſion be, the better it is adapted to common underſtand- "ings: to them my ſimple language may have the recom- "mendation of elegance, and what they conceive moſt "eaſily, they may reliſh beſt."—Notwithſtanding this humble declaration, I diſcover no marks of negligence or want of art in the ſermons: they are ſome of his beſt compoſitions, though they contain nothing very new or intereſting. Nor was it at all neceſſary, he ſhould have ſtudied any peculiar ſimplicity of diction in his addreſſes to the Paraclet: the nuns

[1] Op. Abeil. p. 729.

nuns of this houſe, as already noticed, were ſingularly learned.

As an additional proof that they were ſo, it may be obſerved, that theſe ſermons, deſigned for their inſtruction, were written in Latin, which, though at that time more generally underſtood than at preſent, had long ceaſed to be the vulgar language. The ancient Gauliſh, or French, as we learn from the monuments of the times, was then in common uſe. On the feſtivals, to which they belonged, theſe ſermons were read publicly in the church of the Paraclet [m].

His treatiſe againſt *Hereſies*, which were the errors of the age, is not incurious; as it ſhews us, not only what thoſe errors were, but likewiſe points out the doctrine of the church, as believed in the twelfth century. This is an important link in the great chain of tradition, which we hold in our hands, tracing its eaſy progreſs from ourſelves up to thoſe times, when the principles of chriſtianity were firſt promulgated.—Abeillard, in this work, briefly ſtates the error, and then combats it by the authorities of revelation. Theſe authorities are not always convincing, but they were the popular arguments of the day.—He ſeems to have been extremely well verſed in ſcripture learning; which proves that, even in the darkeſt ages, thoſe ſacred volumes were not neglected, and that the Reformation, as is pretended, was not a providential arrangement to reſcue them from the diſgrace and oblivion, in which they had been ſunk. We have ſeen how ſtrongly their ſtudy was recommended to the Paraclet, and with what attention they were there read and inveſtigated;

[m] Præf. Apolog.

BOOK V. inveſtigated: or were Abeillard and his nuns the only biblical ſtudents of the age? The contrary is well known.

Abeillard alſo wrote an *Expoſition* of the Lord's prayer, which is familiar, conciſe, and inſtructive; and another of the Apoſtle's creed, which has equal merit[n]. It was when he aimed at ſuperior learning and allegorical comments, that his writings are unſatisfactory: his genius was naturally clear and penetrating, and left to itſelf, without all doubt, it would have thrown great light on the abſtruſeſt enquiries: but when the hemiſphere is overcaſt, what eye looks for the brightneſs of a meridian ſun?

But the abbot's very principal work is a *Commentary* on the epiſtle to the Romans, in five books[o]. Contrary to the whimſical taſte of the age, which ran into playful allegories, the author here attaches himſelf to the literal ſenſe, and by an eaſy paraphraſe, endeavours to point out the chain of reaſoning of the apoſtle, and the connection of his diſcourſe. This he has executed very ably. He introduces diſſertations on the moſt knotty points of theology, ſuch as original ſin, free will, grace, and predeſtination, and he ſhews at leaſt that he poſſeſſed a metaphyſical aptitude for the diſcuſſion of ſuch matters. There is much erudition throughout the whole commentary, and an extenſive knowledge of the writings of the ancient fathers.—To the head of the work is prefixed a ſhort introduction, wherein he treats of the ſcriptures in general: "And as the deſign of the four "goſpels, ſays he, is to teach thoſe things which every "chriſtian muſt know, ſo were the epiſtles written to incul-"cate a ſtrict attention and obedience to them; yet do "theſe

[n] Op. p. 59. [o] Ibid. p. 491.

" theſe alſo contain ſome wholeſome documents and advice,
" which, though they appertain not to the eſſence of be-
" lief, may ſerve to develope its tenets, and to embelliſh
" the chriſtian eſtabliſhment."

St. Bernard viſits the Paraclet.

It was about this time, that Bernard of Clairvaux, to whoſe acquaintance I have already introduced the reader, made a viſit to the Paraclet.—From the time we left him, newly elected abbot, and growing, by his virtues and his talents, into univerſal renown, he had been engaged in the moſt arduous concerns of Europe. Drawn reluctantly from his cell, he aſſiſted at the council of Troyes, where he received the commiſſion to ſettle the rule of the military order of Templers, juſt eſtabliſhed.—At Eſtampes before the king, the great diſpute between Innocent and Anacletus, both choſen popes of Rome, was referred to Bernard: he weighed the important matter, and decided in favour of the firſt, whoſe election, he ſaid, was canonical. The aſſembly approved his deciſion. He then wrote circular letters to many princes and biſhops in favour of Innocent.—In 1131 he refuſed the biſhopric of Chalons, and alſo that of Genoa. Three years after he was in Italy, where he aſſiſted at the council of Piſa, and was the ſoul of every proceſs: his levee was crowded by biſhops, and the whole power of the church ſeemed veſted in his hands; yet was his humility more tranſcendant than the applauſe which echoed round him.—Returning from Piſa, by the command of his Holineſs, he paſſed by Milan. The Milaneſe came out to meet him; they threw themſelves at his feet, imploring his benediction; they cut ſhreds from his garments, in atteſtation of his ſanctity; and with the loudeſt acclamations they introduced

BOOK V. introduced him into their city. During his ſtay among them, extraordinary indeed are the miracles, he is ſaid to have worked in their favour. Every diſorder gave way to the efficacy of his prayers. The neighbouring towns and villages were emptied of their inhabitants, and all Lombardy was in motion to ſee this man of wonders. The conſtant preſs, which curioſity or devotion thus thickened round him, was too violent to be borne; he reſiſted their ſolicitations in vain, and withdrew from the crowd; but he was ſoon compelled to ſhew himſelf from the windows to the people, and from thence to give them his benediction.—In the midſt of this overpowering tide of plaudits and admiration, Bernard ſtood confuſed; he acknowledged his own unworthineſs, and the glory of his miracles he gave to God and to the faith of the people. They offered him the archepiſcopal mitre of their city, which was vacant; he refuſed it, and retired.—Soon after we find him at Clairvaux, occupied in building a new monaſtery, as the old one was found too ſmall to contain the great number of monks, who daily crowded to him [p].

What was the motive of his viſit to the Paraclet, we are not told. Probably he was curious to ſee a woman, about whoſe endowments fame ſpoke ſo loudly. We know, indeed, that he had been long preſſed to go [q]; for Heloiſa and her nuns could not have heared with indifference, that ſo great a treaſure reſided, not many miles from their convent. They received him as an angel from heaven. He admired the regularity of their diſcipline, and he was charmed with the deportment and learned converſation of the abbeſs and her

[p] Fleury vol. xiv. [q] Op. p. 244.

her ſiſters. With an engaging attention he read and approved the rules of their inſtitute; and more than once he publicly preached to them, with that unction and impoſing eloquence, which were ſo much his own. Never was there a ſacred orator, who, by a ſoft manner, a pathetic diction, and a gentle flow of glowing ideas, underſtood ſo well every approach to the heart. But he was not of a temper to approve, where he ſaw cauſe for reprehenſion; and the moſt trifling deviation from the eſtabliſhed forms of the church was enough to excite his cenſure. He obſerved that, in the Lord's prayer, inſtead of *daily* bread, they uſed the word *ſuperſubſtantial*. The novelty ſtruck him, and he enquired, by what authority it had been introduced? The abbeſs informed him, that Abeillard, the founder of their houſe, and their guide in religion, had ſo permitted it.—The reader will recollect that Bernard, long before, had been irritated againſt the abbot of St. Gildas: he therefore, on this occaſion, treated his name with ſome aſperity, and he told Heloiſa, that the innovation was very cenſurable.

Not long after, ſome very preſſing buſineſs obliged Abeillard to go over to the Paraclet[r]. He was told with much exultation of the viſiter they had had; that they had impatiently longed to ſee him; that he was a divine man; and that when he had ſpoken to them on the truths of religion, they had heared, they thought, the voice of an angel[f]. Such warm encomiums would not be ſo pleaſing, probably, to the ears of Abeillard. The abbeſs had equally admired the man of God; but ſhe was not blind in her admiration, nor could ſhe ſacrifice an old friend to the impoſing

[r] Op. p. 244. [f] Ibid.

BOOK V. character of the young abbot of Clairvaux. In converſing therefore with Abeillard ſhe, one day, with ſome addreſs, told him of the remark, Bernard had made, on their uſe of the word *ſuperſubſtantial*, and ſhe added: "The holy man "is much your admirer; he praiſed your inſtitute, and he "applauded the diſcipline of our convent: that one thing "only he could not approve, and he charged you with in- "novation."—Abeillard was little pleaſed with the flattery, as he ſaw it proceeded from the conciliating mind of Heloiſa; but the cenſure ſtung him, and he thought he could be revenged.

Returned into Britany, he had ſoon prepared a letter for the abbot of Clairvaux. "Having heared at the Paraclet, "ſays he, that you had cenſured me, it was natural I "ſhould be anxious to apologiſe for my conduct: it is your "diſpleaſure, which I ſhould be more ſorry to incur, than "that of all the reſt of mankind."—He then ſhews, that the Lord's prayer is only to be found in the two goſpels of Matthew and Luke: that Matthew received his from the mouth of his maſter Chriſt, and that Luke was only inſtructed by St. Paul, who could know nothing, but by report, of the ſubſtance of our Saviour's diſcourſes; conſequently the prayer of the former, which was in itſelf more full and perfect, was to be preferred to that of Luke.—He lays before him the two prayers, the one compoſed of ſeven, the other of five, petitions; and he obſerves, that it was the ſuperior excellence of the one, which had given it the preference in the public ſervice of the church. "How "then has it happened, continues Abeillard, that into the "prayer of Matthew ſhould have been foiſted the word

"*daily*

" *daily* of Luke, when its own *ſuperſubſtantial* was more " expreſſive and appoſite? It is no ſmall preſumption, it " ſeems, thus to alter the expreſſion of an apoſtle, as if he " did not himſelf ſufficiently underſtand the import of " words."—He adduces the authority of the Greek church, which adheres to the reading of Matthew, though Luke wrote his goſpel in their own language.—" If I am not " egregiouſly miſtaken then, ſays he, rather accuſe me of " any thing, than of innovation or arrogance in this buſi- " neſs; me, who ſcrupulouſly chuſe to follow the lan- " guage of Chriſt and his apoſtle, and the evident teſti- " mony of the Greek church."—" But obſerve, he goes " on, I lay no commands on any one; I even perſuade " no one, to follow me, and to depart from the vulgar " practice. Let each one reſt on his own judgment. " This only is my advice, that he be cautious not to " prefer forms to reaſon, and practice to venerable " truth."

Having proceeded thus far in his own vindication, which is manly and perſuaſive, he ſuddenly turns on his adverſary, and attacks him with ſpirit: " And is it not " this ſame reaſon, ſays he, of which you yourſelves are " ſo vehemently enamoured, as to dare to ſupport it " againſt the univerſal practice of the church? You are " but men of yeſterday; yet glorying in the novelty " of your order, you have made decrees, by which the " divine ſervice is to be performed among you, different- " ly from the ancient, and all the modern, uſages of " monks and churchmen. Nor in this do you deem " yourſelves reprehenſible. It may be a ſingularity, or

BOOK V.

" a deviation from antiquity, you allow; but it accords " with reaſon and the tenor of your inſtitute; and while " this is ſo, little do you value the aſtoniſhment, or the " murmurs, of diſcontented ſpectators."—He enumerates a long liſt of the peculiarities, obſerved by the Ciſterian monks in their church ſervice, which he treats as abſurdities, or at beſt, as puerile ſingularities, to which, however, they profeſs the warmeſt attachment, and in which he is not diſpoſed to give them the ſmalleſt diſturbance. Variation, he obſerves, has ever been allowed in language and in general diſcipline; and he inſtances many practices which then prevailed, all which were permitted, provided only the ſacred integrity of faith were not violated. It is here that unity muſt be fixed. This variety, he thinks, in the modes of worſhipping our maker, has its advantages; and that too ſervile an uniformity may ſometimes generate diſguſt. For this, in part, it was that the religion of Chriſt was preached in the languages of all nations; and he himſelf delivered the prayer in queſtion, in two diſtinct forms, that different diſpoſitions might find their ſatisfaction in them: but let us repeat it, ſays he, in the exact words of its auguſt founder. He concludes: " Let each " one, as I ſaid before, be guided by his own judgment, " and pray as he likes it beſt. I adviſe no one to follow " me; he may vary the words of Chriſt at will: but it ſhall " be my endeavour to keep them and their genuine ſenſe " as unchanged as may be[t]."

[t] Op. p. 250

There

There is much good ſenſe in theſe obſervations; and I have been more particular in recounting the tranſaction, as it may ſerve hereafter to account more fully for the violent conduct of Bernard towards the unfortunate abbot of St. Gildas. How he received this ſpirited addreſs, we know not; but even ſaints, we have reaſon to think, are ſometimes ſubject to the common feelings of human nature.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK VI.

William of St. Thierry accuſes Abeillard—The abbot of Clairvaux engages in the quarrel—The council of Sens—Sentence againſt Abeillard—He ſets out for Rome—Is entertained at Cluni, and conſents to remain there—Arnold of Breſcia—Tanchelm of Antwerp—Henry de Bruys.

Anno, 1139.

ALMOST twenty years had now elapſed, ſince Abeillard, in the council of Soiſſons, had been compelled, unheared, to throw his work on the *Trinity* into the flames. I related the event in all its circumſtances. From that time he had continued to teach, and he had publiſhed different works. They were received with approbation, and were very generally read. So arbitrary had been judged the behaviour of the ſynod towards him, that it

BOOK VI. it had left no ſtigma on his reputation; even the obnoxious work itſelf made its own way, unoppoſed, and ſeemed to promiſe an increaſe of fame to its author,

William of St. Thierry accuſes Abeillard.

The holy Bernard had a friend, whom he much eſteemed, William, abbot of St. Thierry, in the neighbourhood of Reims. Whether William had heared of the ſharp letter, which Abeillard had lately addreſſed to the abbot of Clairvaux, or was jealous of the applauſe which followed his writings, or, poring with a malignant eye over his works, he thought he had diſcovered errors, which it was his duty to reveal; whatever might be his motive, he determined again to blow the embers, and to revive a controverſy, which the lapſe of years had extinguiſhed[a].—There are men, to whom *orthodoxy* is a word ſo impoſing, that to ſupport it they can adopt meaſures, which religion, reaſon, and honour muſt ever view with diſguſt.

Geoffrey, biſhop of Chartres, and Bernard of Clairvaux, were the two, whoſe zeal if he could rouſe, William doubted not, but importance would be given to his undertaking. Geoffrey, it may be remembered, was the learned and benevolent prelate who, at the council of Soiſſons, had ſhewed himſelf ſo well affected to the perſecuted Abeillard. Why he, on this occaſion was fixed on, is uncertain; poſſibly the abbot of St. Thierry, who knew how highly his abilities were rated in the French church, might be ignorant of his perſonal attachments. Be this as it may; he drew up a very acrimonious and pointed letter, which he addreſſed to the venerable perſons, juſt mentioned. "Peter Abeillard, "ſays he, again begins to teach his novelties and to write "them:

[a] Vie d'Abeil. p. 80.

" them: his works croſs the ſeas, nor are the Alps any
" obſtacle to their progreſs: his wild opinions deluge the
" provinces; they are publicly taught, and as publicly
" defended: it is even ſaid, that they have found admirers
" in the court itſelf of Rome. I muſt therefore be open
" with you: your ſilence is dangerous to yourſelves, and
" it is dangerous to the church of God.—Very lately a
" work of this man fell into my hands: it was entituled the
" *Theology of Abeillard*. I confeſs, the words excited my
" curioſity; I read it; and as many things therein ſtruck
" me, I noted them down, with the reaſons why I did ſo.
" Theſe remarks I now ſend you, and with them the book
" itſelf. Form your own judgments. It is you only whom
" I can with propriety addreſs on this occaſion. He fears
" you. But if you remain ſilent, whom will he fear? And,
" if he fear no one, what ſhall ſtem the torrent of his
" tongue? Abeillard was once my friend; but when the
" ſacred depoſit of faith is expoſed to danger, the name
" of friend or parent weighs no longer with me[b]."—He
then enumerates the thirteen propoſitions, which he had extracted from the works of Abeillard, and which he pronounces to be thirteen hereſies.

The biſhop of Chartres returned no anſwer to this letter; but Bernard replied in a manner which could not be very ſatisfactory to the meddling accuſer. " I applaud your
" zeal, ſaid he: but you know, how little, in matters of
" this delicate nature, I rely on my own judgment. It will
" be proper that we proceed with caution: let us meet,
" and diſcuſs the buſineſs together. But even this, on

[b] Ep. Bern. n. 326.

BOOK VI.

" account of the holy time of lent, cannot be done as yet. " Excuſe, I beg you, this delay, which is the more neceſ- " ſary, as till now I have been a ſtranger to almoſt every " thing you have communicated to me[c]."

Diſſatisfied with this cold reply, and to urge the buſineſs more rapidly forward, William compoſed a more voluminous work on the ſubject, in which he placed his charges in a ſtronger light, marked more emphatically the errors of Abeillard, and ſeemed to triumph in a ſurer conqueſt. This likewiſe he ſent to Bernard and the biſhop. So earneſt indeed was he become in the proſecution, that to carry it on with more expedition, he reluctantly ſuſpended a large comment on the canticles of Salomon, in which the pious affections of his heart were very warmly engaged[d].

Unfortunately for Abeillard, juſt at this critical moment, died the biſhop of Chartres. He was his friend; and as his learning and his virtues were much looked up to, probably he would have had it in his power to check the flagrant zeal of his adverſaries.

The abbot of Clairvaux engages in the quarrel.

The abbot of Clairvaux peruſed the new treatiſe, which had been ſent him; and though he ſeems to have been perſuaded that the charges againſt Abeillard were well founded, yet, wiſhing rather to reclaim than to irritate him, he purpoſed to meet him, and amicably to canvaſs the matter in a private interview. This was benevolent and ingenuous; but it could not be that their meeting ſhould produce any permanent good. The minds of both had been exulcerated; nor were their natural diſpoſitions much formed to coaleſce. They met, however. Abeillard, now in years, ſore from ill

[c] Ep. Bern. n. 326. [d] Vie d'Abeil. p. 83.

ll uſage, and confident in the powers of his learning, would view the young abbot as an officious intruder, who came, not ſo much to conciliate, or to ſeek for information, as to arraign authoritatively his conduct, and to weigh his opinions in the ſcale of prejudice: and when he recollected Soiſſons, and the judgment there paſſed, though arbitrarily, on his works, he would conſider the preſent ſtep as an attempt malevolently aimed at his repoſe.—Bernard declared the motives which had brought him, and he recapitulated, with ſome diffidence, the liſt of errors with which he had been charged: theſe errors he entreated him to retract, and then he promiſed, that all his influence ſhould be uſed to mitigate the ſeverity of any ſentence, which his judges might be diſpoſed to pronounce.—Abeillard, with a haughtineſs, which was not miſplaced, heared the remonſtrance, and withdrew in ſilent contempt. The ſaint therefore called on ſome of his friends, and with them a ſecond time waited on the abbot of St. Gildas. It was in vain: they found him equally untractable, and in a peremptory tone he told them, that they were free to take their own meaſures, and that he ſhould take his [e].

The author of Bernard's life relates this tranſaction very differently: he ſays, that Abeillard was ſo affected by the manner, in which his maſter addreſſed him, that he promiſed to correct his errors, and to conform to his will in all things: but that, no ſooner were they parted, than, inſtigated by the bad advice of his friends, and confident of his learning, he receded from his purpoſe, and again denounced defiance [f].

[e] Ep. Bern. 337. [f] Lib. iii. c. 5.

BOOK VI. The abbot of Clairvaux, diſappointed by the bad ſucceſs of his interview, provoked by the behaviour of Abeillard, and warmed by an impetuous zeal, (which in holy men is the more dangerous, becauſe it is believed to be ſuggeſted by the ſpirit of God,) reſolved, as moderation had miſcarried, that violence ſhould try its efficacy: he would exert againſt the weak man every nerve of that unbounded influence, which the fame of his ſanctity, his eloquence, and his extenſive connections in the world, had given him. He wrote to Innocent the pope, and to the Roman prelates, charging Abeillard with every hereſy, which hitherto had diſfigured the church of God, and with every bad deſign, which could animate the breaſt of the moſt profligate mortal.

To the Cardinal Guido, who had been the ſcholar of Abeillard, and whoſe partiality for his old maſter he apprehended might ſtand in the way of his deſigns, he ſays: "I "ſhould indeed do you an injury, were I to imagine that "your regard for any one could go ſo far, as to raiſe in "your breaſt an eſteem for his errors. Such love is earthly, "it is brutal, and diabolical, equally pernicious to both "parties.—Abeillard introduces into his writings a profane "novelty of ideas and of language: he diſcourſes on faith "to overthrow its myſteries, and the words of the goſpel "he adopts to impugn its tenets. He, forſooth, ſees nothing "obſcurely, his eye penetrates the darkeſt ſecrets: it would "be well, however, if he knew himſelf. I accuſe him not "before the heavenly father: his own book is his accuſer. "When he ſpeaks of the Trinity, we hear Arius; when of "grace, Pelagius; and when of the perſon of Chriſt, "Neſtorius[g]."

To

[g] Bern. Ep. 331.

To another Cardinal he uſes the ſame intemperate language; "Abeillard, he ſays, is a monk without a rule, is "a ſuperior without care, nor has diſcipline or order the "leaſt check over him. He is a man ever varying from "himſelf; interiorly a Herod, exteriorly a Baptiſt: he is "ambiguous as a riddle, poſſeſſing nothing of a monk, but "the name and the habit. But what is this to me? Each "one muſt anſwer for himſelf. One thing there is, which "I cannot diſſemble; it appertains to all who love the name "of Chriſt. He proclaims iniquity in the ſtreets; he cor-"rupts the integrity of faith, and the purity of the church. "Diſputing and writing on faith, on the ſacraments, and "on the Trinity, he overleaps the bounds which our fa-"thers placed: as he wills, he changes, he multiplies, and "he diminiſhes. In his works and actions he proves himſelf "the fabricator of lies, and the worſhipper of falſe doc-"trines: he is an heretic not in error only, but in obſti-"nacy and in the defence of error. He knows all things "in heaven and on earth, ſave only himſelf. Before the "legate of the Roman ſee, with his work he was condemned "at Soiſſons. But as if that ſentence were not enough, "again he expoſes himſelf to cenſure, and the laſt error "becomes worſe than the former. Secure, however, "he thinks himſelf, becauſe he can boaſt that Cardinals "and Roman prelates have been his ſcholars; them, "whom he ſhould have feared as his judges, he dares to "call the protectors of his paſt and preſent errors[h]."

[h] Bern. Ep. 336.

The

BOOK VI. The ſame means of defamation he uſed at home, decrying the principles and perſon of Abeillard, and holding up both to the ridicule and deteſtation of the whole French church[i].

Upon what principles of morality or honour this conduct of Bernard can be juſtified, I know not. Had Abeillard been guilty of more errors than were laid to his charge, and had his behaviour been reprehenſible as he deſcribed it; ſtill is the worſt enemy of God or man to be treated with language ſo foul, ſo inſulting, and ſo unchriſtian? But Abeillard, in truth, was not guilty of a ſingle error, nor was he obſtinate in defending a ſingle opinion, and the univerſal tenor of his life was religious, penitential, and exemplary.

The abbot of St. Gildas could not long be ignorant of theſe violent proceedings of his enemy, (for they were echoed through every province, and from kingdom to kingdom,) and he ſaw the neceſſity of oppoſing ſome obſtacle to their further ſpread. Should he be longer ſilent, there was an end of his reputation for ever, nor would his perſon be hardly ſecure within the walls of his own convent. But what ground could he take that would be tenable againſt the commanding powers of the abbot of Clairvaux? He could call to his aſſiſtance all the intereſt of the earth, and the angels of heaven were obedient to his beck. However, innocent, he knew, he was, and he would try once more what thoſe arms could do, with which formerly, in the ſchools of Paris, he had fought and conquered. He recollected that Samſon, the ſtout Nazarean, though forlorn, and old, and ſurrounded by his enemies, was not deſerted by his native ſtrength, and that even when he fell he triumphed.

[i] Ep. 337.

At

At Sens, an archiepiſcopal city in Champagne, was to be performed the ceremony of the tranſlation of a ſaint's body into the cathedral church. To grace the ſolemn pageant, all the biſhops of the dioceſe with their clergy were to aſſemble; as likewiſe thoſe from the neighbouring diſtrict of Reims. The king alſo, it was ſaid, would honour the meeting with his preſence.—Abeillard judged this might be a proper occaſion for the public juſtification of his principles, and that from hence the kingdom might ſoon learn, that he was orthodox in his opinions, and irreproachable in his conduct: nor did he deſpair of being able to draw down ſome confuſion on his enemies. He therefore waited on the archbiſhop of Sens; he laid before him the motives of his journey, and he implored his protection. "The abbot of "Clairvaux, ſaid he, declaims againſt my writings: I am "ready to defend them in public aſſembly, and I requeſt "that he be cited to appear before you. I will meet him." The archbiſhop could but approve of a propoſal which was ingenuous and equitable, and he aſſured Abeillard that, as far as it lay in his power, juſtice ſhould be done him[k]. Nor is it improbable, that he might be pleaſed with the proſpect of an important controverſy, which would give ſome relief to the main ceremony, and in which he, with his ſuffragan biſhops, ſhould ſit as judges.

Agreeably to his deſign, he wrote to St. Bernard, acquainting him of Abeillard's complaint and challenge, and naming the day on which he ſhould expect to ſee him at Sens. The good abbot refuſed to appear, and he grounded his refuſal on this reaſoning: that he was young and inexperienced

[k] Fleury vol. xiv.

BOOK VI. inexperienced in controverſy, and that Abeillard had been a trained ſoldier from his cradle; that the tenets of faith, which were founded on the infallible word of God, ought not, in his opinion, to be ſubmitted to human inveſtigation; that his own writings were ſufficient to condemn him; and that it was the duty of biſhops, and not his concern, to pronounce on matters of belief[l].

Fixed in the ſame ſentiments, he addreſſed the biſhops who were aſſembling at Sens. "I am challenged, as you "have heard, ſays he, to a public diſputation: the ſervant "of God ſhould rather bear all patiently, than contend. "Were the cauſe my own, I might place confidence per- "haps in your protection: but it is yours; I therefore en- "treat and admoniſh you, to ſhew yourſelves the friends "of Chriſt in the day of need.—Be not ſurpriſed, that thus "ſuddenly you are called upon: it has been the wily arti- "fice of the enemy, that he might attack you unprepared, "and thus more eaſily force you into terms[m]."

There was a puſillanimity and an affectation of moderation in this behaviour of Bernard. He had himſelf been the aggreſſor; and if he was not prepared to meet the man he had injured and inſulted, it only proves, that he had precipitately engaged in a buſineſs, which it would have become him to have weighed more maturely. But he had vainly expected, it ſeems, that the ſound of his name would have over-awed the abbot of St. Gildas, and that he ſhould have been able, without the noiſe of controverſy, to have effected his condemnation.

[l] Bern. Ep. 189. [m] Ep. 187.

Abeillard

Abeillard was elated by the timid conduct of his adverſary: his reluctance he could only aſcribe to the conſcious apprehenſion of a defeat; he talked loud, he called on his friends, and he aſſembled his admirers. To thoſe who were diſtant from him he communicated, with exultation, the joyful news; nor, in his letters, did he treat with much tenderneſs the abbot of Clairvaux. If he will dare to meet me, ſaid he, he ſhall know that I am prepared to anſwer to his charges.—The reader muſt obſerve, that this account is taken from the pen of Bernard[n].

" The boaſting of Abeillard, ſays the ſaint, was ſoon " public, nor could I be ignorant of it. At firſt I diſſem- " bled, for by popular clamour I was but little moved. " My friends were urgent, and I gave way, though with " tears, to their advice: they ſaw the preparations which " were making as for a public ſpectacle, and they feared " leſt by my abſence the people might be injured, and the " enemy triumph. His errors alſo, they ſaid, would only " gain ſtrength, if no one ſhould be preſent to anſwer " or to oppoſe them[o]."—He ſet out. The diſcouraging reflection hung upon his mind, that he was unprepared for, and unequal to, the conteſt: but in the words of the goſpel he found conſolation; " Be not thoughtful, how " or what to ſpeak, for at that ſame hour ſhall be given " you what you are to ſpeak." Thus penſively muſing he travelled on, and arrived, when he was little expected, on the appointed day, at Sens.

[n] Ep. 189. [o] Ibid.

BOOK VI.

The council of Sens.

The aſſembly opened with great ſplendour. Lewis the young, king of France, was there, with his nobles; as were William count of Nevers, and Theobald count of Champagne. The clergy were numerous: the archbiſhop of Sens with his ſuffragan biſhops, and Samſon of Reims, with the prelates of his dioceſe. Many abbots with their monks, profeſſors from the ſchools, and the learned men of the kingdom, were preſent[p].—The firſt day was ſpent in the ceremony of tranſlating the relics, for which the meeting had been principally convened; and it was done with uncommon pomp and magnificence. The preſence of the king gave a brilliancy to every ceremony.

The gorgeous day was over, and the next roſe with unuſual expectation. The members of the aſſembly took their ſeats; king, lords, prelates, and commons. The two abbots entered, followed by their friends, and walked to their reſpective places. Every eye was on them. A dead ſilence prevailed. The abbot of Clairvaux roſe from his ſeat: his attitude ſpoke diffidence, and his countenance was humble. "I am no accuſer of this man, "ſaid he, let his own works ſpeak againſt him. Here "they are, and theſe are the propoſitions extracted from "them. Let him deny they are his; or condemn them, "if they be erroneous; or let him anſwer to the objec-"tions I ſhall urge againſt them."—He then delivered the charges into the hands of the Promoter, to be diſtinctly read.

[p] Fleury vol. xiv.

He

He began to read, and the council liſtened with attention: but he had not advanced far, when he was interrupted by the riſing of Abeillard. The ſtep was irregular; out of reſpect, however, to his character, they ſhewed a readineſs to hear him.—*I appeal to Rome*, ſaid he, and ſtept forward to quit the aſſembly.—A general ſurpriſe ſtruck every countenance; they could hardly give credit to their ears: but when the murmur had ſubſided, Bernard advanced and ſpoke. "Abeillard, ſaid he, do you fear for your perſon? "You have permiſſion to ſpeak freely and in full ſecurity: "no ſentence ſhall be pronounced againſt you."—The remonſtrance was without effect. "I have appealed to the "Roman ſee," replied he, and inſtantly withdrew.

Writers have been much puzzled to account for this extraordinary behaviour of Abeillard. The admirers of Bernard ſay, that he was ſo ſtruck by the more than human appearance of the ſaint, as to loſe his recollection and all preſence of mind[q].—It is the opinion of others that, when he conſidered the diſpoſitions of his judges, men partially attached to his accuſer, he deemed it more prudent to refer his cauſe to a higher court, where he knew he had friends, and ſhould find protection[r]. Of this however he might have been aware, before he challenged Bernard to meet him at Sens, and provoked a public conteſt.—Others relate that, he was apprehenſive of a popular tumult, which might endanger his life, and ſaw no better means of eſcaping than by appealing to Rome[f].—In this laſt account, I believe, there may be truth. It accords with the timid heart of Abeillard; and beſides, from the general complection of the aſſembly,

[q] Godef. in vita Bern. l. iii. [r] Bern. Ep. ad Innocen. [f] Otho. de geſt. Frid.

BOOK VI. of which he could not competently judge, till his own eyes had witneſſed it, there might be ſerious reaſon to fear that juſtice would not be done him. The treatment he had experienced from the council of Soiſſons, would now riſe, in full force, upon his recollection; and when he beheld with what marks of religious veneration the perſon of Bernard was treated, and his words received, could he expect an impartial hearing? Conſcious, however, as he was of his own innocence, had not his heart been timid as the hare's, he might have met, it ſeems, the ill-founded charges of his antagoniſt, might have ſpoken, as he was ſo able, in his own defence, and have waited, with manlineſs, the ſentence of the council.

The proceedings of the aſſembly were much diſconcerted by the appeal of Abeillard. It was informal, they knew, as he had voluntarily ſubmitted himſelf to their cognizance; but he had now referred his cauſe to the ſupreme court of judicature. After ſome debate, in which the opinions were much divided, it was finally agreed that, out of reſpect to Rome, the perſon of Abeillard ſhould be ſpared, but that judgment ſhould be pronounced on his opinions. The propoſitions, which Bernard had preſented, were then read and examined: he himſelf ſpoke largely and with vehemence on the ſubject, and he proved, to the conviction of the meeting, from the authorities of the ſcriptures and of the ancient fathers, that they were not only falſe, but heretical. As ſuch they were condemned.—The next ſtep was to inform the biſhop of Rome of their proceedings, to requeſt the confirmation of their ſentence, and to take every poſſible precaution that Abeillard ſhould not find that

ſupport

ſupport in Italy, on which he ſeemed to rely. This commiſſion was intruſted to the abbot of Clairvaux[t].

He entered with alacrity into the views of the council, and it is clear that they choſe an able agent. Nothing can be more artful, more ſevere, or more abuſive, than the letters he wrote, on this occaſion, to Rome. He wrote to his Holineſs in the name of the archbiſhop of Sens and his ſuffragans, and in the name of the archbiſhop of Reims and the three prelates who accompanied him. In the firſt he details the tranſactions of the aſſembly, and he entreats him to impoſe ſilence on Abeillard, to forbid him either to teach or to write in future, and to condemn his works; that by ſo doing he will draw the thorns out of the field of the church, and that it will again flouriſh and bear fruit.—The ſecond is leſs prolix, and more violent. He treats Abeillard as a monſter ſwelling with pride, who marches with an erect countenance, as if nothing were hidden from him, who pretends to penetrate the myſteries of faith, while all he builds up, is a pile of errors. "The boaſting of the man, he "ſays, is the more vain-glorious, becauſe his book has "found readers in the Roman court. This has confirmed, "and given energy to his rage.—We have proceeded in "the buſineſs as far as it was expedient: it remains with "you, moſt holy Father, to take care that, in your day, "the beauty of the church be defiled by no ſtain of heretical "depravity."

In his own name he then addreſſes the pontiff in two different letters. In the firſt he ſpecifies the principal errors aſcribed to Abeillard, and he refutes them. There is ſome addreſs

[t] Fleury vol. xiv.

BOOK VI. addreſs and logical acuteneſs in this attempt, with a large portion of declamation and of malevolent reflections.—The ſecond is more reprehenſible. He wiſhes his own ſpeedy diſſolution, on account of the evils which, on all ſides, threaten. He had hoped, after the ſuppreſſion of the late ſchiſm, cauſed by Peter de Leon, to have repoſed from his labours; but that now as dangerous a ſtorm was gathered round him. A new goſpel, he ſays, has been forged for the chriſtian people, and a new faith propoſed to their belief: Abeillard of France has beckoned to the Italian, Arnold of Breſcia, and they have come forward, in ſtrict confederacy, to aſſail, with all their might, the religion of Chriſt. In their dreſs and diet they ſupport the affectation of piety, and to deceive more eaſily, transform themſelves into angels of light. He concludes: "You who have ſucceeded to the "chair of Peter muſt now conſider, whether he who attacks "the faith of that apoſtle, ſhould find refuge in his ſee. "Weigh your ſituation. Why were you raiſed over ſtates "and kingdoms, unleſs to root out, to deſtroy, to build "up, and to plant? Schiſm you have extinguiſhed: with "the ſame arm, now cruſh theſe riſing hereſies, and your "crown will be completed[v]."

It ſeems more probable that the other letters, which I mentioned as written to the Roman prelates before the council of Sens, ſhould rather be referred to this period. The reader may recur to the extracts I gave, and to the reflections which accompanied them.

Thus did Bernard, true to his own character and to the views of the aſſembly, aim to vilify and render odious to the

[v] Ep. 189.

the Roman court the name and principles of the man, who had appealed to its equity, and who was ſoon in perſon to appear before it. So intolerant, and ſo impoſing even on the beſt minds, is religious zeal, when once it has paſſed thoſe limits, which reaſon, humanity, and the goſpel have oppoſed to its baneful ſpread!

The ſentence againſt Abeillard.

The pope, rouſed by theſe ſtrong expoſtulations, waited not for the arrival of Abeillard, but pronounced a definitive ſentence on his works and perſon. Having remarked that, it is never allowed to bring thoſe matters again into diſcuſſion, which have once been decided in councils, he adds: "With the advice of the biſhops and cardinals of "our court, we have condemned the articles, which were "ſent to us, and all the falſe opinions of Peter Abeillard, "together with their author; and as a heretic we have im-"poſed perpetual ſilence on him. We think alſo that all "his followers and the abettors of his errors, ſhould be cut "off from the communion of the faithful."—This was accompanied by another ſentence, addreſſed to the two archbiſhops: "We command you to confine, ſeparately, in "ſuch monaſteries, as you may deem beſt, Peter Abeillard "and Arnold of Breſcia, contrivers of erroneous doctrine, "and impugners of the catholic faith, and to burn their "works, wherever they may he found[u]."

How arbitrary are ſuch proceedings! To condemn opinions, which the council of Sens had previouſly condemned, and which came before him in a form ſo obnoxious, might have been allowed to the Roman pontiff; but to cenſure the perſon of a man, who would ſoon be at his bar, and to condemn

[u] Fleury vol. xiv. p. 556.

BOOK VI. condemn writings which he had never ſeen, was ſurely an unwarrantable ſtretch of eccleſiaſtical deſpotiſm.

Minutely to ſtate the errors, of which the abbot of St. Gildas was accuſed, would be a uſeleſs and unintereſting labour. They were reduced to fourteen:—That there are degrees in the Trinity; that the Holy Ghoſt is not conſubſtantial with the Father and the Son; that the devil had never any power over man, and that Jeſus Chriſt became man not to redeem, but to inſtruct us by his words and example, and that he ſuffered and died to manifeſt his love for man; that the Holy Ghoſt is the ſoul of the world; that Jeſus Chriſt, *God and man*, is not properly God; that we can will and do good by our own free will, without the help of grace; that in the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper the accidents of bread remain in the air; that the puniſhment, not the guilt, of original ſin, is derived from Adam; that there is no ſin, unleſs the ſinner give his conſent, and contemn God; that concupiſcence, delight, and ignorance are the cauſe of no ſin; that the ſuggeſtions of the devil are raiſed in man phyſically, by the contact of ſtones, plants, and other things, of which he knows the efficacy; that faith is the opinion or judgment we form of things inviſible; that God can only do what he has done, and will do; that Jeſus did not deſcend into hell[w].

Such were theſe famous errors. Some of them might be contained in the expreſſions of Abeillard, and theſe he wiſhed to explain; but the greateſt part were the evident miſconceptions of his adverſaries. In his works might often be found uncommon language, and ſome extraordinary opinions:

[w] Nat. Alex. ſæc. xii.

opinions: heterodoxy there was none, if the views and real ſentiments of the author had been candidly weighed. But nothing, it has been obſerved, is ſo eaſy, as to deſcry errors where you wiſh to find them; and this will ever be, in the works and opinions of thoſe, who may only ſeem to diſſent from the multitude.

Berengarius, a ſcholar of Abeillard, a young man of ſome wit and learning, but petulant, abuſive, and vain, wrote in defence of his maſter. His invective againſt Bernard is frothy and contemptible; and the fathers of the council of Sens he deſcribes, as over-powered by wine and ſleep, while they pronounced ſentence on the ſuppoſed errors of Abeillard[x].

He ſets out for Rome.

The abbot of St. Gildas having precipitately retired from the council, did not immediately quit the neighbourhood of Sens. He waited for the reſult of their deliberations, which was ſoon notified to him: and now he ſaw the neceſſity of inſtantly beginning his journey. The inveterate ſpirit of his enemies, which had prompted them to act ſo harſhly, would not deſiſt, he might well know, in the firſt ſtage of their proſecution: their complaints and accuſations might reach Rome before him.—Not much preparation was neceſſary: but old as he now was, having entered on his ſixty-firſt year, and infirm, and afflicted, it was an arduous and irkſome undertaking. On France, where he had ſuffered much, he could turn his back without reluctance, and he flattered himſelf that Italy might be more propitious to his name. Friends, at leaſt, he knew, he had in the Roman court; and there might be ſome conſolation in the thought,

[x] Abeil. Op. p. 302.

BOOK VI. that his eyes would ſoon behold the capital of the chriſtian world.

Revolving in his mind the various events of an unhappy life, and dubious what might be the iſſue of his preſent enterpriſe, he journeyed ſlowly on. After ſome days, though he had made but little of his way, he felt his ſtrength exhauſted, and ſoon he was ſenſible that he muſt look for ſome hoſpitable roof, under which to repoſe his weary limbs. But could ſuch a roof be found where the name of his adverſary was ſo highly venerated? He recollected that Cluni, a celebrated monaſtery on the confines of Burgundy, was not very diſtant, and that Peter Maurice, to whom the appellation of *venerable* had been given, was abbot. He knew him not perſonally, but to his character he was no ſtranger. Peter was an honeſt man, his benevolence was proverbial, and he had a heart which could feel for the diſtreſſes of his brother. To aſk for refreſhment and a few days reſt from ſuch a man, could hardly give pain to a diſpoſition the moſt falſly delicate. Abeillard redoubled his ſteps, and, without heſitation, entered the convent of Cluni[y].

He was met by the good abbot.—" My name, ſaid the " traveller, is Peter Abeillard: I found your gates open, " and I entered: I am in diſtreſs."—The venerable man would hear no more; it was not a moment for enquiries; and from the mention of his name he knew the reſpect that was due to the ſtranger. He led him to his apartments: whatever his ſituation demanded was inſtantly provided; and Abeillard bleſſed the kind ſtar which had conducted him

[y] Ep. Pet. ven. p. 335.

him to Cluni. In the countenance and behaviour of his generous protector he read more goodneſs than even fame had reported of him. BOOK VI.

When repoſe, but more than that, the friendly reception he had met with, had ſomewhat refreſhed the forlorn traveller, Peter, the next morning, waited on him. "I am "happy, ſaid he, taking Abeillard by the hand, to poſſeſs "within theſe walls a man, of whoſe abilities and virtues I "have long heared ſo much: but tell me; from whence "come you, and whither are you going?"—"I come, replied "Abeillard, from Sens: a council, as you may know, has "been celebrated in that city: I have been charged before "it with opinions, which I never held: thoſe opinions "they have condemned as heretical; and I have appealed "to Rome. To Rome therefore I am now going[z]."—He then added many other circumſtances, informing him who had been his principal adverſaries, and how cruelly he had been treated by them.—"I applaud your deſign, obſerved "the abbot of Cluni: Rome is the aſylum of the oppreſſed, "and you do well to recur to its juſtice. Fear not that "your grievances will not be heared, and be redreſſed: "the ſtranger and the barbarian have found relief there." —He requeſted, however, that he would not be precipitate; that he would take time to recruit his ſtrength and ſpirits at Cluni; that he himſelf would conſider, whether any other more efficacious meaſure could be adopted; and that his beſt endeavours ſhould be exerted to ſerve him.

[z] Ep. Pet. ven. p. 335.

BOOK VI.

Abeillard acquieſced: the benevolent and perſuaſive manner of Peter was irreſiſtible; and beſides, how pleaſing to his troubled mind would be the attention of the monks of Cluni, the friendſhip of their abbot, and the view of that content, harmony, and religious diſcipline which every where prevailed! The ſight of thoſe magnificent buildings, and of its auguſt temple, would, moreover, diffuſe a ſolemn ſtillneſs in his breaſt.—Cluni, at this time, after Mount Caſſino in Italy, might be regarded as the moſt ſplendid monaſtery in the chriſtian world. Its revenues were vaſt, and its edifices had the appearance of a well-built city. Three crowned heads, with their reſpective courts, once lodged within the precincts, without moving a ſingle monk from his apartments. A long ſucceſſion of abbots, for more than two hundred years, eminent for their virtue and their learning, had given celebrity to its name. Of theſe Peter Maurice was the laſt, but he was not the leaſt in merit, or in the eſtimation of an admiring public. The monks, whoſe number often exceeded two hundred, were not leſs worthy, leſs religious, or leſs learned, than had been their ſuperiors[a]. —All theſe were circumſtances of peculiar notice, and no mind could contemplate them with indifference.

Is entertained at Cluni, and conſents to remain there.

In this charming ſituation, and in this ſociety, Abeillard began to feel his mind grow lighter. He converſed with the monks, and he admired them: they were delighted by his exemplary deportment, his unaffected piety, his engaging manners, and his profound erudition. With the abbot he ſpent many hours: they diſcourſed on literary ſubjects, on the ſtate of religion, and on the general complection of the times.

[a] Fleury t. xiv.

times. Abeillard related many events of his life; but they were all ſad and ſorrowful. To theſe Peter could oppoſe the brilliant ſeries of his own years, which had been ſerene and proſperous. He did it without exultation, to cheer the drooping ſpirits of his friend, and to atteſt his gratitude to heaven. He was born, he ſaid, in Auvergne, and deſcended from the ancient family of Maurice or Montboiſſier; that when very young, agreeably to the wiſhes of his parents, who had devoted him to God, he had entered into the houſe of Cluni; that ſoon after he was promoted to the priory of Vezelay; and that, before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had been made abbot and general of his order. Far above his merit, he ſaid, were theſe honours; but Rome had overlooked his imperfections, and his brethren had been indulgent to his weakneſſes.

He related to him the extraordinary life and character of Pontius, his predeceſſor, from whom he had experienced a very ſingular oppoſition. He had been choſen the ſeventh abbot of Cluni, with very general approbation, and for ſome years had governed his order with a becoming moderation and wiſdom. But he was a man of violent paſſions, vain, arrogant, preſumptuous, and power did but ſerve to give them a greater energy. By degrees, the good-will of his monks was alienated from him: they charged him with many miſdemeanors; that in his conduct there was an indecent levity, that he diſregarded the advice of wiſe counſellors, and that he diſſipated, in vain parade and feaſting, the income of his monaſtery. Theſe complaints were carried to the ears of the pontiff Callixtus. Pontius was irritated; but he turned his rage againſt himſelf: he went to Rome, and petitioned

BOOK VI. petitioned to be releaſed from his office. The pope conſented. Thus free to chuſe a new profeſſion, he put on the pilgrim's habit, and travelled to Jeruſalem, firmly reſolved, as he told his friends, there to end his days. He had been thirteen years abbot of Cluni.

Hardly had I been three years in office, continued Peter, when my predeceſſor, diſguſted with Paleſtine, returned, through Italy, into France. His partiſans received him cordially, and they ſpoke, in the higheſt ſtrain, of the ſanctity of his life: he wore iron hoops round his arms, they ſaid; ate nothing, prayed inceſſantly, and that the fouleſt diſorders vaniſhed at his touch. I was then abſent from Cluni, on ſome buſineſs of my order, in Aquitaine. Pontius for ſome time diſſembled; he ſeemed unwilling to go to Cluni, but inſenſibly he approached it; and collecting round him ſome renegade monks and a few armed men, on a ſudden he appeared before the gates. Bernard the prior and his monks were ſoon diſperſed, and Pontius entered the convent at the head of his followers.

Of the few, whom he found within the walls, ſome he compelled by threats or torments, to ſwear obedience to him, and the refractory he expelled or threw into priſon. The croſſes, chalices, and every thing that was valuable, he melted down to pay his ſoldiers, and to enrich his dependants. Nor would this ſatisfy him: he marched out at the head of armed parties againſt the caſtles and ſtrong places belonging to the monaſtery, and the whole country he laid waſte by fire and ſword. For more than half a year did theſe devaſtations laſt; while Bernard and his faithful aſſociates made

made the beſt defence they could, and intrepidly withſtood the attacks and ſtratagems of the enemy. BOOK VI.

I remained in Aquitaine. My preſence, I thought, would only have increaſed the flame, and I was, indeed, little diſpoſed, as I was little qualified, to make head againſt the martial and enterpriſing Pontius.—Soon after, a terrible anathema was pronounced againſt him by Rome; nevertheleſs, both parties were cited before that tribunal. I obeyed, and my antagoniſt ſoon followed. The day was fixed for our appearance; but as Pontius was an excommunicated man, he could not, agreeably to the canons, be admitted to the bar: notice was therefore ſent to him, that he ſhould prepare himſelf for abſolution, by a due courſe of penance. He anſwered the meſſenger; that the power of excommunication belonged only to St. Peter, and that no mortal man poſſeſſed it.—I need not ſay, how much this haughty reply enraged the pontiff; the Roman people were ſtruck with horror, and Pontius was proclaimed a ſchiſmatic.

The ſame meſſage was then ſent to his partiſans. They were more tractable; they acknowledged their crimes; barefooted they entered the palace, and were abſolved. Afterwards they were admitted to plead the cauſe of their maſter, though the indulgence was remarkable, and ſeldom had been heared a more groundleſs plea.—Our defence was then called for: we ſpoke, and were liſtened to with attention. —His holineſs roſe from his throne, and withdrew with his council, to weigh the merits of our cauſe. After ſome hours, he returned, reſumed his ſeat, and the biſhop of Porto was ordered to read the ſentence. It was in theſe words: "The "holy Roman church depoſes, for ever, from all dignity

"and

BOOK VI.

" and eccleſiaſtical functions, Pontius, the ſacrilegious " uſurper, and the excommunicated ſchiſmatic; and re- " ſtores Cluni, with its monks and poſſeſſions, to the pre- " ſent abbot, from whom they have been unjuſtly taken."

The ſentence had the deſired effect: the diſaffected members ſubmitted to my authority, and the ſchiſm, in a moment, ceaſed. But the proud ſpirit of Pontius was unconquerable, and by order of the pope he was thrown into a dungeon. As we were preparing to return into France, we were all ſeized by a contagious malady, which then was rife in Rome. The unhappy priſoner was alſo ſeized. Chagrined and heated by intemperate exertions, he was not in a condition to withſtand the raging fever, and he expired as he had lived, fearleſs and impenitent. The reſt of us ſoon recovered [b].

Thus in learned and entertaining intercourſe, the hours paſſed. Peter was much pleaſed with his gueſt; he could diſcover nothing in his manners or converſation, which was not exemplary and improving; and it occurred to him that, could he detain him at Cluni, it might prove of much advantage to his ſubjects. Beſides, he compaſſionated his ſufferings, and was anxious to relieve them. The matter however was delicate, and it required ſome addreſs to propoſe it in terms which might not be offenſive. Abeillard was an abbot, a man of high reputation, and his fame was ſuffering from imputations, which, it ſeemed, could only be cancelled at the bar of Rome.

In the mean time arrived at Cluni Rainardus, abbot of Citeaux, and general of the Ciſtercian order of monks. He came,

[b] Fleury t. xiv.

came, it appears, on the laudable and humane buſineſs, of effecting a reconciliation between Abeillard and St. Bernard[c]. The latter was his ſubject; and probably the violent manner, in which he had conducted the proſecution againſt the abbot of St. Gildas, had not met his approbation. Rainardus was a man of great mildneſs, piety, and erudition. He opened his deſign to Peter, and begged his concurrence. No meaſure could be more agreeable to the character of his good heart, and together they waited on Abeillard.

I am come, ſaid the abbot of Citeaux, after the firſt ſalutations were over, to propoſe to you an accommodation with my brother Bernard.—I was ever a friend to peace, replied Abeillard, and have been forced into the preſent meaſures by the violence of the man, whoſe name you have mentioned, and for whoſe virtues I otherwiſe entertain the higheſt reſpect. Indeed I have been ill-uſed.—Will you go along with me then to Clairvaux? enquired Rainardus: there we ſhall find Bernard, and I have no doubt but, in the firſt interview, every cauſe of diſſention will be at once removed.—Abeillard thanked him for his kindneſs, but heſitated to give a direct anſwer to his propoſal; beſides, continued he, I am on my journey to Rome, and can defer it no longer.—You muſt, my friend, go to Clairvaux, ſaid the abbot of Cluni, interrupting him; and as for your journey to Italy, it is not ſo preſſing, and may as well be undertaken after your return.—I can oppoſe your wiſhes no longer, obſerved Abeillard, if you really think, that the cauſe of peace, or my own reputation, can be benefited by

[c] Ep. Pet. Ven. p. 336.

BOOK VI. my compliance.—The abbots applauded his diſpoſition, and then obſerved that, as he had never had any other intention, than to promote truth and to ſerve his neighbour, he could have no difficulty to retract or to amend any expreſſions, either in his diſcourſes or in his writings, which had been judged reprehenſible.—Such have ever been my diſpoſitions, replied Abeillard[d].

The abbot of Cluni wiſhed them all ſucceſs in their undertaking, and they departed for Clairvaux. We know not the particulars of the interview, only that, after matters had been properly explained, on both ſides, a ſincere reconciliation took place betwixt Abeillard and Bernard. The abbot of St. Gildas then returned to Cluni, where Peter, in anxious expectation, waited his coming, and his heart was gladdened with the news.

But it was now reported, and the report was ſoon confirmed that, in conſequence of the letters Bernard had diſpatched to Rome, a ſentence, ſuch as has been mentioned, had been pronounced againſt Abeillard. Moderate men were ſtruck by the intemperate and irregular tranſaction, and no one ſo much as Peter of Cluni; but out of the evil, he thought, good might be drawn: Abeillard perhaps might now be induced to accede to the propoſal, he had for ſome time revolved in his mind, and take up his reſidence in the monaſtery of Cluni.

Abeillard was not prepared for the unexpected ſhock. He had appealed to the equity of Rome, was haſtening to ſubmit himſelf to its deciſion, and had juſt been reconciled to the leading proſecutor. Unheard he found himſelf ſentenced to

[d] Ep. Pet. Ven. p. 336.

to ſilence and impriſonment, his works condemned to the flames, his opinions anathematiſed, and his name conjoined, by an infamous ſtigma, with that of Arnold of Breſcia. Peter in vain offered him comfort: his caſe was almoſt unprecedented in the annals of perſecution, and he would not add to his pain by attempting to extenuate the bad conduct of his enemies. From himſelf, his experience of human malevolence, and his ready ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven, he concluded, the beſt reſources might be derived on this trying occaſion: to them he would leave him, and wait till reflection had worn off the edge of reſentment. BOOK VI.

Habituated as the mind of Abeillard had been to ill uſage, it ſeemed ſooner to recover from the ſhock. The friendſhip of Peter Maurice, the ſympathiſing deportment of his monks, and the holy retirement of the place, all contributed to ſtill the agitation of his heart. The abbot, with joy, perceived the effect, and would not loſe the happy moment.—" Abeillard, ſaid he to him, you muſt not leave " us. Can you ſubmit to remain at Cluni? The late event, " which we viewed as a diſaſter, was perhaps meant to pro- " mote your felicity, and ours conjointly with it. There is " not an inhabitant under this roof, who does not wiſh to " be longer edified by your example, and improved by your " inſtruction."—Abeillard remained ſilent: the benevolence of his protector, and the ſudden propoſal, ſeemed to overpower him. " Your kindneſs, ſaid he at laſt, I feel like " balm upon my mind; and how flattering is the goodneſs " of your monks! But you know, it is not in my power to " accept your generous offer: I have myſelf an abbey to " attend to, to which I muſt return, if my enemies will

BOOK VI. " allow it. Beſides, this fatal ſentence, which has been " pronounced againſt me, has caſt me out from the ſociety " of chriſtians: in the horrors of a priſon muſt my remain- " ing melancholy days be conſumed."—" I will make your " peace with Rome, rejoined the abbot earneſtly, and pro- " cure permiſſion for you to remain at Cluni, if you will " give me your conſent."—A requeſt ſo reaſonable, and withal ſo ſoothing to his diſtreſsful ſituation, could not be refuſed. Abeillard embraced his friend, and they parted[e].

The venerable man, without delay, wrote to the Roman biſhop. He begins his letter by relating the circumſtances, which the reader has juſt heared, for they are taken from this letter, and when he comes to the main ſubject of his petition, he ſays: " Induced by my advice, or rather, I " think, inſpired by heaven, he has choſen to relinquiſh " the tumultuary ſcenes of ſcholaſtic ſtudies and diſputa- " tion, and with us to take up his laſt abode at Cluni. His " age, his infirmities, his piety, affected me much, and alſo " I was led to believe that his learning, to which your ho- " lineſs is no ſtranger, might be rendered very ſerviceable " to the crowds of young men, who inhabit theſe cloiſters. " It is now your approbation only which we wait for. Grant " it, therefore, we humbly intreat you. I requeſt it, I, " the meaneſt of your ſervants, and the abbey of Cluni, " ever devoted to you, joins my petition: let the voice of " Abeillard be heared with ours; it is his prayer that the " remaining days of an unhappy life, which perhaps are " but few, he may be commanded to ſpend at Cluni. Like " the ſparrow he has choſen this habitation, and like the " plaintive

[e] Ep. Pet. Cluniac. Vie d'Abeil. p. 144, &c.

" plaintive turtle, he rejoices here to have built his neſt. BOOK VI.
" May no oppoſition diſturb his reſt, no violence intrude
" on his retirement. You who are the guardian of the
" good and virtuous, and who once loved Abeillard, will
" take him under the ſhield of your apoſtolical protection."

A meſſenger was diſpatched with this letter to Rome, and Abeillard, compoſed and ſubmiſſive waiting his return, once more gave his mind to ſtudy, and to the occupations of retirement and literary eaſe. Here I ſhall leave him: other matters call for notice, which, agreeably to my plan, muſt not be omitted.

Among the extraordinary characters, which illuſtrated or diſgraced this period, none drew after it more obſervation, than that of Arnold, whoſe name has been more than once mentioned, born at Breſcia, a town in the Venetian territories. When young he quitted his native country, and travelling into France, became a ſcholar of Peter Abeillard. What proficiency he made in ſcience, is not ſaid; but his contemporaries deſcribe him as a man endowed with no uncommon abilities, poſſeſſing a great fluency of language with little judgment, fond of novelties and of opinions the moſt paradoxical[f]. After many years reſidence in France he returned to Italy.—Arnold was ſoon ſenſible, that celebrity was not to be obtained by ordinary means, and his diſpoſitions were little formed to purſue the beaten paths of life: to collect a party to give his name to a ſect, or to attack the rich and powerful, were ideas before which his mind expanded. Objects could not be long wanting for the exerciſe of his wildeſt ambition. He viewed the depraved manners and

Arnold of Breſcia.

[f] Ott. Friſing. l. 11. Gunth. Ligur l. 3.

BOOK VI. and the intemperate lives of the monks and clergy, and againſt them he would direct the ſevereſt oppoſition. His cauſe, he well knew, would be popular, and the better, under the guiſe of ſanctity, to effect his purpoſe, he threw over his ſhoulders, the auſtere dreſs of a religious man.

Thus habited Arnold opened his invective in the ſtreets of Breſcia. The people crowded round him. He told them he was ſent to reform abuſes, to pull down the proud, and to exalt the humble. He then pointed his declamation againſt the biſhops, againſt the clergy, againſt the monks, and finally againſt the Roman pontiff himſelf: to the laity only he was indulgent, and them even he flattered in their crimes. Churchmen, ſaid he, who hold benefices, biſhops who have domains, and monks that have poſſeſſions, will all be damned.—His hearers ſhouted approbation.—Theſe things, continued he, belong to the prince, he may give them to whom he pleaſes, but he muſt give them to the laity. It is on their tithes and the voluntary contributions of the people that thoſe ſons of God muſt live: they muſt be frugal, continent, and mortified.

Thus does Guntherus of Liguria, a very elegant poet of the age, ſpeak of Arnold and his preaching:

Tandem natalibus oris
Redditus, aſſumpta ſapientis fronte, diſerto
Fallebat ſermone rudes; clerumque procaci
Inſectans odio, monachorum acerrimus hoſtis,
Plebis adulator, gaudens popularibus auris,
Pontifices, ipſumque gravi corrodere lingua
Audebat papam; ſceleratoque dogmata vulgo
Diffundens, variis implebat vocibus aures.

Lib. 2.

The

The church of Breſcia was ſoon thrown into the greateſt confuſion, and the people, already prejudiced againſt their miniſters, threatened to overturn their altars. The ſacred writings he had the addreſs to urge in ſupport of his aſſertions, and from them he denounced the vengeance of heaven againſt the violators of the law. Indeed, nothing could be more glaringly offenſive, than the oſtentatious parade of the biſhops and great abbots, and the ſoft and licentious lives of the monks and clergy; but Arnold, in his declamation, far exceeded the bounds of truth.

Pontificum faſtus, abbatum denique laxos
Damnabat penitus mores, monachoſque ſuperbos.
Veraque multa quidem, niſi tempora noſtra fideles
Reſpuerent monitus, falſis admixta monebat.
Et fateor, pulchram fallendi noverat artem,
Veris falſa probans; quia tantum falſa loquendo
Fallere nemo poteſt.

In 1139 was celebrated a grand council at Rome. Arnold was cited to appear before it. His accuſers were the biſhop of Breſcia, and many others, whom he had ridiculed and inſulted. Nor from his judges could he look for much indulgence. He was found guilty, and ſentenced to perpetual ſilence. Conſidering his crime, this ſurely was a gentle puniſhment. But Arnold, whoſe higheſt ambition lay in the free uſe of words, viewed it, poſſibly, in a leſs partial light: he therefore inſtantly left Italy, croſſed the Alps, and ſat down at Zuric, where he dogmatiſed with new virulence and great ſucceſs.

Territus,

Territus, et miſeræ confuſus imagine culpæ,
Fugit ab urbe ſua, tranſalpiniſque receptus,
Qua ſibi vicinas Alemannia ſuſpicit alpes,
Nobile Turegum, doctoris nomine falſo,
Inſedit, totamque brevi ſub tempore terram
Perfidus impuri fædavit dogmatis aura.

Though Arnold had quitted Italy, yet had his opinions taken deep root, and Rome itſelf was infected by them. Irritated by the conduct of their maſter, Innocent the ſecond, the Roman people aſſembled in the Capitol. It was propoſed that the power of the pontiff, which they called exorbitant, ſhould be reſtrained: this was carried: when ſuddenly, inſpired as it were by the genius of the place, they moved that the ſenate, which for years had been aboliſhed, ſhould be reſtored. The propoſition was received with the loudeſt acclamations. Innocent in vain oppoſed the bold deſign; there was a magic in it which ſpread irreſiſtibly, and for a moment ſeemed to rouſe the fallen ſpirit of the nation. The pope viewed with horror the reverſe of fortune which threatened the tiara; to be ſhorn of his mighty power, and to become the mere ſhepherd of the chriſtian people, was a thought too afflicting: he fell ſick, and died[g].

Under his two immediate ſucceſſors, Celeſtin and Lucius, whoſe reigns were but of a few months, the Romans purſued their darling object. They waited on the latter, and, in an imperious tone, demanded the reſtitution of all the honours and civil rights, which had been uſurped from the people. The prince of the ſenate, ſaid they, whom we have choſen,

[g] Fleury vol. xiv.

choſen, will beſt adminiſter the important truſt: the tithes and offerings of the faithful will ſufficiently anſwer all the exigencies of your holineſs: it was thus that our ancient biſhops lived.—Lucius had recourſe to Conrad, the king of the Romans; and at the ſame time, the malcontents ſent an embaſſy to him, offering him their empire, and requeſting that he would march to their aſſiſtance. To this invitation Conrad gave no attention; he viewed it as an attempt, at once wild and licentious: but to the pope's deputies he ſhewed every mark of eſteem. Lucius ſurvived this event but a few days.

Eugenius the third was his ſucceſſor, the friend and diſciple of the renowned Bernard. The night before his conſecration the ſenators aſſembled, and it was agreed, that either he ſhould ſolemnly confirm all their proceedings, or they would annul his election. This reſolution was notified to him. He called together his friends; and it was their advice, that he ſhould neither accede to the extravagant demand, nor expoſe himſelf, by a refuſal, to the fury of the populace. He therefore ſilently withdrew from Rome, and retired to a neighbouring fortreſs. Here the ceremony of his conſecration was performed.

Arnold who, in baniſhment, had contemplated the effect of his admonitions on the minds of the Romans, and the ſucceſs which ſeemed to follow their exertions, was now informed that the pope had retired, and that the gates of the capital were open to receive him: it was likewiſe ſuggeſted to him, that his preſence was more than ever neceſſary, to give energy to their reſolves, form to their plans, and ſtability to their undertakings. Arnold took fire at the news; an unuſual ſwell of enthuſiaſm filled his breaſt;

BOOK VI. and he fancied that, like Junius Brutus, he was called on once more to give liberty to Rome.—At his appearance a new ſtream of vigour animated the citizens; they called him their friend and their deliverer. The Breſcian walked amongſt them; his deportment was humble, his countenance emaciated, his addreſs affable, and he ſpoke to them of moderation, of ſubmiſſion, of obedience.—With the nobles and new ſenators he held another language; though to them alſo he was mild and diffident, ſpeaking much of virtue and of reſpect for religion and the laws[h].

But no ſooner was he ſenſible of his own real influence, and ſaw the lengths to which the revolters had already carried their deſigns, than he threw aſide the maſk, and appeared in his own character, daring, impetuous, ſelf-ſufficient, vain. He harangued the people; he talked of their forefathers, the ancient Romans, who, by the wiſdom of their ſenate, and the valour of their armies, had conquered nations, and ſubdued the earth. He dwelt on the names and the atchievements of the Bruti, the Gracchi, and the Scipios; and of theſe men, ſaid he, are you not the children? He adviſed, that the Capitol be inſtantly repaired, that the equeſtrian order be reſtored, that the people have their tribunes, that dignity attend the ſenate, and that the laws, which had been ſilent and neglected, be revived in all their vigour. He ſpoke of the pope, as of a depoſed and baniſhed tyrant: "But ſhould you again be diſpoſed, continued he, "to admit him within theſe walls; firſt fix your own rights, "and determine his. He is but your biſhop; let him there-"fore have his ſpiritual juriſdiction. The government of "Rome,

[h] Bern. Ep. 195, 196.

" Rome, its civil eſtabliſhments, and its territories, belong " to you. Theſe you will keep, if you have the ſpirit of " men, and the hearts of Romans[i]." BOOK VI.

Quin etiam titulos urbis renovare vetuſtos,
Patricios recreare viros, priſcoſque quirites,
Nomine plebeio ſecernere nomen equeſtre,
Jura tribunorum, ſanctum reparare ſenatum,
Et ſenio feſſas, mutaſque reponere leges;
Lapſa ruinoſis et adhuc pendentia muris
Reddere primævo Capitolia priſca nitori;
Suadebat populo.

Lib. iii.

Fired by this harangue, the people, headed by the moſt diſaffected of the nobles, publicly attacked the few cardinals and churchmen, who remained in the city; they ſet fire to the palaces; and they compelled the citizens to ſwear obedience to the new government. Moderate men, who ſaw the folly of the attempt, were ſhocked at theſe exceſſes of popular phrenzy; but it was vain to oppoſe the torrent: they ſubmitted, looking forward, with ſome curioſity, to the termination of an event, which had begun in extravagance, and muſt end in diſappointment.

Eugenius till now had viewed, with ſome concern, the wild derangement of his people; but when it ſeemed, that their eyes opened to their own exceſſes, he could be inactive no longer. He excommunicated the ringleaders of the faction, and at the head of his troops, who were chiefly compoſed of Tiburtini, a people always hoſtile to the

[i] Ott. Friſing. lib. ii.

BOOK VI. Romans, he marched againſt the enemy. His friends, within the walls, who were numerous, co-operated with his deſigns, and in a few days, overtures for peace were made to the pontiff. He acceded to them, but on condition, that they ſhould annul the arrangements they had made, and if they would have ſenators, that they ſhould acknowledge all their power was from him. The people were ſatisfied, and they threw open the gates, through which Eugenius entered, among the acclamations of a fawning and inconſtant multitude.—Before this event Arnold had retired; but he left behind him many friends ſtrongly attached to his perſon and principles.

We hear little more of this enthuſiaſt, for ſuch he was, till the reign of Adrian, our countryman, when, on account of freſh tumults, he and his adherents were excommunicated, and Rome was threatened with an interdict, unleſs they expelled the whole party from their walls. This they did. The Arnoldiſts retired with their champion into Tuſcany, where he was received as a prophet, and honoured as a ſaint. His enemies, however, prevailed: he was made priſoner, and conducted, under a ſtrong eſcort, to Rome. In vain was great intereſt made to ſave his life; he was condemned and executed, and his aſhes thrown into the Tiber, leſt the people ſhould collect his remains, and venerate them as the relics of a ſainted martyr[k].

Such was Arnold of Breſcia, a man, whoſe character, whoſe principles, and whoſe views, we perhaps ſhould be diſpoſed to admire, had his life been recorded by unprejudiced hiſtorians, and not brought down to us drawn in the blackeſt

[k] Fleury vol. xv.

blackeſt colours, which party, bigoted zeal, and enthuſiaſm could lay on. He was raſh, miſ-judging, and intemperate, or never would he have engaged in ſo unequal a conteſt.—The view of ſuch a phœnomenon in the twelfth century excites a pleaſing admiration. To attack the Roman pontiff and his clergy in the very centre of their power, required a more than common ſhare of fortitude; to adopt a ſettled ſcheme of reſtoring to its priſtine glory the republic of Rome, demanded a ſtretch of thought, comprehenſive and enterpriſing; and to forego the eaſe and indulgence of a diſſipated age, for the reformation of manners and the ſuppreſſion of what he thought uſurped dominion, argued a character of mind, diſintereſted, generous, and benevolent. But Arnold, like other reformers, went too far; and paſſion ſoon vitiated undertakings, which were begun perhaps with motives the moſt laudable.—The readineſs, with which the Roman people embraced his plan of lowering the juriſdiction of the pontiff, and reſtraining it within thoſe bounds, which the true ſpirit of chriſtianity had fixed, at once ſhews, that they could reaſon juſtly, and that they conſidered the unbounded ſway of the triple crown, to which reluctantly they ſubmitted, as an aſſumed prerogative, to which violence or miſconſtruction, and not chriſtian right, had given efficacy.

Tanchelm or Tanchelin was another of thoſe extraordinary apoſtles, who, about this period, attracted very general notice. He alſo was a man, as his hiſtorians repreſent him, who, under the impoſing air of auſterity and mortification, of abſtemiouſneſs from pleaſure and an animated zeal againſt the vices of churchmen, gained a wondrous aſcendency

Tanche'm of Antwerp.

BOOK VI. aſcendency over the minds of the people. He opened his miſſion therefore by preaching againſt the diſorders of the age. He was artful and inſinuating, and though a laic, poſſeſſed knowledge, and a flow of eloquence which was rapid and impoſing.—Antwerp was then a great and flouriſhing city; but its vices were exuberant, and the torrent had ſpread itſelf into the adjacent countries. Here Tanchelm preached. He inveighed againſt the exceſſes of the great and opulent. The people liſtened with wonder. He courted their attention, and flattered their humour. He could then proceed to greater lengths: they were ignorant, he found, and uninſtructed, and were therefore diſpoſed to take whatever doctrines, he ſhould lay before them. He talked of the pope, of biſhops, and of the clergy, as of men, who had intruded themſelves into the miniſtry of religion, to enjoy their eaſe, and to cajole the people: the ſacraments he repreſented as profane and uſeleſs ceremonies, and the ſupper of our Lord as of no avail to ſalvation: and in himſelf and in his followers, he concluded, dwelt the whole ſpirit of the church.

It was now time to make a more ſplendid figure: hitherto, his appearance had been lowly, and his diſcourſe modeſt. He decorated his cloths with gold, and his hair with jewels, and ſurrounded by a guard of three thouſand men, he advanced among their acclamations, preceded by a ſtandard and a naked ſword. Thus eſcorted he preached in the open fields, and his words were received as oracles from heaven: nor could they be withſtood; carnage and devaſtation marked his progreſs wherever oppoſition was made to his deſigns.—I ſpeak not of the abominations, he is ſaid, to have

have committed, nor of the atrocious diſorders which his principles, are alſo ſaid, to have recommended and ſanctified. The enemies of orthodoxy have often been charged with crimes, which to have committed coolly and ſyſtematically, ſeems not to have come within the ſphere of human depravity. It is more probable, becauſe more poſſible, that their adverſaries, though good and well-intentioned men, defamed their conduct. and miſ-judged their principles. In the claſh of two opinions the moſt probable muſt be choſen.

Emboldened by ſucceſs, Tanchelm raiſed his views to higher honours. He dared to tell the people that he was God. " Jeſus Chriſt, ſaid he, took divinity to himſelf, " becauſe the plenitude of the Holy Spirit came upon " him; I have received the ſame ſpirit, therefore am I " equal to him." The people believed him, and fell proſtrate at his feet.—To enhance the glory of his divinity, he entertained magnificently the crowds, which followed him; and joy, merriment, and pleaſure gave a zeſt to religion, which it had not known before. They who could approach his perſon, felt a glow of inſpiration in their breaſts; the ground on which he had trodden was deemed holy; and the water, in which he had bathed, they preſerved as a relic of ineſtimable value: it ſupported health, and expelled the moſt inveterate diſorders.

To defray his expences, which were great, Tanchelm had recourſe to every device; but the liberality of his friends began to ſlacken. His invention, however, was not exhauſted. He ordered a large ſtatue of the Virgin Mary to be brought out among the people: Tanchelm then advanced

BOOK VI. advanced up to it; he touched her hand, and pronounced the words which are uſed at the marriage ceremony. "You "ſee, ſaid he, what I have done; I have married this "virgin: it is now your duty to make the cuſtomary pre-"ſents."—Two boxes were then placed, one for the men, the other for the women, on each ſide of the image.—"Now "ſhall we diſcover, continued he, which of you entertain "the ſincereſt regard for me and my wife."—It was a conteſt of love and benevolence; but the women ſeemed to carry it: they tore the ornaments from their heads, the collars from their necks, and the rings from their ears.

When the impoſtor, by ſuch uncomnon arts, had ſpread his influence and opinions over many provinces of Flanders, he meditated greater conqueſts. It is ſaid, that he thought of going to Rome itſelf, there to oppoſe his *divinity* againſt the mighty power of the pontiff. But as, one day, he was entering into a boat, which was to carry him on ſome religious expedition, a good prieſt aimed a blow at his head, which put a final period to all his greatneſs. His opinions, however, ſurvived him, and his diſciples, in ſpite of oppoſition, multiplied and maintained their tenets. Againſt them, Norbert of Premontré, of whom already I have ſpoken, was ſent, and he ſucceſsfully performed his commiſſion, by preaching, by miracles, and by a diſplay of the moſt exalted virtues[1].

To account for the extreme animoſity with which theſe, and other ſectaries of the age, were actuated againſt the miniſters of the church, certain circumſtances muſt be duly conſidered. It is not without a cauſe that violent paſſions are

[1] Fleury vol. xiv. Nat. Alex.

are excited.—France, about a century before, had been inundated by various ſects, which went under the common denomination of Manicheans. They were treated with unexampled ſeverity, and many had been burned in the different provinces of the kingdom. Perſecution made them more circumſpect, but it alſo inflamed their hatred againſt the clergy, who had been the principal agents in their oppreſſion, and whoſe zeal had unſheathed the magiſtrate's ſword againſt them. From the aſhes of the dead, as it ever happens, roſe a vindictive race, on whoſe minds grew the early impreſſion, that they muſt revenge their own, and their fathers cauſe. It was hence their leading object to inſult and vilify the prieſthood, and whatever was of a nature to give them reſpect and conſideration, in the eyes of the people, that they attacked with peculiar virulence: ſuch was the adminiſtration of the ſacraments and their efficacy, the ceremonies of the church, prayers for the living and the dead, the order of prieſthood, the Lord's ſupper, and the authority of the firſt paſtors of the church.

The diſorders and ignorance of the clergy were, beſides, extreme: this has been already obſerved: the offices in the church were venal; the ſacraments were adminiſtered by men, whom ſimony had corrupted, and concubinage debaſed; and the momentous truths of religion and morality were ſunk in idle ceremony and vile ſuperſtition.—This is the dark ſide of the object.—Governed by ſuch rulers, the people were ignorant, were brutal, were head-ſtrong; nor could they have reſpect for thoſe, to ſupport whoſe exceſſes they contributed much of their ſubſtance, and from

BOOK VI. whom, in return, they received imperious words and unfeeling treatment. They would be ready to rebel, and to pull down theſe proud and uſeleſs miniſters. A head only was wanting; and he who had courage, had ſome learning, was eloquent, and had addreſs to manage the wayward paſſions of the multitude, might lead them to the wildeſt meaſures, and become their friend, their maſter, their general, and their prophet[m]. Such were Arnold of Breſcia and Tanchelm, and ſuch was Henry de Bruys, in nothing inferior to either.

Henry de Bruys.

Henry was in France, what his contemporaries, whom I have deſcribed, were in Italy and in Flanders; he was the diſciple of Peter de Bruys, who had ſhewn him the way, and had taught him the maxims, which he himſelf had practiſed, and ſealed with his blood. The errors of Peter were, that infant baptiſm was uſeleſs, becauſe it was neceſſary they ſhould make an act of faith, and receive inſtructions—that churches, altars, and all material buildings, diſgraced the ſervice of God, and ſhould be deſtroyed—that the croſs was an implement of ſuperſtition, and ſhould be broken and trodden under foot—that the ſacrifice of the maſs was an idle ceremony, and ought not to be celebrated—and that alms, prayers, or other good works, offered for the dead, availed them nothing.

Peter was violent and head-ſtrong, and theſe doctrines, which he might have propagated by gentle means, he would force on his countrymen by outrages and bloodſhed. The ſouthern provinces of France were the theatre of his exceſſes. He re-baptiſed the people, pillaged the churches,

[m] Dict. des Hereſies p. 484.

churches, overturned the altars, burned the croſſes, tor- BOOK VI.
tured the miniſters, and forced the monks by threats and blows, to take wives, or to periſh in dungeons.—So relates Peter the venerable, the man of benevolence and moderation, from what his own eyes had witneſſed; and he it was, who principally oppoſed himſelf to the progreſs of the proud reformer [n].—Peter was at laſt ſeized by the irritated people, before whom, on Good Friday, he had lighted up a large bonfire of croſſes, and having broiled ſome meat before it, invited the ſpectators to partake of his meal: they threw him into the flames, and he was conſumed.

His friend Henry was warned by the example. He had adopted all the opinions of his maſter, and had added to them of his own: of theſe the principal were, that ſpiritual ſongs are an inſult to the Deity, that he only delights in pious affections, that he is not invoked by loud vociferation, nor ſoothed by the harmony of muſic [o]. —The idea was gloomy; it had little elſe in it that was cenſurable.—The violence with which Peter had enforced his doctrine, ſeemed not to agree with the diſpoſitions of Henry; he therefore adopted another method, which was that of inſinuation and perſuaſive eloquence.

The deſcription given of his perſon and way of life, by a contemporary writer, when he was young, and firſt appeared in the dioceſe of Mans, is not incurious. "About "this time, ſays he, came from the neighbouring pro-

[n] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. [o] Ibid.

BOOK VI. " vinces a certain hypocrite, whoſe actions, morals, " opinions, rendered deſerving of the ſevereſt puniſh- " ments. He was young, but he wore his hair ſhort, and " his beard unſhorn; he was tall in ſtature, moved quick, " and his feet, in the rigour of winter, were naked; his " countenance and eyes were agitated as the raging ſea; " he ſpoke rapidly, and his voice was loud as the howling " billows. In his dreſs he was negligent and filthy, " nor did he live like other men: he frequented, for his " meals, the houſes of the meaneſt citizens; choſe for " his abode, during the day, the porches of his friends " habitations, and ſlept in the moſt expoſed and incle- " ment places. But he ſoon acquired the reputation " of a ſaint: the ladies, in particular, extolled his " virtues; they ſaid, he had the ſpirit of a prophet, " that he could read the interior of their minds, and " tell their ſecret ſins[p]." And well he might, if it be true, what the ſame author relates of his familiar converſation with them.

In this dioceſe, ſo great was the fame of his virtues, Henry obtained permiſſion to preach to the people. They flocked to him, and the clergy even exhorted them to it. He mounted the tribunal, which had been prepared for him; his voice ſounded like the thunder from heaven; and they drank down his words with raviſhment. Soon was the multitude convinced that he was a man divinely ſent; and when Henry perceived the impreſſion, he ſeized the moment, and laid before them his own

[p] Chronic. Cenoman. in Nat. Alex.

own favourite opinions. But his main drift was to inſtill into their minds an averſion for their miniſters, and to rouſe them to acts of violence and fury. The event more than anſwered his moſt ſanguine wiſhes, and the clergy were ſoon ſenſible how miſerably they had been deluded.

The people came from his diſcourſes, diſturbed in their belief, and drunk with enthuſiaſm. They attacked their prieſts, and inſulted the clergy, refuſing to ſell even the common neceſſaries to their domeſtics: they threatened to deſtroy their houſes, to pillage their goods; and from menaces would have proceeded to every act of violence, had not the count of Mans, and the principal nobility, oppoſed the outrageous current of their phrenzy.

In the mean time, Hildebert, the biſhop, who had been abſent, returned from Rome. He was aſtoniſhed at the change in his flock; for, inſtead of the reſpect, which ever before he had experienced from them, they inſultingly refuſed his bleſſing, ſhouted the name of Henry in his ears, threw dirt at the clergy who accompanied him, and abuſed them in the moſt petulant and opprobrious language. But Hildebert was a cool and experienced man, and by gentle means ſo far opened the eyes of his people, that Henry thought proper to withdraw, and to look for new friends, in the provinces of Languedoc and Provence, where Peter had made ſo rich a harveſt.

BOOK VI. Eugenius of Rome, of whom I have ſpoken, was not ſlow in ſending a proper force againſt him. Bernard entered the liſts, but the crafty impoſtor declined the conteſt. He retired; ſearch was made, and he was taken. We hear no more of him, only that he was delivered to the biſhop of Toulouſe, who threw him into priſon, where probably he died [q].

It is in ſuch men as theſe, and in their opinions, that proteſtant writers have looked for that chain of tradition, by which the doctrine they profeſs, may have been brought down to them [r]. It may be ſo; but providence, it ſeems, muſt have choſen extraordinary vehicles for the conveyance of his moſt important documents to man. I am, however, very ready to believe, as I have before noticed, that much of the accounts, which are recorded of them, is extremely fallacious and over-charged. But where may we look for other ſources of information, out of which to form a more prudent judgment, and whereby the writings of their contemporaries, a Bernard and a Peter the venerable, may be corrected and reformed? To the reader alſo the reflection muſt ever recur, that, as the opinions which theſe men ſupported, were uniformly and ſteadily oppoſed, as ſoon as they were made public, there muſt have been *novelty*, at leaſt, in them, and conſequently that they were not parts of that ancient and authentic doctrine, on which time and authority had ſtamped their venerable ſeal.

[q] Fleury vol. xiv. [r] Baſnage hiſt. des Egl. Ref.

Other

Other men there were, about this period, whoſe characters were almoſt as deſerving of notice, as theſe I have mentioned; but enough has been ſaid to anſwer the object I have in view, and Abeillard, of whom I muſt ſoon take my laſt farewell, again calls me to Cluni.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE LIVES OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

BOOK VII.

Abeillard writes two apologies—His life at Cluni—He falls ſick—And dies at St. Marcellus—His character—The abbot of Cluni writes an account of his death to Heloiſa—She requeſts his body, and obtains it—Writes to Peter the venerable—His anſwer—Innocent II.—*Eugenius* III.—*Adrian* IV.—*State of England—State of France—The ſecond cruſade—Death and character of Suger—of Bernard—of Peter the venerable—Heloiſa—Her death.*

Anno, 1141.

IF the reader be not a whimſical man, and therefore fond of exotic characters, he will leave, without regret, the new company, to which I had introduced him, and rejoice once more to meet Abeillard and his venerable friend. BOOK VII.

BOOK VII.

He writes two apologies.

Having conſented to remain at Cluni, could permiſſion be obtained from Rome, Abeillard, reſigned to the will of heaven, compoſed his agitated thoughts, and ſought for comfort in the occupations of prayer and ſtudy, to which the genius of the place and his own propenſions called him. Peter Maurice was much pleaſed by the calm reſignation of his gueſt, and he let paſs no occaſion of giving it ſtability by every means in his power. He ſuggeſted various expedients for filling up the irkſome moments of ſuſpenſe, till his meſſenger ſhould return, and one day propoſed to him the propriety of writing an apology, or a profeſſion of his real opinions, which might be given to the world. "Your ſen-
"timents, ſaid he, have been miſtaken or miſrepreſented;
"you know the charges that are againſt you; ſtate then
"your belief, in terms, clear, preciſe, and unequivocal.
"It will ſilence your enemies, and give joy to your friends.
"Beſides, do not your own honour, and the love of truth,
"exact it from you?"—Abeillard ſaw the propriety of the meaſure, and thanked his kind adviſer. His mind had long been a ſtranger to the voice of friendſhip, and it now fell, ſoothing as the dew from heaven upon a parched ſoil.

The opening of his apology is ſubmiſſive, but manly, and ſhews how little he deſerved the harſh treatment, he had experienced. It is addreſſed to the univerſal church.—"The
"obſervation, ſays he, is well known, that the moſt accu-
"rate expreſſions can be eaſily perverted, and that he who
"writes much only adds to the number of his judges. But
"I who have written little, and in compariſon of many
"others, almoſt nothing, have not eſcaped cenſure; though
"where I am moſt heavily charged, God knows, I am not
"conſcious

" conſcious of any fault; nor, were there any, would I de-
" fend it with obſtinacy. Inadvertently I may have written
" what ſhould not have been ſaid; but heaven is my wit-
" neſs, and I appeal to it, that I have uttered nothing from
" malice, nothing from pride of heart. In the ſchools I
" often ſpoke to thouſands, but it was not ſurreptitiouſly;
" what I thought might tend to the elucidation of truth and
" the progreſs of morality, that I publicly delivered; and
" what I have written, that I freely laid before the public,
" not to make proſelytes to my opinions, but that they might
" judge them. If I have exceeded in diſcourſe, which may
" have happened, ever have I been diſpoſed to amend or to
" retract my expreſſions: and in this reſolution I will abide
" to the end. How then can I be deemed a heretic?—But
" as it is my duty to correct my errors, if any there be; ſo
" will it become me to repel ſuch, as have been falſly im-
" puted to me. I know that purpoſely, we ſhould not rouſe
" the tongues of the malevolent againſt us; and when by
" their own malice they are in motion, we ſhould bear it
" patiently; ſometimes however we may be allowed to
" ſilence them, leſt, by their evil reports, they corrupt the
" minds of thoſe, who might draw good from our inſtruc-
" tions.—Be convinced then, my brethren, that I, an un-
" worthy ſon as I am of the church, do believe all that ſhe
" believes, do reject all that ſhe rejects. The unity of faith
" I have never violated, though in conduct, I know, I am
" the laſt of her children[a]."

He then proceeds to an explicit declaration of his faith, on ſuch points as had been cenſured; than which nothing

[a] Op. Abeil. p. 330.

BOOK VII. can be more orthodox, whteher it be tried by the teſt of modern belief in the catholic church, or by the more ancient creeds of the primitive ages.—Peter approved much of his apology, and it was ſoon diſperſed among the churches of France.

While the abbot of St. Gildas was engaged in this laudable work, he heared that Heloiſa and her nuns at the Paraclet were much alarmed at what had happened. The dangers in which he was involved, diſtreſſed them; and beſides, a thouſand anxious thoughts diſturbed their minds. It was natural, when they heared of the condemnation of his opinions at Sens, and read the ſentence of the Roman court againſt him, that they ſhould tremble for themſelves. If their maſter was a heretic; how could they be orthodox, who had taken all their opinions from him, and who venerated him as the oracle of truth? His ſermons were read in their church, and his other works were ſeldom out of their hands.—Abeillard felt for their ſituation, and wiſhed to relieve it. The apology he had juſt written would well anſwer the purpoſe, but he was diſpoſed to do it by a more perſonal addreſs. He therefore wrote to Heloiſa.

" It is the ſtudy of philoſophy, ſays he to her, which has " prejudiced the world againſt me. My enemies allow that, " in this ſcience, I am excellent, but that I know little of " the doctrine of Paul. They commend the acuteneſs of " my talents, and take from me the purity of a chriſtian " believer. They are led away rather by ſurmiſe, than by " any experience of my opinions. I have no ambition to " be a philoſopher in oppoſition to Paul, or to poſtpone " Chriſt to Ariſtotle. It is under his name only that I can be " ſaved.

" ſaved. Wherefore, that all fearful ſolicitude and anxious " cares may be expelled from your breaſt, be aſſured, He- " loiſa, that my conſcience reſts upon that rock, on which " Chriſt built his church."—He then ſpecifies the articles of his belief, and concludes: " This is the faith in which I " ſtand, and here I fix the anchor of my hope: thus ſtreng- " thened, I do not fear the howlings of Scilla; I laugh at " the gulph of Carybdis; and the fatal ſongs of the Sirens " charm me not. If the tempeſt roar, I am not ſhaken, " nor do the blowing winds move me. My feet reſt upon " this ſolid rock[b]."

The meſſenger now returned with the agreeable tidings, that the pope was ſatisfied with the favourable accounts he had received of the diſpoſitions of Abeillard, that he ſuſpended the ſentence which had been pronounced againſt him, and that, conformably to his requeſt, he was permitted to end his days in the monaſtery of Cluni.

His life at Cluni.

The calm ſtillneſs, which, at evening, often ſucceeds to a tempeſtuous day, may very aptly repreſent the preſent ſtate of the mind of Abeillard. All was huſhed within him, the moment Peter, taking him by the hand, ſignified to him the will of Rome.—Abeillard then begged the good man's bleſſing, and while on his knees, humbly requeſted, as he was now his ſubject, that he would lay his commands on him; that the only wiſh he had, was to retire from the world, to make his peace with heaven, and to be heared of no more. Peter raiſed him from the ground: " I have no commands, " ſaid he, to give you: you are free to indulge your own " purſuits; and as to the rule of Cluni, by which our hours " and

[b] Op. Abeil. p. 308.

BOOK VII. " and conduct are regulated, it ſhall be no farther binding on " you, than as it may ſuit with your inclinations. Be happy " only, and reſigned to your ſtation."—Abeillard inſiſted, that he ſhould be conſidered as a private religious man, and that no diſtinction or indulgence ſhould be ſhewn him.—To this the abbot would by no means conſent, and he gave his orders that, after himſelf, he ſhould occupy the firſt place in the monaſtery [c].

Very few words will now deſcribe the life of Abeillard. The uniformity of the cloiſtered ſituation admits of no variety, and the occupations of one day are the occupations of life. Reſigned he was: he was humble, retired, taciturn, ſtudious, and devout. The moſt perfect admired his greater perfection, and the indolent were animated by the view of his ſplendid virtues. Peter Maurice, who was an eye-witneſs to his conduct, has delineated, with much complacency, the behaviour of his friend, and this I will give. It is contained in a letter to Heloiſa.

" It was the ſuperintending providence of heaven which " ſent him to Cluni, in the laſt years of his life. The pre- " ſent was the richeſt which could have been made us. " Words will not eaſily expreſs the high teſtimony, which " Cluni bears to his humble and religious deportment within " theſe walls. Never did I behold abjection ſo lowly, or " abſtemiouſneſs ſo exemplary. By my expreſs deſire, he " held the firſt place in our numerous community, but in " his dreſs he ſeemed the laſt of us all. When in our pub- " lic proceſſions I ſaw him walking near me, recollected " and humble, my mind was ſtruck: ſo great a man, thought " I, by

[c] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. ad Helois. p. 337.

" I, by ſelf-abaſement, is thus voluntarily brought low!
" Contrary to the practice of many, who call themſelves
" religious men, Abeillard ſeemed to take delight in penu-
" ry; and the moſt ſimple and unadorned habit pleaſed him
" moſt. He looked no further. In his diet, and in all that
" regarded the care of his body, he was equally reſerved
" and abſtemious. More than what was abſolutely neceſ-
" ſary he never ſought for himſelf, and he condemned it in
" others. His reading was almoſt inceſſant; he often prayed;
" and he never interrupted his ſilence, unleſs when, urged
" by the intreaties of the monks, he ſometimes converſed
" with them, or in public harangues explained to them the
" great maxims of religion. When able, he celebrated the
" ſacred myſteries, offering to God the ſacrifice of the im-
" mortal lamb; and after his reconciliation to the apoſtolic
" ſee, almoſt daily. In a word his mind, his tongue, his
" hand, were ever employed in the duties of religion, or
" in developing the truths of philoſophy, or in the pro-
" found reſearches of literature[d]."

This ſurely is the deſcription of a perfect man, drawn by the hand of one of the moſt amiable and beneficent characters, recorded in the annals of monaſtic hiſtory. Peter had long been meditating a reform of the many abuſes which, during the adminiſtration of Pontius, his predeceſſor, particularly, had crept into his order: he wiſhed to reſtore it to its ancient ſplendour. But alſo, as every thing that is human ſeems to contain within itſelf the principles of its own deſtruction, Cluni, which had now ſubſiſted more than two hundred years, was in its natural decline; and this was accelerated

[d] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. ad Helois. p. 337.

BOOK VII. accelerated by its vaſt wealth and unbounded reputation. Its growth had been rapid and unuſual, and it fell in a ſimilar proportion. The great man in vain oppoſed this neceſſary effect, and with joy he availed himſelf of the example, the learning, and the influence of Abeillard. They could apply temporary relief to the evil; and Peter, a few years after, introduced a very ſerious ſyſtem of reform. He died, and with him expired the glory of Cluni.

In the exerciſe of the virtues, I have recorded, Abeillard had ſpent ſome months, and perhaps they were the happieſt of his life. The monks were very deſirous that he would be more liberal of his inſtructions to them, and the abbot (who ſaw with pleaſure that a taſte for literature was reviving in his convent, which he could but aſcribe to the example of Abeillard), was very preſſing that he ſhould comply with their wiſhes. Abeillard could refuſe nothing to his kind benefactor; but he felt a ſecret reluctance, which no effort could ſurmount, in again entering on the buſineſs of inſtruction, which had often proved ſo diſaſtrous to his happineſs. The calm, which he now enjoyed, might only portend another ſtorm. There was likewiſe another cauſe which aided to generate this diſtaſte for public employment, of which at firſt he was hardly ſenſible. His conſtitution had always been delicate, and care, preying upon his tender fibres, had increaſed the evil. When he came to Cluni, as Peter obſerved in his letter to Rome, his health was very precarious, and it did not ſeem that he had many more years to number. The agitation ſubſiding, which had given motion to his heart, a languor enſued, and he began to ſuſpect that a period would ſoon be put to all his labours. With compoſure he viewed the

the event, but it gave a diſreliſh for every active purſuit, by which his neighbour indeed might have been ſerved, and his own mind would have been diſturbed in that awful meditation, which prepares us beſt for another world. BOOK VII.

He was willing, however, to get the better of his reluctance; to make ſome return for all the kindneſs he experienced; and to comply with the intreaties of his friends, which he could oppoſe no longer. He ſometimes, therefore, appeared in the public ſchool of the convent, and entered on ſuch diſcuſſions as he thought would be moſt agreeable to his hearers. Their applauſe was as unbounded, as it was ſincere, and, for a moment, it revived in him that animation of ideas and of eloquence, which was his peculiar excellence. Theſe exertions did but injure his health; his colour was ſeen to come and go, and a tremulous faltering in his voice ſoon indicated that the internal frame was giving way. Other ſymptoms likewiſe ſhowed themſelves, and a ſcorbutic humour, to which he had long been ſubject, broke out with violence on many parts of his body[e].—The monks were alarmed; but no one ſo much as the good abbot, who now loved him as a friend, and who feared that Cluni would ſoon be deprived of ſo eminent a pattern of monaſtic virtues. He falls ſick.

He redoubled his attention to him; he expoſtulated gently with him on the too little care he ſeemed to take of his health; he inſiſted that he ſhould deſiſt from every ſtrong exertion; that he ſhould give leſs time to ſtudy and reflection; that he ſhould conform to none of the duties of the convent; but that by gentle exerciſe, repoſe, and every

[e] Pet. Cluniac. Ep.

assistance which medicine could supply, he would endeavour to regain strength, and ward off the blow which threatened him. Abeillard submitted; but all attempts to relieve him proved successless; his malady grew daily more inveterate, and it was judged proper to try the effect of another air.

And dies at St. Marcellus.

At Chalons on the river Saone, not far from Cluni, stood the priory of St. Marcellus. It was beautifully situated at a little distance from the town; the neighbouring country was delightful; and its air was thought to be the most pure in Burgundy. It is the descripton which Peter himself gives of it. The priory depended on the abbey of Cluni. When it seemed advisеable that Abeillard should try the effect of air, none was judged so proper as that of St. Marcellus; and Peter, with his usual kindness, proposed it to him. Abeillard was not disposed to move; sickness, conspiring with the recollection of former troubles, had served still more to inspire a distaste of life, and he did not wish to leave Cluni, which probably he should never see again, and where, amongst the sympathising cares of his friends, he might close his eyes in peace. This unwillingness he expressed to the abbot, and he dwelt upon it with unusual earnestness. Peter, however, could not recede from the point; for he judged that a life, which every day's experience rendered of more consequence to his convent, should be guarded by every possible attention. He, therefore, persisted in his design, and Abeillard, reluctantly obedient, taking leave of his friends, was conveyed to St. Marcellus. Often did he turn his eyes towards that noble mansion, where he had found protection in distress, and where, to his experience at least, religion, learning, virtue, and Peter the venerable dwelt.

" Thus

" Thus (continues the abbot of Cluni in his narration to " Heloiſa) this good and ſimple man, having ſpent ſome " time with us, avoiding evil and fearing God, was, by my " expreſs deſire, ſent to Chalons. The ſcurvy, and other " infirmities, had become daily more violent. I thought " the ſituation might agree with him, for it is healthy, and " more beautifully pleaſant, than moſt parts of Burgundy: " its ſite is near the town, but on the other ſide of the river, " which waſhes with its ſtream the verdant banks of the " priory[f]."

But it did not ſeem that this genial air of St. Marcellus, that its flowery lawns, and ſilver ſtream, could reſtore vigour to the expiring life of Abeillard. On the contrary he grew worſe, and perhaps what was meant to relieve him, only accelerated his end. Senſible then that all human means could not avert the blow, he cheerfully ſubmitted to it, and prepared to meet his fate with the cool compoſure of a chriſtian philoſopher. He reſumed, as well as he was able, the courſe of life he had practiſed at Cluni: he ſtudied, prayed, and meditated. Even he did more. The confraternity of St. Marcellus begged that they alſo might partake of his inſtructions, and he made an effort to ſatisfy their requeſt. He wrote ſome diſcourſes for them; and when his hand could obey no longer, he dictated what remained, in a feeble voice, to the monks who ſat attentive round him[g].

" Occupied in theſe exerciſes, concludes Peter, the vi- " ſiter of the goſpel found him, not aſleep, but watching. " He found him truly watching, and he called him, with " the wiſe virgins, to the banquet of eternal bliſs. He had

[f] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. [g] Ibid.

BOOK VII.

" his lamp full of oil, that is, a conſcience replete with the " works of a holy life.—The virulence of his diſorder in- " creaſing, in a few days, he was brought to that goal, to- " wards which all the generations of men are haſtening. " With what ſentiments of devotion he then firſt declared " his faith, and afterwards made the confeſſion of his ſins; " with what ardent affection he received the body of his re- " deemer, which was to carry him to eternal reſt; and how " earneſtly he commended both ſoul and body, here and " for ever, into the hands of his maker; many holy men " can witneſs, and with them the whole convent of St. " Marcellus[h]."

Abeillard died in his ſixty-third year, on the twenty-firſt of April, in the year 1142.

His character.

The reader who has ſeen the detached parts of Abeillard's character, may with eaſe collect the ſcattered members, and view at once the general portrait.—He was born with uncommon abilities, and in a better age, had they been directed to other purpoſes, their diſplay might have given more ſolid glory to their poſſeſſor, and more real advantage to mankind. But he was to take the world as he found it, for he could not correct its vicious taſte, nor indeed did he attempt it. On the contrary, the vicious taſte of the age ſeemed to accord with the moſt prominent features of his mind. He loved controverſy, was pleaſed with the ſound of his own voice, and, in his moſt favourite reſearches, rather looked for quibbles and evaſive ſophiſtry, than for truth and the conviction of reaſon. He was a diſputatious logician therefore, and in this conſiſted all his philoſophy.—His divinity was much of the ſame complection. When

[h] Pet. Cluniac. Ep.

When we conſider him as a writer, not much more can be added to his praiſe. He is obſcure, laboured, and inelegant; nor do I diſcover any traces of that genius and vivid energy of ſoul, which he certainly poſſeſſed, and which rendered him ſo formidable in the ſchools of philoſophy. Even when he deſcribes his own misfortunes, and is the hero of his own tale, the ſtory is languid, and it labours on through a tedious and digreſſive narration of incidents. In his theological tracts he is more jejune, and in his letters, he has not the elegance, nor the harmony, nor the ſoul of Heloiſa. Therefore, did we not know, how much his abilities were extolled by his contemporaries, what encomiums they gave to his pen, and how much the proudeſt diſputants of the age feared the fire of his tongue, we certainly ſhould be inclined to ſay, peruſing his works, that Abeillard was not an uncommon man.

Nor was he uncommon in his moral character. He had not to thank nature for any great degree of ſenſibility, that ſource of pain and of pleaſure, of virtue and of vice. Thrown, from early youth, into habits, which could not meliorate his diſpoſitions, he became ſelfiſh, opiniative, and vain-glorious. What did not ſerve to gratify his own humour, called for little of his regard. He wiſhed to appear above the common feelings of humanity, for his philoſophy was not of a nature to make him the friend of man. Of religion he knew little more than the ſplendid theory; and its amiable precepts were too obvious and familiar to engage the attention, and modify the heart, of an abſtruſe and ſpeculative reaſoner.—When he loved Heloiſa, it was not her perſon, nor her charms, nor her abilities, nor her virtues, which he loved;

BOOK VII. loved; he ſought only his own gratification, and in its purſuit, no repulſion of innocence could thwart him, no voice of duty, of friendſhip, of unguarded confidence, could impede his headlong progreſs. He ſuffered; and from that moment rather he became a man. We may blame him perhaps, that he ſhould ſo eaſily forget Heloiſa; but I have ſaid, that he never really loved her. More than other men, he was not free to command his affections; and from motives of religion, perhaps even of compaſſion, he wiſhed in her breaſt to check that ardent flame, which burned to no other purpoſe, than to render her heart miſerable, and her life forlorn.

To eraſe theſe unfavourable impreſſions, which the mind has conceived of Abeillard, we muſt view him in diſtreſs, ſmarting from oppreſſion and unprovoked malevolence. There was, I know, in his character ſomething which irritated oppoſition, whether it was a love of ſingularity, an aſperity of manners, or a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior talents, which he did not diſguiſe. However this might be, the behaviour of his enemies was always harſh, and ſometimes cruel; and him we pity.—He now became a religious, a benevolent, and a virtuous man; and thouſands reaped benefit from his inſtructions, as they were tutored by his example.—The cloſe of his unhappy life was to the eye of the chriſtian ſpectator its moſt brilliant period. His ſun, which through its long revolution, had been often obſcured by dark clouds and pallid vapours, now deſcended in a mild radiance, and diſappeared with glory. In his death he was the great and good man, the philoſopher and the chriſtian. The all-ruling hand of providence, which madé us what we

are,

are, can beſt correct the accidental depravity of our natures, and perfect his own work, ſometimes in the ſunſhine of proſperity, but oftener in the chilling blaſt of tribulation.

Peter the venerable, whoſe benevolence of character, while it threw a veil over the imperfections of his friend, was careful to draw out his virtues, and to embelliſh them, has alſo deſcribed the abbot of St. Gildas.—" He was the " Socrates of France, he ſays, the Plato of Italy, the Ariſ- " totle of the ſchools. To his predeceſſors, in the walks of " philoſophy, he was equal, or ſuperior. Confeſſed by all " the maſter and model of eloquence, he charmed by the " variety of his talents, and convinced by the ſubtilty of " his reaſoning. But then was his life moſt tranſcendent, " when clothed in the habit of Cluni, and profeſſing its " rule, he became the true philoſopher of Chriſt. Here " happily terminating the laſt ſcene of a long life, he left " us full of hope, that his eternal habitation would be with " the virtuous and the wiſe[i]."

There is more of panegyric, than of ſimple truth in theſe lines; but they fell without flattery from the pen of Peter, while he wiſhed to ſooth the aching heart of Heloiſa.

The abbot of Cluni writes an account of his death to Heloiſa.

The news of the death of Abeillard was carried to Cluni, and the whole convent lamented his loſs. Peter mourned for him as for a friend, ſnatched immaturely away, juſt as he began to know his worth, and to admire his virtues. Vainly he had ſometimes flattered himſelf, that heaven might indulge his wiſhes, and give him longer the company of a man, from whoſe converſation and advice he could draw comfort and counſel, in the arduous duties of his office, and

[i] Pet. Cluniac. Ep.

BOOK VII. and from whom alſo the whole community of Cluni might derive ſuch eſſential benefits. His death however was not an unexpected ſhock, and was therefore leſs painful: from the firſt moment he had entered his gates, he ſaw he was a flower, wounded at the root, which muſt ſoon wither and fall.

When his good heart had indulged theſe mournful thoughts, and a ſolemn ſervice, agreeably to the practice of the Roman church, had been performed for the repoſe of the departed ſoul; Peter well ſaw he had another office of friendſhip to execute, which could not be any longer poſtponed. This was to acquaint Heloiſa of the event.—He knew the tender tie which bound her to Abeillard; at all events, as he had been the founder of the Paraclet, its benefactor, and its friend, it was proper they ſhould have notice of his death. Often did he reflect, how he could communicate the doleful tidings beſt: he was not perſonally known to Heloiſa; he would therefore, he thought, adopt that method, which, from his knowledge of human nature, would probably make the leaſt painful impreſſion.—Since Abeillard had been at Cluni, he had received letters from the abbeſs, probably to inquire after the health of his gueſt, and ſhe had ſent him ſome preſents, as a mark of her eſteem[k].

He begins his letter by ſaying, how much her attention had pleaſed him, and that, on her own account alone, he had felt the moſt ſentimental joy from her letters. "I "wiſhed, ſays he, inſtantly to have replied, for my heart "was full; but buſineſs, and the troubleſome cares of "office,

[k] Pet. Cluniac. Ep.

" office, to which I am obliged to give way, hindered me. " With ſome difficulty I now ſteal a day, and I give it to " you."—He is ſenſible, he obſerves, that he ſhould have made ſome return for the warm regard ſhe had expreſſed for him, and which her preſents alſo had atteſted; that he ſhould have ſaid how much he loved her in the Lord.

The venerable man then proceeds with much gallantry: " But it is not juſt now, ſays he, that I begin to love you: " I remember what my heart felt for you many years ago. " When firſt I heared your name, and fame reported the " progreſs you had made in human literature, I was but a " young man. Then, I recollect, it was ſaid, that a girl, " though engaged in the world, was buſied in the purſuits " of ſcience, and in the thorny paths of worldly philoſo- " phy. This was rare; but it was added that, neither plea- " ſure nor amuſements could draw her, by their allure- " ments, from the objects of her laudable inquiry. And at " a time, when almoſt the whole world, ſhamefully indo- " lent, had ceaſed from theſe laudable purſuits, and wiſdom " could hardly find where to reſt its foot, not only in the " company of the ſofter ſex, which had totally renounced " her, but even amongſt men, you, Heloiſa, by your ex- " alted ſtudies left all the women far behind you, and but " few men could enter into competition with you. But " ſoon your purſuits were turned to a better object: the " goſpels took place of logic, Paul of philoſophy, and " Chriſt of Plato; to the academic grove ſucceeded the " retired cloiſter. Now were you truly called the philo- " ſophic maid."

BOOK VII. He then continues his encomium in many alluſions from the books of ſcripture, and exhorts her to perſeverance for the advantage of many, who were now to draw edification from her example, and inſtruction from her lips. "With "pleaſure, ſays he, could I diſcuſs theſe matters with you, "and dwell on the ſubject, for I am charmed with your "erudition, but ſtill more am I charmed by the fame of "your religious life."—He tells her how much it is his wiſh, that ſhe were an inhabitant of Marcigni, (a convent of nuns not far from Cluni), and he relates their admirable virtues. "Theſe, I know, continues he, you and your ſiſters "may poſſeſs, even in greater meaſure, and it may not be "poſſible to add to them; but would not our republic, of "which Marcigni is a member, be enriched by the treaſures "you would ſo liberally laviſh on us? But it has not entered "into the ſchemes of providence to beſtow *this* bleſſing on "Cluni."

Hitherto he had not mentioned the name of Abeillard, or moſt diſtantly alluded to him; he had run out into compliment, and the artful induction of ſuch matter, as would pleaſe by its elegance and familiar application, while it prepared her mind for the ſhock, which would not be ſo violent, when ſhe ſaw that the hand which gave it was humane and gentle.—The laſt line, "But it has not entered into "the ſchemes of providence to beſtow *this* bleſſing on Clu-"ni," moſt happily introduces the painful ſubject. "You "heaven will not give us, he ſays, but it has given us your "Abeillard, Heloiſa, that ſervant of God, and that chriſ-"tian philoſopher, whoſe name ſhall ever be mentioned "with reſpect and honour."—He then relates his ſaint-like

life

life at Cluni, in the words I have already copied, and in the concluſion of this charming panegyric, (which was calculated to fill her mind with the enthuſiaſm of virtue, and to raiſe it, in warm gratitude, to him, who had dealt ſo kindly with Abeillard), he tells her that his health had begun to decline, and that he had ſent him to the mild air of St. Marcellus. Nor does he forget ſtill to praiſe his exemplary deportment, till the laſt ſcene can be with-held no longer: but ſo gradually had ſhe been prepared for it, that it breaks imperceptibly upon her, and ſhe hardly feels its ſhock. BOOK VII.

Having told the melancholy tale in a manner, which did honour to his heart and head, he concludes in theſe conſoling words: "Thus did Abeillard cloſe his days. He, "whoſe learning was vaſt, and of whom almoſt the four "corners of the world had been taught to ſpeak, became "the diſciple of him, who was meek and humble of heart. "He is gone to his maſter. And you, dear ſiſter, who were "once his wife, but whom afterwards a purer tie united to "him, repoſe now in the certain hope that the day will "come, when he will again be given to you. In the mean "time, remember him, when your thoughts are raiſed to "God; remember alſo me, and my brethren at Cluni [l]."

We know not, after all, how Heloiſa received the tidings; for no reliance can be placed on the accounts, which ſome authors, in wanton playfulneſs, have choſen to give of it [m]. That it affected her much, is certain; becauſe it would revive a thouſand ſad ideas, which had long been aſſociated in her mind: otherwiſe, the enthuſiaſm of her paſſion had

[l] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. [m] Vie d'Abeil. p. 269.

BOOK VII. ſpent itſelf; ſhe was now near her fortieth year; abſence had applied its ſoothing balſam; and religion, reaſon, and virtue, had all conſpired to call her thoughts from earth to heaven. But if ſhe felt the moſt pungent ſorrow, it was but natural; and if ſhe indulged it, it was ſurely pardonable. The whole ſociety of the Paraclet may likewiſe be permitted to mingle their tears with her's.

She requeſts his body, and obtains it.

The reader will perhaps recollect that Abeillard, in his firſt letter to Heloiſa, had requeſted that, when or whereſoever he ſhould die, his body might be conveyed to the Paraclet, that ſo he might partake more ſecurely of their prayers. At the time, this requeſt had greatly agitated Heloiſa, and it ſeemed to preſs like the hand of death upon her heart: ſhe thought it cruel and ungenerous: but ſhe could never forget it, and as the event, which ſhe feared ſo much, had now happened, it would be her firſt duty to diſcharge the obligation. There is likewiſe within us a natural propenſion to poſſeſs the laſt remains of our friends, though they be but lifeleſs aſhes, or cold duſt.

Abeillard, it is probable, had loſt ſight of a circumſtance, which was once ſo near to his heart, or had neglected to mention it, as a dying petition, to Peter of Cluni, or to the monks who cloſed his eyes. But Heloiſa did not therefore think herſelf releaſed from her engagement: ſhe could propoſe it to the abbot of Cluni, nor could ſhe doubt of his compliance. It was, beſides, the united prayer of the Paraclet, that the aſhes of their founder ſhould repoſe within their walls. She therefore wrote to Peter, thanking him for his letter, and all his kind attentions to Abeillard, and then urged, in warm terms, what had formerly been his requeſt,

requeſt, which ſhe ſtrengthened with her own and the joint petition of all her ſiſters[n]. This letter is loſt.

The good man felt at once the propriety of the requeſt, and though he wiſhed much to have retained the corſe of Abeillard, whoſe duſt would do honour to Cluni, for ages yet to come; yet he ſhould not, he thought, be juſtified in ſo doing: he communicated the petition of the Paraclet to his community, who unanimouſly reſolved that it muſt not be complied with; and the monks of St. Marcellus, who were actually in poſſeſſion of the body, were even more averſe. They had buried it in ſolemn pomp, and were preparing to raiſe a monument to his memory. The abbot in vain remonſtrated, and urged the ſtrong plea and the merit of Heloiſa. In virtue of his poſt, he might have commanded a compliance; but this, from what motives, I know not, he did not chuſe to do. He rather preferred another method, which was ſingular and romantic.

Some months had paſſed, during which nothing more was ſaid about the removal of the body, and it ſeemed as if the ſcheme were deſerted. Probably he had not neglected to inform Heloiſa of his fixed reſolution to oblige her, and had made ſuch arrangements, as might be moſt proper for its accompliſhment. In due time he went over to the priory of St. Marcellus. It was in the month of November. They could not ſuſpect his intentions, as he was their ſuperior, and various buſineſs might be the motive of his coming. In a dark night, however, while the community was aſleep, the body, by the aid of his friends, who abetted the deſign, was taken from the vault; a carriage was ready to receive it;

[n] Vie d'Abeil. p. 269.

BOOK VII. it; and they conveyed it, with all expedition, to the abbey of the Paraclet. Peter himſelf attended, and eſcorted the convoy[o].

The ſhock was great which Heloiſa felt; but ſhe had not time to indulge it. The abbot of Cluni was announced, and inſtantly he appeared. She had not been appriſed of his coming, and he well imagined that his ſudden entrance might break the painful impreſſion, which the mournful tidings, and more than that, the preſence of the poor remains of Abeillard, would make on her mind. Indeed, gratitude ſhe expreſſed for his kind ſervices, and happy ſhe was to ſee a man, for whom ſhe entertained the moſt exalted eſteem. But grief, and a burſting heart overpowered every other ſentiment, and ſhe withdrew.

In the mean time, preparations were making for the ſolemn celebration of the obſequies, and the body was carried into the church, covered with black, and ſurrounded by burning tapers. It was placed before the altar. Peter of Cluni, though fatigued from his journey, would perform as principal miniſter. The nuns aſſembled in their choir, with Heloiſa at their head; the ſign was given, and the ſervice opened in ſlow and plaintive muſic.—He that has imagination may now picture to himſelf Heloiſa, in the fineſt attitude of reſigned grief, with her eyes ſometimes raiſed towards heaven, but often turned towards Abeillard, and glued to the mournful object.—He will repreſent the holy ſiſterhood variouſly affected, but with their countenances rather full of hope, that if they have loſt the founder of the Paraclet, they have him for an interceſſor in heaven, who now

[o] Helois. Ep. ad Pet. Cluniac. p. 343.

now even kindly looks down upon them, and hears their prayers—and the venerable prieſt he will behold, ſtanding at the altar, by his firm looks giving ſtrength to the dejected, and animating the luke-warm by a diſplay of the moſt ſincere and unaffected piety.

When the ſervice was over, Peter made a diſcourſe to the aſſembly: he ſpoke of the virtues of Abeillard, and of his death which was ſaint-like; he recommended an imitation of thoſe virtues, and he prayed that his end might be like unto his. He acknowledged and magnified the loſs which Cluni and the Paraclet had ſuffered; but then he inculcated ſubmiſſion to heaven. He glanced at the extraordinary endowments, the virtue, and the piety of Heloiſa, from which every advantage might be derived, though the father of the Paraclet was no more: and he concluded with an earneſt prayer for the proſperity and happineſs of all thoſe, who now attended this mournful ceremony [p].

We are come to the laſt act of the tragic ſcene.—The corſe was now raiſed from the bier, and carried to the vault, which ſtood open to receive it. The mourners attended in proceſſion, and the doleful pſalmody ſtill continued. Peter, having wiped a tear from his eyes, diſtinctly pronounced the parting ſupplication, and threw duſt upon the grave: the ſpectators took their laſt look; when the vault was cloſed, and all was ſilence.

The ſtay which the abbot made at the Paraclet, as he acquaints us, was very ſhort [q]. Buſineſs recalled him, and it was neceſſary he ſhould return to pacify his brethren. Nor was it a moment to enjoy the company of Heloiſa, whoſe mind

[p] Helois. Ep. ad Pet. Cluniac. p. 343.

[q] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. p. 344.

BOOK VII. mind was too ſorrowful to engage in converſation. She hung over Abeillard's grave, and was not eaſily drawn from the ſpot. What friendly advice and ſympathiſing kindneſs could offer, ſhe received from him, and he ſettled ſome other buſineſs which ſhe propoſed to him. Again he exhorted the nuns to obedience, and to the ſteady obſervance of their rule; and parting from them, took his way towards Cluni.

Not long after this event, Heloiſa wrote again to the abbot of Cluni. Her mind was more at eaſe; ſhe might be fearful that her late behaviour had not pleaſed him; and ſhe had ſome other requeſts to make. The letter is as follows.

She writes to Peter the venerable.

" It was the kindneſs of heaven, moſt venerable father, " which lately directed you to the Paraclet. We rejoiced, " and we had reaſon to glory in your viſit. Others may " recount the benefits they have derived from your pre- " ſence; but I am at a loſs to expreſs, nor can my mind " well tell, how uſeful, and how pleaſing, it was to me. " You were with us in the month of November laſt, when " in our church you celebrated the ſacred myſteries, and " the Paraclet you recommended to the charge of the Holy " Spirit. The diſcourſe you delivered to us is warm on " our memories; and never can we forget the treaſure you " entruſted to us, of the body of our dear maſter.—To me, " in particular, whom you honour with the appellation of " ſiſter, as a pledge of your love and ſincerity, was a ſingu- " lar favour then alſo granted: when it ſhall pleaſe heaven " to call me hence, thirty maſſes, you promiſed me, ſhould " be ſaid at Cluni, for the repoſe of my ſoul; and you ſaid, " you would confirm that promiſe to me by a writing under " your own ſeal. I now requeſt you to fulfill that engage- " ment.—

" ment.—Send me alſo, if you pleaſe, another written " deed, containing the abſolution of Abeillard, in diſtinct " and fair characters, ſigned by yourſelf, which may be " hung upon his tomb.—And for the love of God and me, " do remember my ſon Aſtrolabius; if you can, try to pro- " cure a living for him from the biſhop of Paris, or from " ſome other prelate. Farewell. May heaven watch over " you, and on ſome future day, again permit us to ſee you " at the Paraclet!" BOOK VII.

This is the laſt letter of Heloiſa which time has not deſtroyed. It contains ſentiments, expreſſive of the gratitude ſhe felt for the good abbot's kindneſs to her, and of the high opinion ſhe entertained of him. It contains likewiſe ſome other matters which are not unintereſting; ſuch as the thirty maſſes at Cluni, which Heloiſa, enlightened and philoſophical as ſhe was, ſeemed to conſider as a moſt ſingular favour; ſuch as the *abſolution* ſhe requeſted for Abeillard. This was a devotional practice of the times. Abeillard had been accuſed of holding heterodox opinions, and had even been condemned, and when he died, his faith was ſtill ſuſpected by many; Heloiſa therefore was deſirous to procure a formal atteſtation from the abbot of Cluni, importing that he had expired in the faith of the church, and in the favour of its miniſters. This was called an abſolution, and it was uſually fixed over the graves of the dead, that it might be read by the faithful[r].—Aſtrolabius is likewiſe mentioned in this letter. It is the ſecond time only that his name occurs, and it never returns again, excepting in the abbot's reply. He was at this time more than twenty years old.

[r] Fleury vol. xii.

The abbot of Cluni's anſwer.

The abbot's reply.—" I was pleaſed, deareſt ſiſter, and " not a little, by the peruſal of your letter. From it I per- " ceived, that my ſtay at the Paraclet was not really ſo " tranſitory, for the recollection of it ſeems tenaciouſly " fixed upon your mind. It was not like the flying viſit of " a traveller, who is hoſpitably entertained for one night, " and is thought of no more. How kind and indulgent you " were to me! Nothing ſeems to have been loſt of all I " did, or ſaid, not only when my diſcourſes were delivered " intentionally for your inſtruction, but even when I con- " verſed with you on common and familiar ſubjects. It is " the regard you have for me which has given ſo retentive " a power to your memory. Or perhaps you were influ- " enced by the words, written in the rules of our reſpective " orders, that in the perſons of our gueſts we are to think " we receive Chriſt himſelf. I truſt then, that I ſhall never " be forgotten at the Paraclet; and that to the father of " mercies, you and your ſiſters, will ever raiſe up your " hands for me. The return I can make to you, that I " daily do. Long before I knew you, you poſſeſſed a place " in my heart; and ſince I have known you, that place has " been enlarged by all the influence of the moſt ſincere af- " fection.—The promiſe I made of the maſſes, I now ex- " ecute, and ſend you.—And with it you receive, what " you requeſted, the abſolution of Abeillard, written and " ſigned by me.—As to Aſtrolabius, whom I adopt, becauſe " he is your ſon, be aſſured, as ſoon as it ſhall be in my " power, I will do all I can to place him in ſome of the " great churches. But the thing is difficult; for I have " often experienced that our biſhops, when application is

" made

" made to them, make many difficulties, which are not " eaſily removed. For your ſake, however, my beſt endea- " vours ſhall be exerted, and that as ſoon as may be. Fare " ye well."

Abeillard's abſolution.—" I Peter, abbot of Cluni, who " received Peter Abeillard into the number of my religious, " and who, having taken his body, by ſtealth, from the " grave, delivered it to Heloiſa the abbeſs and to her nuns " at the Paraclet, do now, by the authority of God and " his ſaints, abſolve him, in virtue of my office, from all " his ſins. May he reſt in peace[s]."

Theſe matters being thus ſettled, Heloiſa, penſive, but reſigned, recalled all her thoughts, and fixed them at the Paraclet. Indeed, there was no external object to engage them, for all that remained of Abeillard was there. For one-and-twenty years, which ſhe had ſtill to live, we hear no more of her, only that ſhe was held in the higheſt eſtimation, that ſhe was a pattern of every monaſtic and chriſtian virtue, and that, ever retaining the tendereſt affection of a wife, ſhe prayed unceaſingly at her huſband's tomb[t]. Surely there is ſomething, at leaſt, humane in the doctrine, which teaches us to hold an intercourſe with the other world, and to believe that friendſhip may be ſerviceable even beyond the grave!

I have before obſerved, that ſo uniform and unchequered is the monaſtic life, that the moſt minute account, or the accurate memoirs, of a nun's life, could not give us the ſmalleſt entertainment. And the misfortune is, that then there is the leaſt to be ſaid, when the pious recluſe conforms

[s] Op. Abeil. p. 336. [t] Notæ Quercet. p. 1195.

BOOK VII. beſt to her holy inſtitute, and is the more perfect woman. It will be a queſtion with ſome, whether a nun, in any circumſtances, merits the appellation of a perfect woman! Perfection, I believe, may be attained in all ſtates; though that being, indubitably, is the moſt perfect, which anſwers beſt to the deſigns of its creation. Why, or for what end, we were made, is a point not ſo eaſily perhaps to be decided. Am I not free to chuſe my own ſtate of life; to withdraw, if I pleaſe, from the ſociety of mortals; and to live only to myſelf and to my maker? If I owe any thing to ſociety, that duty ſhall firſt be cancelled, and my releaſe will be ſigned. The life of a recluſe may be termed ſelfiſh, and ſo it is. But on what principle does he act, who engages in all the pleaſures and the purſuits of life? So little real virtue is there, even among thoſe who talk moſt of philanthropy and of ſocial kindneſs, that a few, I think, may be allowed to ſecede from the great maſs, and look for happineſs in the practice of ſuch duties as pleaſe them beſt, and where they fancy it may be found. If Europe ſtands in need of greater population, it may be effected by the ſuppreſſion of vice, and not by expoſing more to its baneful infection. I would open indeed the doors of convents, becauſe an improper uſe is often made of their locks and bars; but I would compel none to go out, who preferred the holy retirement of a cloiſter, to the wide expanſe of heaven, and to the anxious and corroding cares of active life.—From theſe Heloiſa was now free; for as her heart ſeparated from the world, her happineſs increaſed. That had been the ſource of all her miſery. To the exerciſes of prayer, meditation, ſtudy, and of many other innocent and amuſing duties, we will now leave

leave her, and turn to ſome events of importance, which occupy the period of twenty years, on which I am entered. BOOK VII.

Innocent the ſecond was juſt dead, having filled the chair of St. Peter thirteen years. He was a man of worth and abilities; but little occurs in the annals of his reign, momentous or intereſting. Peter of Leon was choſen, by a powerful faction, to oppoſe him, and he ſupported himſelf for ſome time, even in Rome itſelf, againſt all the weight of Innocent. It was only death that cloſed this formidable oppoſition, which laſted for eight years. Peter had taken the name of Anacletus. His principal friend was Roger duke of Sicily; while the reſt of the chriſtian princes eſpouſed the cauſe of Innocent, who ſeems to have been canonically elected.—It is curious to behold the two pontiffs, mutually fulminating their anathemas againſt each other, as ill humour or a ſhew of ſucceſs gave energy to their operations: but the conſequences of theſe ſchiſms in the chriſtian church were fatal; they relaxed its diſcipline, and ſpread the evils of anarchy and civil ſtrife. Innocent II.

It was only ſince its aggrandiſement, which had now riſen to an enormous bulk, that the papal throne had become an object of cabal and ambition. In the firſt ages of the church we read of no anti-popes; for who would run after a poſt of labour, of humility, of mortification, and of ſuffering? It was the duty of the firſt paſtor to ſet the example of theſe virtues. But when Rome, from her ſeven hills, declared herſelf the miſtreſs of the world, in a ſenſe more extenſive even than ſhe had known in the days of her greateſt martial ſplendour, where was the man of ambition whoſe eye would not be raiſed to the gorgeous throne?

To

BOOK VII. Eugenius III.

To Innocent ſucceeded Celeſtin and Lucius, both the ſecond of the name, whoſe joint reigns did not exceed many months; when we come to Eugenius the third, of whom I have already ſpoken. He had been a monk of Clairvaux, and a diſciple of Bernard. When the ſaint heared of his promotion, he thus wrote to the cardinals: "God forgive "you! What have you done? You have taken a dead man "from his grave, and replunged him into a crowd and the "tumults of life. Where could your thoughts be, when "you choſe this ruſtic man; when you tore the axe and "ſpade from his hand, dragged him to the palace, raiſed "him on a throne, and clothed him in purple? To me the "change is ridiculous. A little man, covered with rags, "in a moment is exalted to a poſt, from whence he may "rule over princes and biſhops, may diſpoſe of kingdoms "and empires! There may be ſomething miraculous, I "own, in this event; ſtill, I am not without my apprehen-"ſions that, modeſt as he is and habituated to retirement, "he will be little adapted to acquit himſelf of his high "functions with a becoming dignity[v]."

He wrote another letter to the pope himſelf: "You are "now, ſays he to him, in poſſeſſion of a higher place; but "is it more ſafe? Has not danger increaſed with your ex-"altation?—How happy ſhould I die, could I ſee the "church of God as it was in former ages, when the apoſtles "let go their nets to take ſouls, and not to draw in gold "and ſilver.—In all you do, remember you are mortal. "Let the recollection of the deaths of your predeceſſors, "ſome of whom your own eyes ſaw expire, ever keep the "awful

[v] Bern. Ep. 237.

" awful thought in your mind. The ſhort period of their " glory ſhould tell you, how ſoon you may be called to fol- " low them [u]." BOOK VII.

At his acceſſion Rome was much agitated by the preaching of Arnold of Breſcia and the deſigns of his followers: Eugenius therefore retired, and ſeeing no proſpect of the reſtoration of peace, continued his journey into France.— The popes, at this time, were often obliged to retire from Rome. It was not at once that the people could be induced quietly to ſubmit to their unnatural juriſdiction; and beſides, a very powerful faction, which the anti-popes occaſionally headed, gave life to an oppoſition, which was eaſily irritated, which great condeſcenſions could not permanently ſatisfy, and which, at the election of every new maſter, was ready to petition for redreſs of grievances, to mutiny, and to rebel. By ſteady and cool exertions they might have carried their point, and have torn from the Roman pontiff thoſe inſignia of worldly grandeur, which belonged not to him; and in ſuch an undertaking, the princes of Europe, it ſeems, had they known their real intereſt, would have eſpouſed the cauſe of the Roman people: but theſe very princes, and this very people, when the paroxyſm of good ſenſe was over, were themſelves the greateſt ſupport of the unchriſtian power. It was from paſſion rather and teſtineſs of humour, and not from conviction of its inexpediency, that they oppoſed its progreſs: they were ignorant of their own rights, and uninformed of the real principles of chriſtianity, and ſo baſely ſuperſtitious, that the mere threat of excommunication diſarmed their juſteſt fury, and reduced them to obedience and the moſt ſubmiſſive penitence.

[u] Ep. 23.

When

When Eugenius was obliged to fly from Italy he retired to France. Here he might rely on finding a ſecure aſylum. It is remarkable that this kingdom, which has always been tenacious of its eccleſiſtical privileges, and which gave leſs to Rome than any other chriſtian ſtate, ſhould, on every occaſion, have ſtood foremoſt to protect the perſons of the pontiffs, and even then receive them with reſpect, obey their inſtructions, court their good will, and ſupport, at their own expence, the ſplendour of their courts, when they condemned the very principles of their conduct, and could but applaud the oppoſition of their enemies. The enlarged and enlightened minds of the French nation could ever diſtinguiſh betwixt abuſe and principle, and could even then reſpect the perſon of their firſt biſhop, when they pitied his behaviour, and viewed the errors, into which the falſe maxims of his court had impelled him.

Eugenius was the mover of the ſecond cruſade, and lived to ſee its iſſue. He was a prince of great private virtues, and the protector of the learned and the good. Peter the venerable has drawn his character: he knew him well, and was too honeſt to flatter, or to give unmerited praiſe. He had been with him in Rome. "I never knew, ſays he, a "more conſtant friend, a brother more ſincere, or a more "indulgent father. His ear was patient to liſten, and his "tongue prompt to anſwer; and not as a maſter to his "inferior, but as an equal to his equal, and ſometimes as "an inferior to his lord. There was no pomp, nothing "arbitrary, nó majeſty in his deportment; juſtice, humi-"lity, and truth had poſſeſſed the whole man. Every pe-"tition I made was either granted, or he refuſed it upon

"terms

" terms ſo reaſonable, that I could not complain[w]."—He ſat eight years, and died regretted. Anaſtaſius the fourth, an old and experienced man, ſucceeded to him, who only ſaw the end of his firſt year. BOOK VII.

We are come to Adrian the fourth. This was Nicolas Breakſpear, born in England, of low and indigent parents. His father, to provide at leaſt for his own wants, became a monk at St. Albans, and left Nicolas and his mother to contend with diſtreſs and penury. The youth was born with abilities, was ſprightly, and ingenious, but indigence was a bar to all his wiſhes, and he could not even procure the common aid of a maſter in the grammar ſchool. When hunger preſſed, he went to the door of his father's convent, and begged for bread. The proud monk was offended, he bluſhed that his family ſhould be thus diſgraced, and reproaching him one day with his indolence and want of ſpirit, turned him from the door, with an injunction that he would never return more. Adrian IV.

Nicolas ſaw, at once, the horror of his ſituation, and that he had no friend but his own heart to look to. But if fate had marked him for a beggar, it would be more honourable, he thought, to practiſe his profeſſion, at a diſtance from his own country. Forlorn and friendleſs he wandered about for ſome time, when an occaſion preſenting itſelf, he croſſed over into France, and landed, with all the world before him, and providence his guide. But the horizon lowered round him. What could he do in this foreign land, unprotected and ignorant of the language? He did what he could; he laboured when he could find employment, and

[w] Pet. Cluniac. Ep. ad Bern.

when neceſſity compelled him, he begged. Thus ſucceſsleſs he travelled on, till he arrived at St. Rufus, a convent of regular canons, not far from Avignon in Provence.

Nicolas, as his hiſtorian relates, had a good figure, and his countenance was remarkably engaging. He preſented himſelf to the abbot of St. Rufus, and aſked for employment. He was admitted, as a menial ſervant, into the convent. Fortune, he thought, for the firſt time, now ſmiled upon him, and he was reſolved to co-operate: he laboured hard, and ſtrove, by the moſt active ſervices, to render himſelf agreeable to his employers. His endeavours were ſucceſsful; and very ſoon they obſerved that Nicolas had abilities which might be better employed. They admired his prudence, his judgment, and his cautious reſerve. Very ſoon, therefore, the abbot offered him the habit of his order, expreſſing great approbation of his conduct, and a wiſh that he would enroll himſelf among the monks of St. Rufus. With exultation he accepted the proferred dignity, which ſeemed more than ample enough to fill the wildeſt ſchemes, his fancy had ever formed. His life was a new proceſs; he ſtudied, he converſed with the learned, and he reflected much. By application his abilities expanded, and he rapidly advanced in ſcience. His genius was penetrating, and he poſſeſſed a fluency of ſpeech which was uncommon, and which culture ſoon rendered eloquent and perſuaſive. His love of retirement and of diſcipline was alſo exemplary. Thus he lived, the honour and admiration of his convent, for many years, when the abbot dying, Nicolas Breakſpear was unanimouſly choſen his ſucceſſor.

It was not long, however, before they repented of the choice they had made. The new abbot was a rigid man, and he exacted a regularity from his monks, which did not pleaſe them. They carried their complaints to Rome, and urged many groundleſs charges againſt him. Eugenius who was then pope, cited the parties before him. He admired the wiſdom, the modeſty, and the prudence of the abbot, and well ſaw from what ſource their complaints originated. He attempted to reconcile them, and ſeemed to have ſucceeded: but the evil was too inveterate, and ſoon they repeated their accuſations with more violence than before. "I ſee, ſaid Eugenius to the malcontents, from whence "your diſſatisfaction comes: go, and chuſe another abbot, "who may pleaſe you better: Nicolas ſhall remain with "me." He ſtaid; and the pope finding him very intelligent and expert in buſineſs, employed him in his court, and ſoon after created him cardinal biſhop of Albano. He was afterwards ſent legate into Norway, on the very arduous buſineſs of inſtructing that barbarous nation, and ſo well did he execute his commiſſion, and give general ſatisfaction in all that he did, that, on the death of Anaſtaſius, in 1154, he was the next day elected pontiff, under the name of Adrian the fourth.

The tiara had no ſooner touched the brows of Adrian, than he felt that ſwell of heart, which heroes and ſceptered kings are ſaid to feel.—The faction of Arnold was then powerful; they were guilty of exceſſes, and had publicly inſulted a cardinal of Rome. The pontiff laid the city under an interdict, and refuſed to take it off, till the factious demagogue and his adherents ſhould be expelled from the

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The tiara had no ſooner touched the brows of Adrian, than he felt that ſwell of heart, which heroes and ſceptered kings are ſaid to feel.—The faction of Arnold was then powerful; they were guilty of exceſſes, and had publicly inſulted a cardinal of Rome. The pontiff laid the city under an interdict, and refuſed to take it off, till the factious demagogue and his adherents ſhould be expelled from the

BOOK VII. walls. For five months the ſervice of the church was ſuſpended, when the ſenators, compelled by the entreaties of the people, waited on the pope, begged his forgiveneſs, and promiſed to comply with his commands. Adrian was ſatisfied. Surrounded by his biſhops and cardinals, and the nobility of Rome, he then ſhowed himſelf to the people: they received him with burſts of the ſincereſt acclamations: the interdict was withdrawn: and peace and unanimity ſeemed once more reſtored to the diſtracted city.

Frederic Barbaroſſa, king of the Romans, came to Rome to receive the imperial crown. He was admitted to an interview with Adrian; but neglecting to take hold of his holineſs's ſtirrup, as the ceremonial ſeemed to require, the pontiff refuſed to admit him to the kiſs of peace. A long conference took place, but Adrian was inflexible: the king then adviſed with his nobles, when the moſt ancient of them aſſured him, that what the pope required had been practiſed by his predeceſſors. Frederic was obliged to ſubmit; and the next day, in the ſight of his army, he held the ſtirrup, and ſullenly walked by his ſide, while Adrian advanced about a hundred yards: the pontiff then embraced him, and preſented him with the crown, in the church of St. Peter.

Adrian, however, and Frederic, were not of a character to be friends. The former entertained all the romantic ideas of prerogative, which had once filled the breaſt of Gregory the ſeventh; and the latter knew too well his own conſequence, was too proud, too opinionated, and too informed, to ſubmit to ſuch extravagant pretenſions. They quarrelled therefore, were reconciled, and again quarrelled, Adrian rather ſhewing ſubmiſſion, than boldly meeting

meeting his adverſary, till death opportunely intervened, and divided the combatants. BOOK VII.

Adrian alſo contended with William the bad, ſecond king of Sicily. The king had applied to him for the confirmation of his dominions, which he held of the holy ſee. This the pope refuſed; on which William entered the lands of his holineſs, and laid them waſte with fire and ſword. Adrian excommunicated the ſacrilegious plunderer, and declared his ſubjects free from their allegiance. The Sicilians immediately ſent a deputation to the pontiff, requeſting he would accept their ſubmiſſion, and receive their fealty. Adrian put himſelf at the head of a formidable army, and advanced into the enemy's country: on all ſides they ſubmitted, and owned him their maſter. William, now ſenſible no time was to be loſt, propoſed terms of peace, which were accepted: a treaty was ſoon after concluded on conditions advantageous to the court of Rome.

He granted to Henry Plantagenet permiſſion to conquer Ireland, and to eſtabliſh in it the purity of the chriſtian faith. The king had ſent a meſſenger to compliment Adrian on his acceſſion to the triple crown, and formally to preſent the petition, in queſtion. "No one doubts it, ſays he "in his bull to Henry, and you yourſelf know, that Ireland, "and all the iſlands, which have embraced the chriſtian "faith, belong to the Roman ſee."—I know not the grounds of this extraordinary pretenſion, which extended equally to England, though Henry, in this inſtance, would hardly have admitted the claim. It is the poor boy, who begged bread at St. Albans, that now holds this language to Henry the ſecond of England!—With the bull Adrian ſent a ring,

ornamented

BOOK VII. ornamented with a rich emerald, which ſignified that he inveſted Henry with his kingdom of Ireland.

It was John of Saliſbury, formerly a ſcholar of Peter Abeillard, and now chaplain to the archbiſhop of Canterbury, who was employed on this embaſſy. Being at Beneventum with Adrian, who loved him as his countryman, and who admired his abilities and his honeſt virtues, when the diſcourſe, one day, ran on ſubjects which were mutually intereſting, and the pope was unfolding the ſecrets of his heart: "My friend, ſaid Adrian, it may ſeem that, in "what I told you of my early life, I had much to ſuffer. "Suffer I did; but when I compare it with the miſeries "which now ſurround me, I ſhould rather ſay that, I was "then at eaſe and happy. Well, I think, would it have "been for me, had I never quitted my native home, or "had I remained an humble monk, buried within the walls "of St. Rufus. Still, I was not free to oppoſe the voice of "heaven. I have lead a weary life betwixt the hammer and "the anvil; and now I truſt, the Lord will put his hand "under the burden which he has laid upon my ſhoulders; "for, indeed, it overpowers me."

On another occaſion he aſked his friend, what the world ſaid of him and the Roman court? John frankly anſwered: "They ſay that, Rome ſhews herſelf not ſo much the pa-"rent, as the ſtepmother of the chriſtian world. It abounds "with ſcribes and phariſees, who will not ſupport with a "ſingle finger the load which they heap on others. They "domineer inſolently over the clergy, and give no exam-"ple to the faithful. They amaſs wealth, and load their "houſes with ornaments of gold and ſilver, into which

"never

" never are the poor admitted, unleſs when vanity may be " indulged. Every thing is ſaid to be venal, even juſtice " itſelf.—From this cenſure a few, I am told, who do their " duty, are exempt. But it is the Roman biſhop who is the " great and inſupportable burden. The complaint is, that " he builds palaces, while the churches are falling, and " that, while the altars are neglected, he is ſeen pompouſly " clothed in gold and purple."—" And what is your own " opinion of me?" ſaid Adrian, not offended by his honeſt freedom.—" Your queſtion, replied John, diſconcerts me " not a little. I muſt paſs for a ſycophant, if I diſſent from " the public voice; and, if I join it, I ſhall ſin, perhaps, " againſt that reſpect which is due to your holineſs."—The pope inſiſted that he ſhould declare his ſentiments.—" If I " muſt ſpeak then, continued he; it is my opinion that, " we ſhould obey your inſtructions, though in all things we " ſhould not imitate your example. The world applauds " and flatters you; they call you father and lord. If you be " our father, why exact gifts from your children? And if " our lord: how comes it that even this Roman populace " does not fear you? Holy father, you are not in the right " path. What has been gratuitouſly given to you, that do " you give with the ſame liberal hand."—Adrian ſmiled, and praiſing the ingenuous candour of the ambaſſador, begged that, if he heared any more evil ſaid of him, he would not fail to let him know it. " But as to the contributions, ſaid " he, which we receive from Chriſtendom, you have read " the fable of the ſtomach and the members: how unjuſt " was their complaint; and how deſervedly did they lan- " guiſh, when the heart no longer ſupplied its vivifying

" influence.

BOOK VII. "influence. We are the ſtomach, you the complaining "members."—John now ſmiled in his turn; ſhook his head, and departed.

This ſame John of Saliſbury was afterwards the great friend and conſtant companion of Thomas Becket, whoſe life he wrote, and who, ſoon after the death of his maſter, for his eminent qualities, was choſen biſhop of Chartres.

Thus, in the midſt of an agitated ocean, of which he himſelf was the principal mover, comfortleſs and diſſatisfied, lived Adrian the fourth: he ſaw the end of four years and nine months, when he died, in 1159, eſteemed by the Roman court, whoſe patrimony he had increaſed by ſome conſiderable acquiſitions, and praiſed for his diſintereſtedneſs, which he carried to a pitch of affected inſenſibility; for he permitted his mother, who ſaw him raiſed to the popedom, and who ſurvived her ſon, barely to ſubſiſt on the alms ſhe collected in the church of Canterbury[x].

Alexander the third ſucceeded to the chair of St. Peter, which he filled for two-and-twenty years; but it is foreign from my purpoſe to enter on the tranſactions of this turbulent and intereſting period.

State of England.

While Rome and the church was governed by the maſters I have deſcribed, the political hemiſphere of Europe continued to be agitated by war and internal diſſentions. In England it was a period remarkably melancholy. Stephen had uſurped the throne, and though poſſeſſed of virtues, which, in other circumſtances, might have rendered his reign glorious and his ſubjects happy, yet was he neceſſitated to enter into engagements with his clergy and nobility, from

[x] Fleury vol. xv. Nat. Alex. ſæc. xii. from original authors.

from which many fatal evils enſued. He ſupported himſelf, however, though he found neither happineſs nor tranquility; while the country was involved in a ſeries of inteſtine diſorders, to the laſt degree ruinous and deſtructive.—In the mean time, young Henry, the rightful heir to the crown, led on by his good genius, was tutored in the ſchool of adverſity, where he learned the practice of thoſe great and ſplendid virtues, which would ſoon raiſe him to the throne of England, and make him the greateſt monarch in the chriſtian world.—Stephen died in 1154.

State of France.

Lewis the ſeventh, ſurnamed the younger, becauſe he reigned ſome years with his father, had been king ſince the year 1137. He was early embroiled with the court of Rome, though he was eſteemed religious, and even, on ſome occaſions, rather inclined to ſuperſtition. But the princes of his realm were particularly turbulent, and among theſe no one ſo much as Theobald, count of Champagne, brother to Stephen of England, who had protected Abeillard, and whom the monks extolled as the pattern of all princely virtues. In his character, however, he was mutinous and headſtrong, and ever at war with his ſovereign. This crime he expiated by charitable donations to the church, and by endowing monaſteries: or if his ſins were not thus forgiven him, at leaſt he gained friends, whoſe intereſt was often moſt highly ſerviceable, and among theſe Bernard of Clairvaux ſtood foremoſt.

The diſturbances and unſettled ſtate of England were to France a fortunate event. The factious and evil ſpirit which often paſſed out of that country into Normandy, and from thence carried diſcord and the ſeeds of war into the

BOOK VII. neighbouring provinces, was too much engaged at home.—Lewis had favoured the cauſe of the uſurper, and he had motives for it; at all events, it was his intereſt to keep alive the animoſity of both parties, and to draw tranquility from their diſſentions.—The ſituation of France, upon the whole, had ſeldom been ſo calm. Religious diſturbances there were, part of which I have related, and Rome, by her imprudent interference, ſcattered occaſional diſcord. But Suger of St. Denys, who has been called the father of his country, was at the head of public affairs: and France could boaſt of many other great and good men, both in church and ſtate. —It was likewiſe judged a fortunate circumſtance, which, as it ſtrengthened the royal domain, ſo did it ſeem to promiſe a more permanent ſecurity, that their king ſhould have married Eleanor, the heireſs of Guienne, by which ſo great an acceſſion was made to their territories. Human foreſight, however, which can ſometimes read ſucceſs in a viſible combination of events, cannot ſo controul their progreſs, as to keep at a diſtance ſome untoward circumſtances, which often obtrude themſelves unforeſeen, and at once break to pieces the wiſeſt ſchemes of ſublunary policy. Such was this boaſted marriage.—But I am detaining my reader on this minute detail, while a larger and more intereſting object calls for all his attention.

The ſecond cruſade.

By the ſucceſs, which attended the firſt cruſade, and by the victories, which the chriſtian princes, eſtabliſhed in the eaſt, afterwards gained, four conſiderable ſtates had been formed in the heart of Aſia. Theſe were Edeſſa, Tripoli, Antioch, and Jeruſalem. They had ſubſiſted for more than forty years, and their territory and power were greatly extended.

extended. Unanimity would have rendered them invincible, and by occaſional ſuccours from Europe, the ſtrength of the infidel nations might have been broken, and perhaps gradually annihilated. But diſcord ſoon divided their councils, and weakened their arms. Baldwin, the third, a youth of thirteen years, reigned in Jeruſalem, under the regency of his mother; Joſſelin de Courtenay was count of Edeſſa; Raymond de Poitiers, uncle to Eleanor of France, was prince of Antioch; and the great grandſon of Raymond of Touloufe, commanded in Tripoli. Theſe princes were all of the French nation.—Noradin, ſultan of Aleppo, a powerful and active prince, watched with a curious eye every motion of the chriſtian enemy, and ſeeing their diſſentions, he availed himſelf of the fortunate moment: he laid ſiege to Edeſſa, and carried it. The town was pillaged, the inhabitants maſſacred, and the churches polluted.

The ſituation of the other ſtates was now alarming. The confederacy, which united them, was broken: the enemy had penetrated into their territories, and ſeemed to meditate new conqueſts: an infant king ſat on the throne of Jeruſalem: and it was rumoured that the proud conqueror was preparing to carry war againſt the walls of Antioch — In theſe circumſtances, of general conſternation, it was reſolved to apply to Europe for immediate aſſiſtance, and ambaſſadors were diſpatched with the weighty commiſſion. This was in the year 1145.

They waited on the pope, who was Eugenius III. He was moved by the melancholy tale, and as the French nation would probably be moſt intereſted in the fate of their countrymen in Aſia, he wrote a letter to their king, wherein he

BOOK VII. ſtrongly exhorts him and his people to engage in the holy warfare, and he promiſes them all the ſpiritual gifts, and extraordinary privileges, which his predeceſſor Urban had imparted to the firſt cruſaders.

The meſſenger found Lewis in the happieſt diſpoſitions. Already his mind had entertained the romantic idea; for he had ſome ſins of a grievous nature to expiate, contracted by the cruel maſſacre of the inhabitants of Vitri in Champagne, and he had a vow to fulfill, which his elder brother, Philip, had made, and had not lived to accompliſh.—The letter of Eugenius at once fixed his reſolution, and he ordered a great aſſembly of the nobles and biſhops of his realm to meet at Vezelai in Burgundy.

The feaſt of Eaſter came, which was the time appointed, and the concourſe at Vezelai was numerous and ſplendid. Bernard of Clairvaux, the oracle of France, had been commanded by his holineſs to preach the cruſade, and the king had before conſulted him as the guide of his conſcience, and the ſoul that was to animate the great undertaking.—There was no church large enough to contain the multitude which thickened every moment: it was therefore propoſed that they ſhould move into a neighbouring plain. A ſcaffold was erected, and Bernard mounted. The king was on one ſide, and Eleanor, his queen, a little behind on the other. Before him ſtood a crowd, thick as the fallen leaves in autumn, which ſtretched over the plain, and ſeemed to meet the horizon. Bernard turned his face towards the Eaſt: a glow of enthuſiaſm beamed on his countenance; and he raiſed his eyes and hands towards heaven.—He firſt read the pope's letter: it held out the pardon of ſins to the

cruſaders,

cruſaders, and the protection of the holy ſee to themſelves, to their wives, to their children, and to their property; and it promiſed the crown of martyrdom to thoſe who ſhould fall by the enemies ſword.—This finiſhed, he harangued the multitude: he talked of the dignity of the holy land, and of the profanation, to which ſoon perhaps it might again be expoſed; he recounted the glorious atchievements of their anceſtors, whoſe hardyhood had wreſted the promiſed inheritance from the hands of infidels, where many holy penitents had ſince ſhed their tears unmoleſted, and waſhed out their ſins: this, ſaid he, the enemy ſees, and is mad with fury. "But what an occaſion, continued he, "is now offered for the pardon of your ſins! Truly, it is an "invention worthy of the depth of the divine goodneſs! "None are excluded. Murderers, thieves, adulterers, all "are called.—Turn then your ſwords no more againſt one "another: the common enemy preſents his breaſt to you. "Confeſs your ſins; take up the croſs; and march againſt "him. Victory or the palm of martyrdom awaits you in "yonder regions:" and he pointed to the Eaſt.

His words, though uttered with the emphaſis of an inſpired man, could not be heared at a diſtance; but his geſtures and animated looks were viſible. The infection caught the firſt ranks, and in a moment, like an electric ſhock, it pervaded the vaſt aſſembly. The king roſe; he advanced to the preacher, and took from his hand a white croſs, which had been ſent him from Rome, and fixed it on his right ſhoulder. He then attempted to ſpeak, but his voice was drowned in the general uproar. The crowd preſſed towards the ſcaffold. Eleanor then took the croſs, and after

BOOK VII. after her the principal nobility. As the reſt came up, they were ſerved with croſſes; but ſo great was the demand, though a large parcel had been prepared, that ſoon there were no more to diſtribute. Still the cry for croſſes continued, and the preſs was as violent as ever. Bernard would not loſe the precious moment: he tore off his habit, which was white; ript it into croſſes; and gave them to the multitude.—Never had ſuch a ſcene been before exhibited.

As great preparations were neceſſary, the expedition was deferred to the next year. In the mean time, another meeting was called at Chartres. Here, among the means which were propoſed to give ſucceſs to the undertaking, the command of the army was unanimouſly offered to Bernard. He refuſed it, as became him, urging his ill health, and his inability to marſhal ſoldiers and to march at their head. But he undertook another buſineſs to which he was more equal: this was, to rouſe the emperor and the German nation to engage in the expedition.

He found Conrad at Francfort. Bernard, in ſecret, opened his commiſſion to him, and as he loved his ſalvation, he exhorted him, not to loſe the favourable moment. The emperor was not moved; he had buſineſs which engaged him at home; and he told Bernard, that he had heared Paleſtine was a great way off, and that he was not now diſpoſed to viſit it. The ſaint withdrew. But he reſolved to try his ſtrength on the Germans, and then to renew his attack on Conrad. He had obſerved, however, that the Germans were a cool and phlegmatic people, whom common impreſſions little moved, and that other means than thoſe, muſt be uſed, which had inſpired his own countrymen

men with ardour. He would addreſs them in ſigns and wonders. BOOK VII.

The account of the miracles, which he is then ſaid to have worked, in the different towns in Germany, as recorded by eye-witneſſes, is truly aſtoniſhing. I am at a loſs what opinion to form; though I cannot perſuade myſelf to believe, that heaven could have ſo manifeſtly interfered to promote a ſcheme, at once ſo extravagant in itſelf, and which was to end ſo diſaſtrouſly. Bernard, religious, honeſt, conſcientious, as he was, could not poſſibly have engaged in a ſettled plan of deception. I would rather think he was himſelf impoſed on; and that theſe extraordinary facts were really no more than the common effects of a heated imagination, aided by ignorance and enthuſiaſm. They are not related with all their circumſtances, and the relaters were evidently diſpoſed to think them true.

True or falſe, the effect was one. The Germans could not withſtand the impreſſion. They crowded round the ſaint, though the language he ſpoke was unknown to them, and often ſo impetuouſly, that his own and the lives of his followers were ſometimes in danger, while he was giving ſpeech to the dumb, and hearing to the deaf. Every where they enrolled themſelves in the ſacred ſervice.—Again he met the emperor at Spire. Bernard addreſſed him in a public ſermon, and in private he held before him the glory of the enterpriſe, and the ſpiritual advantages of a penance, ſo eaſy and ſo honourable. Conrad had heared of the wonders he had worked before his people, and he ſaw how the torrent ran; he therefore promiſed that, he would lay the matter before his council, and that the next day he ſhould know

BOOK VII. know the result.—The holy man was too wise to wait for the next day, or the cool deliberations of its council. While the emperor was at mass, he appeared unasked in the pulpit, and harangued the assembly: then turning to Conrad, he said: "Soon shall you also be called before the dread "tribunal of your judge: and what answer will you make, "you who now ungratefully refuse to move a step in his "service, when an account shall be demanded of the ter- "ritories, of the wealth, of the crown, of the armies, of "the strength of body and courage of mind, which he has "bestowed upon you?"—The emperor was struck, and interrupting the preacher, he exclaimed: "I acknowledge "the goodness of God, and will be ungrateful no longer: "I now see what is the will of heaven."—The people shouted, and Conrad advancing took a cross from the hand of Bernard: they then went together to the altar, on which lay a standard, which the saint blessed, and delivered to the emperor.—At the same time Frederick Barbarossa his nephew, then duke of Suabia, and nobles innumerable, pinned the cross to their shoulders.

The time fixed for the departure of the armies was come, and the king of France once more met his people at Estampes. They deliberated on the route which should be taken. Many were disposed to go by sea, as the experience of the first crusade had taught them, that the fair promises of the Greeks were not to be relied on; and in this opinion they were joined by the ambassadors from Roger, king of Sicily, who, in the name of their master, offered ships and all necessary provisions. The advice, however, was overruled. They knew little of sailing, and would not expose themselves

themſelves to the uncertain element. Beſides, it was ſaid, at the view of an army, ſo numerous and ſo ſplendid, the puſillanimous Greeks would only tremble. It was therefore reſolved to purſue the road which Geoffrey of Bouillon had taken, as far as Conſtantinople. Of this the emperor was acquainted, who adopted the ſame plan.

In the aſſembly of Eſtampes, Suger of St. Denys was choſen regent of the kingdom, during the abſence of the monarch, with the general approbation of all orders of the ſtate. This was the higheſt compliment which could be paid to the exalted abilities of this excellent man, and the wiſdom of his adminiſtration fully juſtified the choice. At any other time, indeed, the ſtep would have been oppoſed; it would have rouſed the ambition and the jealouſy of thoſe, who, from birth or ſtation, might have pretended to the important charge: at preſent, the great paſſions of the nation were engaged in another purſuit.

The German army was firſt in motion. It conſiſted of more than a hundred thouſand fighting men, and Conrad was at their head. They marched through Hungary, Bulgaria, and Thrace. As they approached Conſtantinople, it appeared how little the Greeks were diſpoſed to be their friends.—Manuel Comnenus, grandſon to Alexius, who had ſeen the firſt cruſade, was emperor of the Eaſt. He was a prince, as his hiſtorians relate, of a very various character; but his good qualities certainly preponderated, as the Latins themſelves allow he was not without merit. They charge him, indeed, with perfidy, and with the baſeſt treachery in their regard, while perhaps he was only prudent and politic, as became a wiſe prince. A hundred

BOOK VII. thouſand Germans were under the walls of his capital, brave, enterpriſing, and licentious, and they were ſoon to be joined by as many French! He knew they had not forgotten, what they called the ill treatment of his grandfather; and beſides, at the very time, Roger of Sicily, their friend and ally, was in open war with him, deſolating his coaſts, and plundering his ſubjects.—However, he received the emperor, whoſe brother-in-law he was, with much civility: he praiſed his deſign, his piety, and his courage; but he preſſed him much to purſue his journey, as the weather was favourable, and as the tranſports were in readineſs to convey his army into Aſia.—In the mean while, he acquainted the infidels of the formidable preparations, which threatened their dominions, and gave them what other information might be moſt neceſſary.—Conrad with all his forces croſſed the ſtraits.

While the Imperial army was advancing towards Conſtantinople, Lewis began his march. The Roman pontiff had juſt arrived in France, whom he had conſulted on the general buſineſs of the cruſade. Together they had viſited the relics of St. Denys, where the king took from the altar the ſacred banner, called Oriflamme, and his holineſs then gave him his benediction, putting, at the ſame time, on his ſhoulders the proper badge of a pilgrim.—The army of France was in nothing inferior to that of the empire; and its march was proſperous and unmoleſted, till they entered the Grecian territories. They advanced, however, and came within ſight of Conſtantinople, about the beginning of October, in 1147.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding the ambuſhes, the groundleſs complaints, and the open attacks, by which his army had been daily irritated, Lewis propoſed an interview with the emperor, and obtained it. They met at the Imperial palace in Conſtantinople, and if looks and geſtures might be relied on, never was meeting more ſincere. They were both about the age of twenty-five, both elegant, both handſome, both affable, and were both magnificently appareled, one as a warrior, the other in his Imperial robes. Manuel diſplayed before the king the riches of his palace, and the magnificence of his capital. He led him into the temple of St. Sophia; he raviſhed his ears with muſic, and his taſte with the delicacies of the Eaſt. In this he could gratify his own vanity; he then hinted, as the army had recovered from the fatigue of their march, that it would be proper they ſhould purſue their journey.—Soon after it was rumoured that Conrad had gained a great victory, and that the Eaſt was ſubmitting to his arms.

Lewis called a council of war.—It was the general opinion, that no more time ſhould be loſt. The Germans, they ſaid, are reaping a full harveſt of glory, and with it all the booty of conquered kingdoms. The king, however, heſitated: a large detachment from his army was not yet come up, and he had promiſed to wait their arrival. Still the cry was, that they ſhould croſs the Helleſpont. When Geoffrey, biſhop of Langres, a penetrating and ſhrewd man, whom the artifices of the Greeks had not impoſed on, and who, in the report now circulated, ſaw their crafty deſign, roſe in the aſſembly, and ſaid: "Before we croſs the Helleſpont, my "friends, let us be maſters of Conſtantinople. Without

" this, all our attempts will be ſucceſsleſs, and this army " will periſh. We muſt depend on the Greeks for provi- " ſions, and we muſt depend on their guides in a hoſtile " and impracticable country. The ſcheme I propoſe to you " is neither chimerical nor difficult: I have myſelf examined " the walls of the city, which are weak and defenceleſs: " or, if you will, we may ſeize on the aqueducts, which to " them are the very ſources of exiſtence. You have, be- " ſides, a third option: meet them in the plain, and let " thoſe ſchiſmatics, debauched and enervated as they are, " feel what it is to contend with men and with true be- " lievers."

Had the ſound advice been followed, it would have been well for this devoted army; but many difficulties were raiſed, and ſome ſaid that, having made a vow to bear their arms againſt the infidels, they were no longer at liberty to change their deſtination.—They reſolved to proceed; and, in a few days, the whole army was landed in Aſia.

Conrad, in the mean time, was advancing to the awful period of deſtruction. Whatever obſtacles the malevolence of the Greeks could lay before him, them he hourly experienced. They ſhut their gates, they demanded an exorbitant price for bad proviſions, and they cut off the ſtraggling ſoldiers. But now the difficulties thickened round him. He had left Nicomedia behind him, and was in the enemy's country. His guides, on whom he was obliged to rely, led him forward, with aſſurances that, in a few days, they ſhould ſee before them the wide and fertile plains of Lycaonia. The few days paſſed. The ſoldiers were worn down with fatigue, proviſions failed them, the country grew more impracticable,

impracticable, and nothing met their eyes but mountains and never-ending foreſts, when news was brought, that the guides had gone off in the night-time, and that the ſultan of Iconium with all his forces was coming down upon them.

The barbarous cries of the enemy were ſoon heared in the woods. Conrad rode through the ranks of his army, and ſtrove to raiſe their drooping hearts. They formed into order, as well as the nature of the country would allow, and prepared to meet the coming ſtorm. In a moment, the light-armed Saracens aſſailed them on all ſides; they diſcharged their arrows, with a ſure and unerring arm, and ſuddenly wheeling round, broke their ranks, and diſappeared. But again they turned to the charge. In vain did the brave Germans ſtrive to come into action. Their armour was cumbrous and unweildy, and their horſes, famiſhed and broken down, had no chance with the winged cavalry of the enemy. They fell by thouſands. Conrad ſeeing all was loſt, attempted to rally his men, and to retreat. He had been wounded by two arrows. It was not poſſible to effect it. No orders could be given, nor was his voice heared. The barbarians came on in greater numbers. He ſaw his ſtouteſt men were fallen. In this diſtreſs, he fled, and was followed by a few who had not quitted his perſon. Among theſe was Frederic Barbaroſſa. His baggage was left to be plundered; and the enemy completed their work by a general ſlaughter of what remained on the field. It is ſaid that, before night, not a tenth part of the hundred thouſand men who had ſeen the ſun riſe, ſurvived the dreadful butchery; and theſe were diſperſed or wounded.

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 —The emperor, however, eſcaped, and got ſafe to Nicea, at which place the army of France had juſt arrived.

It was a melancholy interview.—Here they halted for ſome days, that the wretched remains of the Imperial army might be collected, and to ſettle the neceſſary order of the march. Lewis, young and impetuous, propoſed to take the route which had been ſo fatal to Conrad; but he at laſt liſtened to more prudent counſels. They proceeded, therefore, through Lydia, bearing towards the ſea, and arrived, without moleſtation, at Epheſus. Here the emperor left them, and embarked for Conſtantinople.—In a valley, near Epheſus, the army encamped, and celebrated, in martial form, the feaſt of Chriſtmas. They then continued their march towards Laodicea, and in a few days, arrived on the banks of the winding Meander.

This river, to which poetry has annexed ſo many pleaſing ideas, was then ſwollen by the rains, and the torrents of melted ſnow which poured down from the mountains. It was beſides, at all times, deep, and its banks were ſteep and rugged. Here the enemy, whoſe ſpies had watched the progreſs of the chriſtian army, divided into two bodies, waited their approach. They covered the hills on both ſides the river. Lewis aſſembled his generals: they ſaw the danger which threatened, but unleſs they paſſed the river, it was evident, they muſt periſh by famine. The river was found unfordable. For one whole day they marched up its bank, at every ſtep galled by the arrows of the enemy. On the ſecond, they diſcovered a ford, but the oppoſite landing was hardly practicable: however, they reſolved to attempt it. The king ordered the van to advance, and himſelf

took

took charge of the rear. They advanced. At the ſame inſtant, the cloud broke from the hills, and the enemy, like a torrent, deſcended on both ſides: their cries were terrible, and their bows were bent. The rear faced about: while the van, led on by heroes, drew their ſwords, and raiſing their bucklers over their heads, plunged into the ſtream. They paſſed it, and gained the ſteep aſcent. The enemy, whoſe weapons had fallen without effect, retired in diſmay, and the chriſtians, forming as they came up, advanced into the plain.—Lewis, in the mean time, ſword in hand, had attacked the Saracens, who imprudently bore down upon him, and having ſlaughtered and diſperſed them, he returned triumphant to the river, and paſſed it unmoleſted. —A general attack was now made on the camp of the enemy, which they forced, and found it full of riches, and well furniſhed with proviſions.—It is remarkable, that only one man, Milo de Nogent, was loſt on this occaſion. This ſurely was miraculous; and hiſtorians relate that a warrior, in ſilver armour, headed the French through the river, and firſt aſſailed the enemy! BOOK VII.

The troops were ready to march the next morning, and they left the Meander, proud in the ſuperiority of their ſtrength, and prepared for greater dangers. They arrived at Laodicea.—Not far from this place, on the road to Piſidia, through which they meant to paſs, lay a ridge of mountains, rugged and of very difficult aſcent, and behind them was a wide and fertile plain. Lewis ordered the vanguard to take poſſeſſion of the heights, and there to halt, till the rear and baggage ſhould have reached the ſummit. They aſcended with alacrity; but perceiving from the top

of

BOOK VII. of the mountain that the ſun was ſtill high, and allured by the beauties of the plain below, they deliberated on the propriety of advancing, and reſolved to proceed ſlowly onwards.

The infidels no ſooner perceived the imprudent ſtep, than with wonderful alertneſs they availed themſelves of it, and haſtening forward on the ridge of the hills, were ready to take poſſeſſion of the ground, almoſt as ſoon as the van began to deſcend towards the plain. The rear, in the mean time, ſecure and confident, ſlowly aſcended the rugged eminence. Very ſoon they were rouſed by the well-known cry, and looking up they diſcovered the barbarous hoſt, which occupied every defile, and hung upon the mountain. There was no time for reflection. A ſhower of arrows brought inſtant death, while the nearer ranks advanced, and drew the cimeter. The brave Frenchmen received the ſudden ſhock; but the firſt lines being ſlaughtered, or overwhelmed by numbers, the next fell back, and a ſcene of the moſt dreadful confuſion enſued. All that the moſt determined valour could do, was ſtill attempted: the rear preſſed forward, but it was only to certain deſtruction; the baggage-waggons obſtructed their paſſage, and where they found an outlet, it was to meet the arrows and the ſwords of the enemy. In the confuſion, however, many eſcaped, and ſome had the good fortune to join their friends, who already had fixed their tents in the plain.—Night fell.

The king till this moment, with a few brave fellows by his ſide, had withſtood the dreadful conflict; when darkneſs cloſed round him, and he found himſelf alone. In the heat of the engagement, he had had the preſence of mind to order

order his ſecretary, Odon de Deuil, a monk, to get round to the plain, and to inform the van of the ſituation of his army. He therefore hoped that aſſiſtance might ſoon be at hand. The wild ſhrieks of the vaunting enemy, the wailings of the wounded, and the dying groans of men and horſes, from all ſides pierced his ears. Armed and bleeding he climbed up a tree, and from thence let himſelf down on the point of a rock, which the little light that remained diſcovered to him. But the ſame light ſoon betrayed him to a party of the enemy. They attacked him: but his armour was proof againſt their arrows, and his ſword ſoon damped the courage of thoſe who dared to come within its reach. They knew him not to be the king, and they left him.—After ſome time, he again heared the tread of feet approaching towards him; but ſoon he perceived they were friends: he made himſelf known, and coming down from the rock, mounted a horſe, which belonged to the party. Heaven ſtill protected him. A while they wandered about, uncertain which way to turn, and hemmed in by danger. A path preſented itſelf, which they followed, and as day began to break, to their joy they diſcovered the plain beneath them, and ſoon after met a detachment of the army, which was coming to their aſſiſtance. He entered the camp.

This at leaſt was a fortunate event. But how was all their gladneſs ſaddened, when the day diſcovered the extent of their loſſes! Very few joined the camp, and ſoon was it evident, that all who were brave or diſtinguiſhed had periſhed or been made priſoners. Nor did the evil ſtop here: their baggage was taken, their proviſions deſtroyed, and their guides were diſperſed. The enemy beſides, had

BOOK VII. recovered heart from the victory, and they might expect freſh encounters and an increaſe of difficulties. The proud conquerors were ſeen hovering on the hills.

A council of war was ſummoned. The king propoſed, as the danger which threatened was imminent and common, that no attention ſhould be longer paid to rank or office, but that he ſhould be choſen to the command of the army, whom experience and martial conduct had beſt fitted to the important charge. "I myſelf, ſaid he, will ſet the "firſt example of obedience: whatever poſt be allotted me, "I will diſcharge it to the beſt of my abilities."—The propoſition was received with applauſe, and they choſe for their general one Gilbert, a ſoldier of fortune, whoſe knowledge of the military art was in great eſtimation. The preſſing danger gave unanimity to their votes. Gilbert accepted the command. He then choſe his ſubaltern generals; divided the army into three bodies; and allotted to each general his poſt. The king was ſtationed in the centre. —They began their march towards Pamphylia.

On the road lay two ſwampy rivulets. The enemy appeared in full force, prepared to diſpute the paſſage. Gilbert ordered ſome light ſquadrons to advance: they charged with fury. The Saracens were thrown into diſorder: and the chriſtians paſſed the firſt rivulet. A general engagement then enſued, in which the infidels were defeated, and a great ſlaughter made.—From this time they purſued their march without moleſtation, but in great want of proviſions, and arrived at Attalia, a town on the Mediterranean ſea. Of ſuch importance was diſcipline, and a due ſubordination to command.

At

At this place, the malevolence of the Greeks was more glaring than ever. They were not moved by the recital of the dangers, to which the army had been expoſed, nor by the ſufferings they had undergone, nor by the ſlaughter of their friends. They ſtrove to aggravate their misfortunes by cruelty, and to add to their diſtreſs, by exactions the moſt oppreſſive: they even refuſed them the common neceſſaries of life.—Lewis, with his generals, debated the arduous buſineſs. The army was reduced more than one half; they were without horſes; the ſoldiers were ſpent with fatigue; the remaining journey to Antioch would require at leaſt forty days; hoſts of enemies beſet the whole route: but by ſea, three days might land them on a friendly ſhore. There was no room, it ſeemed, for heſitation. They applied to the Greeks for tranſports, who readily engaged to ſuppply them; but after five weeks, very few were ready, and thoſe of the ſmalleſt conſtruction.

The army would ſubmit no longer to this irritating uſage. They ſent to the king, to requeſt, that he and his nobles would make uſe of the veſſels which were ready, and that he would permit them to purſue their march by land, and join him at Antioch. They added, they would rather die by the ſword of the enemy, than periſh ignobly by famine; that they wiſhed him a proſperous voyage; that as to themſelves, providence, they truſted, would be their guide; and that, if they muſt fall, it ſhould be like men and ſoldiers of Chriſt.

The prince was much affected. He referred the matter to his council, who agreed that he ſhould accept the propoſals of the army. Before he left them, however, he neglected

BOOK VII. no meaſure which prudence and his own benevolent heart could ſuggeſt, for their preſent relief, and future ſafety. He gave them two generals, prudent and experienced officers; he diſtributed large ſums of money among the ſoldiers; he obtained guides for them from the governor of Attalia, and the promiſe of an eſcort, which was to conduct them as-far as Tarſus in Cilicia; and he purchaſed all the horſes, he could procure, for the officers, and to convey the baggage. Moreover, he obtained leave for the ſick and wounded to be lodged in the city, till they ſhould be in a condition to travel; and with his own eyes he ſaw them properly diſtributed. After this he ſailed, and landed in the neighbourhood of Antioch, through a perilous ſea, and after three weeks voyage.

The army, ſoon after the departure of the king, began their march. But hardly had they loſt ſight of the walls of Attalia, when they were met by the enemy, fluſhed with new courage, and bold from numbers. The chriſtians withſtood their onſet, and repulſed them: but they were not in a condition to purſue the flying enemy —The guides and eſcort now waited on the generals to inform them, that they could proceed no further; that the ſeaſon was too far advanced; and that the infidels, they ſaw, were too powerful to be reſiſted by ſuch inferior troops. No intreaties could prevail. They ſent a meſſenger to the governor; but all they could obtain was, that they might return, and encamp under the walls, till an occaſion offered for tranſporting them elſewhere. Even here they were not ſafe: the Saracens daily annoyed them, and the citizens refuſed them common protection. They died by thouſands.

Betwixt

Betwixt three and four thouſand reſolute men, unable any longer to bear ſuch treatment, determined once more to attempt the journey. The infidels allowed them, for ſome days, to proceed unmoleſted. They came to a broad and rapid river; and here the enemy appeared. To paſs it was impoſſible, and to retreat was dangerous. They debated for a moment, and in that moment they were ſurrounded. The general of the Saracens advanced, and offered them peace and the friendſhip of his people, if they would renounce their religion and join his ſtandard; otherwiſe they muſt ſubmit to ſlavery.—The brave men were ſhocked at the alternative; but as the word *ſlavery* makes an impreſſion we are the leaſt able to reſiſt, they choſe the former, and bowed their heads to the turban.—What remained of the army at Attalia we hear no more of.

Raymond, uncle to the queen, as I have ſaid, was prince of Antioch. When he heared that Lewis was landed in his territories, he marched out, in great pomp, to meet him, and conducted him to the city. He was received with all the honours due to his perſon; and the endearing careſſes of Raymond and his nobles ſeemed, for a moment, to ſtill the troubles of his agitated mind. He had a diſtreſsful tale to tell, of perfidious friends, of potent enemies, of perilous adventures, and of routed armies. Raymond had flattered himſelf, that he ſhould ſee a triumphant conqueror, who would bring new glory to Antioch, who would ſtrengthen his preſent territories, and help to extend them by his arms.

Lewis, indeed, had loſt his army; but in a ſhort time he had the comfort to ſee himſelf ſurrounded by a brilliant

and

BOOK VII. and martial train of noblemen and knights, part of whom had accompanied him and others had ſince joined his ſtandard. Theſe the prince of Antioch laviſhly courted, and he propoſed to the king to engage in ſome ſplendid undertaking, wherein might be diſplayed the valour of his brave Frenchmen, and the chriſtian cauſe be promoted. The conqueſt of Aleppo, he ſaid, where reſided a proud ſultan, would be a glorious atchievement. This propoſal he urged with the moſt flattering expreſſions: he accompanied them with preſents; and the queen joined her efforts to thoſe of her uncle. Lewis could not be prevailed on. He had a vow, he ſaid, ſolemnly made to heaven, which could only be diſcharged at Jeruſalem, and thither he muſt go. But there was another circumſtance very heavy on his heart, which rendered his ſtay at Antioch daily more painful. This he could not mention.

His queen, the elegant, the airy, the ſprightly Eleanor, had accompanied the army in all its marches. She had figured in the gay court of Conſtantinople, had ſeen the triumphant paſſage of the Meander, and fortunately was encamped in the plain, during the diſaſtrous defeat on the mountains. The fair pilgrim, it ſeems, had found but little reliſh in the perils and toils of war. The king had a thouſand cares to engage his attention; and probably ſhe had not found him more agreeable under the helmet and in the duſty plains of Aſia, than ſhe had thought him in his own palace, with his cropt hair and ſhaven chin. By the advice of Peter Lombard, biſhop of Paris, who aſſured him that God deteſted long hair, he had cut off the profane ornaments. Eleanor rallied him for it; when he obſerved

that,

that, pleaſantry on ſuch ſerious ſubjects was very ill placed. "I was told, replied ſhe, that I was to marry a prince; "but your Majeſty, I find, is a monk." In matrimony, contempt and hatred are very nearly allied.—During the march, it does not appear, that ſhe had given the king any cauſe for complaint: but at Antioch, when ſhe began to breathe, when ſhe looked back on what ſhe had ſuffered, and when gaiety and pleaſure courted her ſmiles in their moſt alluring forms, Eleanor could not withſtand their impreſſion: ſhe thought, ſhe might juſtly take ſome indulgence for paſt diſcomforts, and make up for a year of *ennui*. —The prince, her uncle, was her principal favourite, and a young Turk, it is ſaid, named Saladin, beauteous and lovely as the ſon of Myrrha.—Eleanor was married in her fifteenth year, and was now about the age of twenty-four.

The king, naturally benevolent, mild, and religious, felt more poignantly this ungrateful treatment, which, he did not think, he had deſerved. Immediately he gave orders to his little army to march, and he ſignified to the queen that he expected ſhe would be ready to accompany him. This ſhe did not wiſh to do; and the prince of Antioch, in concert with her, even dared publicly to inſult his majeſty, hoping that, in irritation of mind, he might retire precipitately, and be ſatisfied to viſit Jeruſalem alone. Lewis took the advice of his friends, who were of opinion that the queen ſhould, by no means, be left behind, to diſhonour herſelf and diſgrace the majeſty of her huſhand.—The nobility with their men lay encamped without the walls. It was agreed that, the next night, one of the gates ſhould be kept open. The king compelled Eleanor, who

was

BOOK VII. was not prepared for the adventure, to accompany him, and all together they took the road towards Jeruſalem.—Here he found the emperor Conrad, who, having wintered at Conſtantinople, was firſt arrived, and waited his coming.

Jeruſalem received him with every mark of diſtinction. Its young king Baldwin, and his mother Meliſenda, were delighted: they had apprehended, with ſome reaſon, that the intriguing and ſelfiſh ſpirit of Raymond might have detained him at Antioch.

The ceremony of viſiting the holy places was firſt to be diſcharged. This the king, with all his followers, in ſolemn pomp, performed, habited like pilgrims, and accompanied by the prince of Jeruſalem and his court.—Some expedition, they then thought, ſhould be undertaken againſt the infidels, and a grand aſſembly was ordered to meet at Ptolemais. The day was fixed.

Paleſtine had not yet ſeen ſo gorgeous a ſhow. The emperor came with his attendant biſhops, and the cardinal legate, with Henry duke of Auſtria, his brother, Frederick duke of Suabia, his nephew, with many other powerful lords and gentlemen.—Lewis was accompanied by an equal number of biſhops, and by a cardinal legate, by Robert count of Dreux, his brother, by Henry of Champagne, his ſon-in-law, by Thiery count of Flanders, and many other diſtinguiſhed noblemen.—Baldwin of Jeruſalem, and his mother, were not leſs ſplendidly attended.

It was debated, what was moſt proper to be done for the welfare of the chriſtian republic in Aſia. Various meaſures were propoſed: but the ſiege of Damaſcus was finally determined. The conqueſt of this place, one of the moſt conſiderable

conſiderable in Syria, would at once give glory to their arms, and be generally beneficial; for from hence the Saracens made daily incurſions into the chriſtian territories.—Orders were given for the troops to march. They were divided into three corps, commanded by their reſpective monarchs. The young king of Jeruſalem took the poſt of danger: he wiſhed to ſignaliſe his proweſs before his royal viſiters, and he led on to the attack.

It is not my intention to detail the particulars of this memorable ſiege. The chriſtians performed feats of wonder; nor were they leſs valiantly oppoſed. But when it ſeemed that the place muſt ſoon ſurrender; whether by ſome ſtrange fatality, or ſecret treaſon, or jealouſy among the commanders, the beſiegers were drawn off from that ſide of the walls which could reſiſt no longer, and were directed to make a freſh attack on the oppoſite quarter.—Here nothing could ſucceed. They were expoſed to the darts of the enemy; the walls were ſtrong; the ſprings dried up; and no forage could be found for the horſes. In this extremity, the European princes reſolved to raiſe the ſiege: they ſaw they were betrayed, or that heaven, whoſe battles they wiſhed to fight, was not diſpoſed to favour their romantic efforts.

The emperor ſoon after returned to Germany.—Lewis remained in Paleſtine till the following ſpring, when he embarked for Calabria, viſited Rome, and arrived in his own kingdom, in 1149, after an abſence of two years, worn down by anxiety, and only rich in the reputation of having engaged in a wild project, which could not have ended more diſaſtrouſly.—From this time, the condition of the

BOOK VII. Oriental chriſtians became daily worſe. The infidels, ſeeing the ſucceſsleſs efforts of numerous armies, laughed at the vain attempt; and on a nearer view, began to deſpiſe thoſe mighty warriors, the bare mention of whoſe names had once filled them with terror[y].

Thus have I deſcribed the principal events up to the year 1160, and exhibited the general features of the period, in church and ſtate. Little elſe remains; only as the reader has ſeen much of Bernard, of Peter the venerable, and of Suger, he may wiſh to know how long they ſurvived the tranſactions I have related. They did not long ſurvive.

Death and character of Suger.

Suger, abbot of St. Denys, and miniſter of ſtate, died in 1152, a little more than two years after the return of his maſter from the holy land. He had ſtrenuouſly oppoſed that mad expedition; but what chance had cool reaſon and political diſcernment, againſt the enthuſiaſm and wonder-working powers of his friend and countryman, the abbot of Clairvaux? The kingdom he adminiſtered with prudence, firmneſs, and integrity. Great as were the foreign expences, his maſter was always ſupplied with money, and the ſubject at home was not oppreſſed. By every argument, he ſtrove to avert the fatal divorce betwixt Lewis and his queen; and as long as he lived, it was not accompliſhed. He ſaw the evils that probably muſt fall on his country, by permitting ſo large a territory, as was Eleanor's dowry, to be again ſevered from the royal domain: but he could not ſee that, in the firſt ſix weeks, ſhe would marry Henry of England. Suger was the Sully of France in the twelfth century.

[y] I have followed, in this account of the cruſade, Fleury, Daniel, and Maimbourg, who had conſulted the beſt ſources.

As

As abbot, his life was exemplary, and his manners irreproachable. In the beginning of his adminiſtration, having found his monaſtery undiſciplined and enervated, he was himſelf, then unuſed to conventual regularity, carried down the ſtream: he was prodigal in his expences, ſumptuous in his table, and in his dreſs and attendants gay and ſplendid. In five years the gaudy ſcene was over. He reformed his abbey; and was himſelf the firſt to ſet the example of that rigid diſcipline and ſevere morality, which alone give perfection to the monaſtic inſtitute. Suger had formed a plan of quitting every civil employment, and was juſt then retiring to St. Denys, when the unanimous voice of the people called him to the regency of the ſtate.

He was of low extraction. His figure wanted comelineſs, and his countenance dignity: but his mental qualities were of a ſuperior caſt. His underſtanding was comprehenſive, his judgment ſound, his memory prodigious, and his penetration intuitive. When he ſpoke, there was grace in his manner, and fluency in his expreſſion; nor did any ſubject ſeem to him either new or embarraſſing. Theſe qualities were ſtill heightened by a modeſty without affectation, and a gravity without ſternneſs. He was mild, beneficent, diſintereſted, and friendly. The king loved him as his parent; the nobility reſpected his abilities; and the people adored his virtues. He died in his ſeventieth year. The king attended his funeral, and wept over his bier. He has been called the father of his country[z].

Death and character of Bernard.

The year following, in 1153, died alſo Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux.—I have related enough of his life, to convince

[z] Daniel vol. iii.

BOOK VII. the reader that he was truly an extraordinary man. Thus does an eminent writer, well qualified to appreciate merit, ſpeak of him[a]. Bernard, ſays he, I regard as the prodigy of his age.—Heaven, it ſeemed, had, with pleaſure, aſſembled in him alone, all the endowments of nature and grace. He was deſcended from noble and virtuous parents. In his perſon he was handſome, and his mind was perfect. Sprightly and penetrating, he could diſcern with accuracy, and could judge with confidence. His heart was generous, his ſentiments elevated, his reſolution unſhaken, and his will ever upright and ever conſtant.—Nor had art neglected to improve the work of nature. His education was the beſt which the age could give: early he had been inſtructed in religion, and in the human ſciences. With much reflection he daily ſtudied the word of God, and he read the holy fathers. In the pulpit he was animated and nervous; but his language was too flowery, though adapted to the taſte of his hearers. The ſame defect pervades his writings.—We muſt not forget that Bernard was a ſaint; for his humility was profound, his zeal ardent, his charity unbounded, and the gift of miracles marked him for the favourite of heaven.—The portrait, perhaps, is too highly coloured.

But if the hiſtorian may be permitted to break through that dazzling glare, which miracles and his inſpired air threw round him, he will diſcover ſome ſhades in the character of Bernard; and where have we ſeen humanity without them? They help to form its beauty.—He was auſtere, meddling, acrimonious, and zealous over much.—His auſterity began with himſelf, and extended to others: when not

[a] Fleury diſc. 8

not called on, he interfered in the concerns of all men: he was bitter, and even abuſive, againſt thoſe he eſteemed the enemies of truth: and we have beheld his zeal, precipitate and inflexible, till it had involved two kingdoms in the moſt diſaſtrous undertaking. When he was blamed as the author of theſe misfortunes, his reply was; that the judgments of heaven were inſcrutable, and that the ſins of the cruſaders had brought ruin on their arms. But could he think, when, in the plain of Vezelai, he inliſted the banditti of France, that their hearts were converted; or that the hundred thouſand Germans, whom the ſight of his miracles compelled to arms, would not be guilty of a hundred thouſand exceſſes? The conduct of the firſt cruſaders had clearly ſaid, what was to be expected from ſuch expeditions.

His aſcendancy over the minds of men, and his ſway in the councils of Europe were aſtoniſhing. From the retirement of his cell, in the vale of Clairvaux, abſtracted from the world, and converſing with heaven, he was called to the courts of princes, to decide their quarrels, or to aid them with his advice. Nor could it be ſaid, that he was there diſplaced or out of character: his own perſonal conſideration gave him a reſpect above titles, and an influence which neither years, nor abilities, nor office could beſtow. —At Rome, of whoſe prerogative he was too laviſh an admirer, Bernard was the ſoul of deſign, and the ſpring of action. Never did the holy ſee poſſeſs a truer friend. Over Eugenius, who had been his diſciple, he retained an authority, which, perhaps, was more honourable to the ſcholar, than the maſter. If Suger was leſs a ſaint than Bernard, the former, I think, had a ſounder judgment, was a better

politician,

BOOK VII. politician, a more experienced miniſter, and, perhaps, a more uſeful citizen.—The abbot of Clairvaux died in his ſixty-third year, having founded and annexed to his order, ſeventy-two monaſteries in different parts of Europe. "The "church, concludes Fleury, honours his memory on the "day of his death; and the learning, the zeal, the piety, "which his writings diſplay, have juſtly given him a place, "though the laſt, among the fathers of the church."

Death of Peter the venerable.

Within three years from this time, in 1156, expired the other luminary of France, Peter the venerable.—Already I have ſaid ſo much of this good man, and with a view of depicting his character, that more cannot be neceſſary. For thirty-five years he governed his order with ſingular prudence, which then conſiſted of more than three hundred houſes, and two thouſand dependent convents. The appellation of *venerable* which he acquired, was not the conſequence of years; for he was choſen abbot in his twenty-eighth year, and died in his ſixty-third; but it was due to his grave deportment, to his exemplary life, and to his great erudition. He entered little into political buſineſs, only as far as the intereſt of Cluni was concerned. His abilities were leſs brilliant than thoſe of St. Bernard, his friend and his admirer; but his ſenſe was ſound, aud his judgment unbiaſſed. Nature and her laws were not obedient to his voice, for I do not find that he worked any miracles; but his diſpoſitions were mild, his heart benevolent, and his hand was ever open to relieve the diſtreſſed.—He wrote againſt the Jews, and he engaged one Robert, an Engliſhman, archdeacon of Pampeluna in Spain, well verſed in the Arabic language, to tranſlate the Koran of Mahomet into

into Latin. He rewarded the tranſlator munificently, and himſelf undertook to refute the abſurd rhapſody.—Peter Maurice, I have before obſerved, was the laſt celebrated man of his order, and with him ſet the ſun of Cluni[b]. BOOK VII.

Hardly, I think, can it be ſaid with propriety that an age is dark, which poſſeſſed three ſuch men as I have now deſcribed. Nor did they ſtand alone. Others there were in Italy, Germany, and England, not equally eminent; but whoſe abilities were great, whoſe learning was not contemptible, and whoſe virtues were exemplary. Theſe I would with pleaſure exhibit, were not the ground already too thickly ſet with objects.—It is often the practice of modern writers to deſcribe unfavourably the character of paſſed times, either becauſe to blame is more congenial with their humour than to give praiſe; or becauſe they are led by the prejudices of others, which they have not taken care to ſhake off; or becauſe to copy ſome favourite author is much leſs laborious than to ſtudy the originals; or becauſe they may fancy, that themſelves and the age they live in, will appear more reſplendent, in proportion to the ſhades which are thrown on the more diſtant objects. At all events, the twilight of the twelfth century (for ſuch at leaſt it may be called) was neceſſary to prepare the riſing of that auſpicious day, whoſe brilliant ſplendour now ſurrounds us. With our poſterity, perhaps, it will be made a queſtion, whether as yet we have paſſed its dawn.

Heloiſa.

In the peaceful cloiſters of the Paraclet, where we had left Heloiſa, there ſhe ſtill was after a period of twenty years. She had not engaged in its turbulent ſcenes: but from

[b] Fleury vol. xiv. xv.

BOOK VII. from her cell ſhe might have contemplated their progreſs, and bewailed their unfortunate exit. The death of Peter the venerable would be a real loſs.—It may be remembered that, in her correſpondence with Abeillard on the origin and duties of the monaſtic inſtitute, ſhe had ſtrongly urged the propriety of mitigating its ſeverity in favour of women. Not then ſo fervent, or leſs warmed by that enviable enthuſiaſm which can find delight in pain and ſelf-denials, ſhe thought it reaſonable to plead for every innocent indulgence: was not the path of life ſufficiently beſet with thorns? And was the traveller with his own hands to add to their number? In proceſs of time, as circumſtances altered, or as the cares of office, perhaps, ſoured her mind, or as it hardened by age, Heloiſa adopted a more rigid plan, the conſtitutions of which ſhe herſelf framed, and introduced into the rule of the Paraclet. The ſubſtance of theſe conſtitutions I will give to the reader: he may have heared much of nuns, and not know in what practices their lives are ſpent.

Having obſerved that all religious inſtruction muſt take its origin from Chriſt, who practiſed the virtues of poverty, of humility, and of obedience, ſhe proceeds. I.—"We "ſtrive, as far as in us lies, to imitate the lives of the firſt "chriſtians, by having all things in common. What is "given to us, that we divide as far as it will go. If there "be not enough for all, they are firſt ſerved who want it "moſt."

II.—"Our dreſs is ordinary and ſimple, made of the "coarſeſt wool and flax.—But in this, as in our beds, if "ſometimes we have not all that may ſeem neceſſary, let it "be remembered, that we have renounced the world and "its conveniences."

III.—"We

III.—" We eat the bread that is laid before us, ſome-
" times wheaten, and ſometimes made of other grain. In
" the refectory our common fare is legumes, or ſuch roots
" as the garden gives us. Milk, eggs, and cheeſe are
" rarely ſerved; and fiſh only when the kindneſs of our
" neighbours ſupplies us. Our wine is mixed with water.
" —At ſupper only ſalad or fruit is allowed us; and when
" theſe fail, we bear it without murmuring."

IV.—" Only the abbeſs and prioreſs have any right to
" command. Without their permiſſion no one can preſume
" to go out of the encloſure, or to ſpeak, or to give, or to
" receive, the ſmalleſt trifle."

V.—" Would our ſtrength permit us, we ſhould till our
" lands, and live by labour. But we cannot. We there-
" fore call in the aid of lay-brothers and lay-ſiſters.—
" Any alms, which the piety of the faithful offers, we do
" not refuſe."

VI.—" We riſe before break of day, and proceed to the
" church to *matins*.—After this, according to the ſeaſon of
" the year, either we retire, for a ſhort time, to our beds,
" or we meet in the chapter-houſe, to read or work.—
" When the bell rings, we again go to church, where *prime*
" is ſaid, and after that the *morning-maſs*.—Again we aſſem-
" ble in the chapter-houſe to confeſs publicly our faults,
" and to receive correction. Here, on ſolemn feaſts, a
" ſermon is preached.—After chapter, if there be time, we
" read till *tierce* or nine o'clock.—Then follow *high-maſs*
" and *ſext*, after which we read or work till *none* or three
" o'clock.—At three we take our meal, ſilent and recol-
" lected.—This finiſhed, we return, giving thanks to God,

BOOK VII. " to the church, and from thence to the chapter-houſe,
" where one of the nuns, whoſe duty it is, makes a diſ-
" courſe to the aſſembly.—If there be time, we then remain
" in the cloiſters till the hour of *veſpers*. Theſe are always
" ſung.—After veſpers we return to the cloiſters, where,
" in ſilence and meditation, we wait the hour of *collation*
" or ſupper.—After ſupper, *complin* is ſung in the church,
" and we remain in prayer, till a ſign is given, at which
" all riſe from their knees; and then ſprinkled with holy
" water by the ſuperior, they proceed in proceſſion through
" the cloiſters to the dormitory, where each one turns to
" her bed, and bleſſing God, retires to reſt[c]."

Thus lived Heloiſa and her nuns; and with ſome accidental variety, the ſame continues to be the rule of moſt orders of religious women. It is ſevere and uninviting; but the mind habitually forms to any thing. The fortunate circumſtance is, that every moment of the day has its allotted duty: there is no time for idle ſpeculation, and conſequently no time for the ingreſs of thoſe ideas, from which ennui, uneaſineſs, and miſery ſpring. Their days flow uniformly on, but rapidly from uniformity; the ſtream is not ruffled, for their deſires are compoſed, and their affections even; and they meet their laſt hour with more than philoſophic fortitude:

> To ſounds of heav'nly harps they die away,
> And melt in viſions of eternal day.

While the abbeſs had been laudably engaged in new-modelling the internal government of her convent, ſhe had not

[c] Op. Abeil. p. 198.

not neglected its more worldly concerns. I before mentioned the bulls she had obtained from Rome to confirm to the Paraclet such donations as had been made to it. To these afterwards some very considerable additions were made, all which received the same solemn sanction. I find a bull of Eugenius, which specifically mentions every acre of land and every tenement, belonging to the abbey in 1147, one of Anastasius, and three of Adrian. The latter seems particularly well-affected to the Paraclet; he speaks in high terms of the virtuous lives of Heloisa and her sisters; he grants them the petition they had made for leave to bury within the precincts of the convent the bodies of their benefactors; and he denounces the indignation of God and of the holy apostles against all those, who shall dare to infringe or to oppose the letter of his mandate[d].—Nothing more was necessary to perfect this establishment, and to give it a stability which, in the ordinary course of human events, might last for ages.

Her death.

It was now the year eleven hundred and sixty-three, and Heloisa had entered into her sixty-third year.—She fell sick.—History tells us not what her disorder was, nor does it relate the circumstances of her death. A more modern author only says that, when she saw her end approaching, she turned to her sisters, who stood weeping round her; exhorted them to submission and to the practice of every christian virtue; and then ordered that her body should be laid in the tomb by the side of Abeillard[e]. Soon after she expired. It was on a Sunday, and on the seventeenth of May.

[d] Op. Abeil. p. 353. [e] Not. Quercet. p. 1195. Vie d'Abeil. p. 321.

BOOK VII. Her obſequies were honoured by the moſt ſplendid attendance of the nobility and clergy of the province: a ſolemn ſervice was performed for the repoſe of her ſoul; and her dying requeſt was faithfully executed. They ſaw the tomb of Abeillard opened, which had been ſhut for twenty years, and in it were laid the cold remains of the once lively, learned, religious, and benevolent Heloiſa.

I will not attempt to delineate her character, as it could only be a repetition of what, perhaps, I have already too much repeated.—On her monument were engraved four lines, barbarous and bad indeed!

Hoc tumulo abbatiſſa jacet prudens Heloiſſa.
Paraclitum ſtatuit, cum Paraclito requieſcit.
Gaudia ſanctorum ſua ſunt ſuper alta polorum;
Nos meritis precibuſque ſuis exaltet ab imis.

They will not bear to be tranſlated.—To commemorate the learned abilities of Heloiſa, it is ſaid that, for many years after her death, the nuns of the Paraclet, at the feaſt of Whitſuntide, performed the ſervice of the day in Greek[f]. The practice only ceaſed, when the knowledge of the language was loſt amongſt them.

But in the courſe of ſix hundred years, in the different changes, which the repair of buildings and other events have introduced, care has been taken not to ſeparate their duſt. In 1497 the tomb was moved, and again in 1630, when the bones of the lovers, if ſo they may be called, were found entire. They were diſtinguiſhed by their ſize.

[f] Vie d'Abeil. p. 328.

The

The abbey of the Paraclet ſeems ever to have retained a great reſpect for the memory of their illuſtrious founders; though a traveller, who was there, not many years ago, ſays that the community knew little of the affecting part of their ſtory[g].—The late abbeſs, of the houſe of Rochefoucauld, in 1766, requeſted ſome gentlemen of the academy of Paris to compoſe an epitaph for their tomb. She was diſguſted with the barbarous lines that hitherto had marked the ſtone, where Abeillard and Heloiſa lay. She did not live to ſee it executed; but the epitaph was written. Her ſucceſſor, I believe, the preſent abbeſs, Madame de Roucy, purſued the laudable deſign, and on a marble ſtone engraved the following elegant inſcription.

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent,
Hujus monaſterii
Conditor, Petrus Abeillardus,
Et Abbatiſſa prima, Heloiſa:
Olim Studiis, ingenio, amore, infauſtis nuptiis
Et pænitentia;
Nunc æterna, quod ſperamus, felicitate
Conjuncti.
Petrus Abeillardus obiit vigeſſima prima
Aprilis, Anno 1142:
Heloiſa, decima ſeptima Maii 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Roucy, Paracleti
Abbatiſſæ
1779.

[g] Annual Regiſter, anno 1768.

IN ENGLISH.

Here
Under the ſame ſtone repoſe
Peter Abeillard, the founder,
And Heloiſa, the firſt abbeſs,
Of this monaſtery.
Alike in diſpoſitions and in love,
They were once united in the ſame purſuits,
The ſame fatal marriage, and the ſame repentance;
And now, in eternal happineſs,
We truſt, they are not divided.
Peter Abeillard died the twenty-firſt of April, 1142:
And Heloiſa the ſeventeenth of May, 1163.

THE END.

THE

LETTERS

OF

ABEILLARD and HELOISA;

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FROM THE COLLECTION OF AMBOISE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By the Rev. JOSEPH BERINGTON.

BIRMINGHAM: PRINTED BY M. SWINNEY;
FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW,
AND R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

THE LETTERS OF ABEILLARD and HELOISA.

The letter of Abeillard to his friend, which gave occaſion to the following correſpondence, ſhould properly have a place here: But, as the whole ſubſtance of it is contained in the foregoing hiſtory, and it is beſides extremely long, I take the liberty to omit it. They who have read the hiſtory, will not want it; and they who have not, would be little diſpoſed to read the tedious memoirs from which it is taken.

LETTER I.
HELOISA TO ABEILLARD.

A LETTER of conſolation you had written to a friend, my deareſt Abeillard, was lately, as by chance, put into my hands. The ſuperſcription, in a moment, told me from whom it came; and the ſentiments I felt for the writer, compelled me to read it more eagerly. I had loſt the reality: I hoped

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EPISTOLA I.
HELOISÆ ABÆLARDO.

Domino ſuo, imo Patri; Conjugi ſuo, imo Fratri, Ancilla ſua, imo Filia; ipſius Uxor, imo Soror; Abælardo Heloiſa.

MISSAM ad Amicum pro conſolatione Epiſtolam, dilectiſſime, veſtram ad me forte quidam nuper attulit. Quam ex ipſa ſtatim tituli fronte veſtram eſſe conſiderans, tanto ardentius eam cœpi legere, quanto Scriptorem ipſum charius amplector: ut cujus rem perdidi, verbis ſaltem, tanquā ejus quadam imagine

I hoped therefore from his words, a faint image of himſelf, to draw ſome comfort. But alas! for I well remember it, almoſt every line was marked with gall and wormwood. It related the lamentable ſtory of our converſion, and the long liſt of your own unabating ſufferings.

Indeed, you amply fulfilled the promiſe you there made to your friend, that, in compariſon of your own, his misfortunes ſhould appear as nothing, or as light as air.—Having expoſed the perſecutions you had ſuffered from your maſters, and the cruel deed of my uncle, you were naturally led to a recital of the hateful and invidious conduct of Albericus of Reims, and Lotulphus of Lombardy. By their ſuggeſtions, your admirable work on the Trinity was condemned to the flames, and yourſelf were thrown into confinement. This you did not omit to mention. The machinations of the abbot of St. Denys, and of your falſe brethren, are then brought forward; but chiefly, for from them you had moſt to ſuffer, the calumnious aſperſions of thoſe falſe apoſtles, Norbert and Bernard, whom envy had rouſed againſt you. It was even, you ſay, imputed as a crime to you, to have given the name of Paraclet, contrary to

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imagine recreer. Erant, memini, hujus Epiſtolæ fere omnia felle & abſinthio plena, quæ ſcilicet noſtræ converſationis miſerabilem hiſtoriam, & tuas, unice, cruces aſſiduas referebant.

Compleſti re vera in Epiſtola illa, quod in exordio ejus Amico promiſiſti, ut videlicet in comparatione tuarum ſuas moleſtias nullas vel parvas reputaret. Ubi quidem expoſitis prius magiſtrorum tuorum in te perſecutionibus, deinde in corpus tuum ſummæ proditionis injuria, ad condiſcipulorum quoque tuorum Alberici videlicet Remenſis, & Lotulfi Lombardi execrabilem invidiam, & infeſtationem nimiam ſtilum contuliſti.—Quorum quidem ſuggeſtionibus quid de glorioſo

to the common practice, to the oratory you had erected. In fine, the inceſſant perſecutions of that cruel tyrant of St. Gildas and of thoſe execrable monks, whom yet you call your children, and to which, at this moment, you are expoſed, cloſe the melancholy tale of a life of ſorrow.

Who, think you, could read or hear theſe things, and not be moved to tears? What then muſt be my ſituation? The ſingular preciſi on, with which each event is related, could but more ſtrongly renew my ſorrows. I was doubly agitated, becauſe I perceived the tide of danger was ſtill riſing againſt you. Are we then to deſpair of your life? And muſt our breaſts, trembling at every ſound, be hourly alarmed by the rumours of that terrible event?

For Chriſt's ſake, my Abeillard, and he, I truſt, as yet protects you, do inform us, and that repeatedly, of each circum-

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glorioſo illo Theologiæ tuæ opere, quid de te ipſo quaſi in carcere damnato actum ſit, non prætermiſiſti. Inde ad Abbatis tui fratrumque falſorum machinationem acceſſiſti, & detractiones illas, tibi graviſſimas, duorum illorum Pſeudoapoſtolorum à prædictis æmulis in te commotas, atque ad ſcandalum pleriſque ſubortum de nomine Paracleti Oratorio præter conſuetudinem impoſito: denique ad intolerabiles illas & adhuc continuas vitæ perſecutiones, crudeliſſimi ſcilicet illius exactoris, & peſſimorum, quos filios nominas, Monachorum profectus, miſerabilem Hiſtoriam conſummaſti.

Quæ cum ſiccis oculis neminem vel legere vel audire poſſe æſtimem: tanto dolores meos amplius renovarunt, quanto diligentius ſingula expreſſerunt, & eo magis auxerunt, quo in te adhuc pericula creſcere retuliſti; ut omnes pariter de vita tua deſperare cogamur, & quotidie ultimos illos de nece tua rumores trepidantia noſtra corda, & palpitantia pectora expectent.

Per ipſum itaque, qui te ſibi adhuc quoquomodo protegit, Chriſtum obſecramus; quatenus ancillulas ipſius & tuas crebris literis de his, in quibus adhuc

circumſtance of your preſent dangers. I and my ſiſters are the ſole remains of all your friends. Let us, at leaſt, partake of your joys and ſorrows. The condolence of others is uſed to bring ſome relief to the ſufferer ; and a load laid on many ſhoulders is more eaſily ſupported. But ſhould the ſtorm ſubſide a little, then be even more ſolicitous to inform us, for your letters will be meſſengers of joy. In ſhort, whatever be their contents, to us they muſt always bring comfort ; becauſe this, at leaſt, they will tell us, that we are remembered by you.

How pleaſing are the letters of abſent friends, Seneca, I remember, teaches us by his own example. " I thank you, " ſays he to his friend Lucilius, for your frequent letters. " By this you do all you can to be in my company. The " moment I open your letters, I ſee Lucilius before me." And, indeed, if the portraits of our friends can give us pleaſure, and eaſe the pain of abſence, by the weak impreſ-

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fluctuas, naufragiis certificare digneris ; ut nos ſaltem quæ tibi ſolæ remanſimus, doloris vel gaudii participes habeas. Solent etenim dolenti nonnullam afferre conſolationem qui condolent, & quodlibet onus pluribus impoſitum levius ſuſtinetur, ſive defertur. Quod ſi paululum hæc tempeſtas quieverit, tanto amplius maturandæ ſunt literæ, quanto ſunt jucundiores futuræ. De quibuſcumque autem nobis ſcribas, non parvum nobis remedium conferes ; hoc ſaltem uno quod te noſtri memorem eſſe monſtrabis.

Quam jocundæ vero ſint abſentium Literæ amicorum, ipſe nos exemplo proprio Seneca docet, ad amicum Lucilium quodam loco ſic ſcribens : " Quod " frequenter mihi ſcribis, gratias ago. Nam quo uno modo potes te mihi " oſtendis. Nunquam epiſtolam tuam accipio, quin protinus una ſimus." Si imagines nobis amicorum abſentium jocundæ ſunt, quæ memoriam renovant, & deſiderium abſentiæ falſo atq; inani ſolatio levant : quanto jocundiores

ſions they make ; what may not be ſaid of letters, which ſpeak the genuine ſentiments of the dear abſent friend?— God be thanked! no invidious paſſion can forbid, and no obſtacle can hinder this manner of your being preſent with us. On your ſide let no indifference, I pray, be a retardment to it.

You wrote to your friend a long epiſtle, and to alleviate his misfortunes you recounted your own. By this too plain narration, intended for his comfort, you have added much to our ſorrows. The hand which poured balm into his wounds, only ſerved to widen ours : it even added ſome freſh gaſhes to our long-bleeding boſoms. And will you, who are ſo anxious to eaſe the pain, which other hands have given, refuſe to heal the wounds yourſelf have made? You complied, I own, with the deſires of a friend and of a fellow-creature ; and in ſo doing, the great duties of friendſhip and of ſociety were fulfilled: but to us, Abeillard, you are bound by a ſtronger tie. We are not your friends only and your fellow-creatures : the tendereſt affections have united us,

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diores ſunt literæ, quæ amici abſentis veras notas afferunt?——Deo autem gratias, quod hoc ſaltem modo præſentiam tuam nobis reddere nulla invidia prohiberis, nulla difficultate præpediris: nulla (obſecro) negligentia retarderis.

Scripſiſti ad amicum prolixæ conſolationem Epiſtolæ & pro adverſitatibus quidem ſuis, ſed de tuis. Quas videlicet tuas diligenter commemorans, cum ejus ſtuderes conſolationi, noſtræ plurimum addidiſti deſolationi, & dum ejus mederi vulneribus cuperes, nova quædam nobis vulnera doloris inflixiſti, & priora auxiſti. Sana, obſecro, ipſe quæ feciſti, qui quæ alii fecerunt, curare ſatagis. Morem quidem amico & ſocio geſſiſti, & tam amicitiæ quam ſocietatis debitum perſolviſti : ſed majori te debito nobis adſtrinxiſti, quas non tam amicas, quam

us, for the inhabitants of the Paraclet are your daughters. Even, if nature or religion can ſuggeſt a more tender name, to that we are entitled.

To prove this, no arguments are neceſſary. Even were we ſilent, the walls of our monaſtery would proclaim it. Under God, you alone were the founder of this place; you alone erected its oratory; and you alone eſtabliſhed its congregation. You raiſed nothing upon the foundations of others. Whatever the eye ſees is your erection. This ſolitude, the retreat of wild beaſts, and the receptacle of thieves, had not known the habitations of domeſtic life. But you, on the very dens of thoſe beaſts, and in the lurking holes of robbers, where the name of God had not been heard, raiſed a temple to his name, and you dedicated it to his Holy Spirit. To this the donations of kings or princes did not contribute: you wanted not their aſſiſtance; for your own powers were great and ample. From all quarters an almoſt infinite number of ſcholars was ſeen crowding to be

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amiciſſimas, non tam ſocias quam filias convenit nominari: vel ſi quod dulcius & ſanctius vocabulum poteſt excogitari.

Quanto autem debito te erga eas obligaveris, non argumentis, non teſtimoniis indiget, ut quaſi dubium comprobetur: & ſi omnes taceant, res ipſa clamat. Hujus quippe loci tu, poſt Deum, ſolus es fundator, ſolus hujus Oratorii conſtructor, ſolus hujus Congregationis ædificator. Nihil hic ſuper alienum ædificaſti fundamentum. Totum quod hic eſt, tua creatio eſt. Solitudo hæc feris tantum, ſive latronibus vacans, nullam hominum habitationem noverat, nullam domum habuerat. In ipſis cubilibus ferarum, in ipſis latibulis latronum, ubi nec nominari Deus ſolet, divinum erexiſti tabernaculum, & Spiritui Sancto proprium dedicaſti templum. Nihil ad hoc ædificandum ex Regum vel Principum opibus intuliſti, cum plurima poſſes & maxima, ut quicquid fieret, tibi ſoli poſſet adſcribi. Clerici ſive Scholares huc certatim ad diſciplinam

be inſtructed by you. They ſupplied whatever elſe was neceſſary. Even churchmen, who had been uſed to live on the benefactions of others; whoſe hands were ever open to receive but not to give; became here profuſe, and even importunate to pour in their contributions.

Our new eſtabliſhment, therefore, is ſtrictly yours. But, can the young plant proſper, if it be not often watered with peculiar care? We are women, Abeillard, by nature weak and delicate. Thus, had our ſociety been long formed, it would ſtill be expoſed to much danger. But now, if you give us not all your care and all your diligence, how ſhall we brave the ſtorm? The apoſtle ſays: "I have planted, "Apollo has watered, but God has given the increaſe." He is writing to the Corinthians, whom he had lately converted to the chriſtian faith: his own diſciple Apollo, had then given them further inſtructions; and divine grace had completed the work. But you cultivate a vineyard, which you have

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diſciplinam tuam confluentes omnia miniſtrabant neceſſaria; & qui de beneficiis vivebant Eccleſiaſticis, nec oblationes facere noverant, ſed ſuſcipere, & qui manus ad ſuſcipiendum, non at dandum, habuerant, hic in oblationibus faciendis prodigi atque importuni fiebant.

Tua itaque, vere tua hæc eſt proprie in ſancto propoſito novella plantatio, cujus adhuc teneris maxime plantis frequens, ut proficiant, neceſſaria eſt irrigatio. Satis ex ipſa fœminei ſexus natura debilis eſt hæc plantatio: eſt infirma, etſi non eſſet nova. Unde diligentiorem culturam exigit & frequentiorem, juxta illud Apoſtoli: "Ego plantavi, Apollo rigavit, Deus autem "incrementum dedit." Plantaverat Apoſtolus atque fundaverat in fide per prædicationis ſuæ doctrinam Corinthios, quibus ſcribebat. Rigaverat poſtmodum eos ipſius Apoſtoli diſcipulus Apollo ſacris exhortationibus, & ſic eis incrementum virtutum divina largita eſt gratia. Vitis alienæ vineam, quam non plantaſti, in amaritudinem tibi converſam, admonitionibus ſæpe caſſis, & ſacris

have not planted ; and your ſacred admonitions are loſt on an ungrateful ſoil. I ſpeak of the monks of St. Gildas, of which you are abbot. Rather recollect then what you owe to us. You preach to them, but you preach in vain. Your words are pearls which you throw to ſwine. The treaſures, which are loſt on them, ſhould be kept for us, who are docile, who are obedient. And you, who are ſo prodigal to your enemies, do reflect on what you owe to your own children.—But I will ſay nothing of others: think only how much you are indebted to me. Whatever obligations bind you to the devout part of my ſex, are all concentered in your Heloiſa.

You need not be told, how many treatiſes the holy fathers of the church have written for our inſtruction, and how earneſtly they have laboured to inform, to adviſe, and to conſole us. Muſt my ignorance ſuggeſt knowledge to the learned Abeillard ?—Long ago, indeed, when my mind was weak in the firſt impreſſions of duty, your neglect of me ſurpriſed me not a little. Neither moved by religion, nor by love for me, nor by the example of the holy fathers, did you

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ſacris fruſtra ſermonibus excolis. Quid tuæ debeas attende, qui ſic curam impendis alienæ. Doces & admones rebelles, nec proficis. Fruſtra ante porcos divini eloquii margaritas ſpargis. Qui obſtinatis tanta impendis, quid obedientibus debeas conſidera. Qui tanta hoſtibus largiris, quid filiabus debeas meditare. Atque ut cæteras omittam, quanto erga me te obligaveris debito, penſa : ut quod devotis communiter debes fœminis, unicæ tuæ devotius ſolvas.

Quot autem & quantos Tractatus in doctrina, vel exhortatione, ſeu etiam conſolatione ſanctarum fœminarum ſancti Patres, & quanta eos diligentia compoſuerint, tua melius excellentia quam noſtra parvitas novit. Unde non mediocri admiratione noſtræ tenera converſionis initia tua jamdudum oblivio movit, quod nec reverentia Dei, nec amore noſtri, nec ſanctorum Patrum exemplis

you ever aim to fix my fluctuating mind: not even when long grief had worn me down, did you come to ſee me, or even ſend me one line of comfort. Yet, ſurely after the bond of matrimony had cemented our union, your obligations to me became more binding. Who does not know how immoderate was the love I bore you; and from thence have I no pretenſions to a peculiar return?

My Abeillard, you well know how much I loſt in loſing you: and that infamous act of treachery, which, by a cruelty before unheard of, deprived me of you, even tore me from myſelf. The loſs was great indeed, but the manner of it was doubly excruciating.—When the cauſe of grief is moſt pungent, then ſhould conſolation apply her ſtrongeſt medicines. But it is you only can adminiſter relief: by you I was wounded, and by you I muſt be healed. It is in your power alone to give me pain, to give me joy, and to give me comfort. And it is you only that are obliged to do it.—I have obeyed the laſt tittle of all your commands; and ſo

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emplis admonitus, fluctuantem me & jam diutino mœrore confectam, vel ſermone præſentem, vel Epiſtola abſentem conſolari tentaveris.—Cui quidem tanto te majore debito noveris obligatum, quanto te amplius nuptialis fœdere ſacramenti conſtat eſſe adſtrictum: & eo te magis mihi obnoxium, quo te ſemper, ut omnibus patet, immoderato amore complexa ſum.

Noſti chariſſime, noverunt omnes, quanta in te amiſerim, & quam miſerabili caſu ſumma & ubique nota proditio me ipſam quoque mihi tecum abſtulerit, & incomparabiliter major ſit dolor ex amiſſionis modo, quam ex damno. Quo vero major eſt dolendi cauſa, majora ſunt conſolationis adhibenda remedia. Non utique ab alio, ſed à teipſo, ut qui ſolus es in cauſa dolendi, ſolus ſis in gratia conſolandi. Solus quippe es qui me contriſtare, qui me lætificare, ſeu conſolari valeas. Et ſolus es qui plurimum id mihi debeas, & tunc maxime cum univerſa quæ juſſeris in tantum impleverim, ut cum te in aliquo offendere

ſo far was I unable to oppoſe them, that, to comply with your wiſhes, I could bear to ſacrifice myſelf. One thing remains, which is ſtill greater, and will hardly be credited: my love for you had riſen to ſuch a degree of phrenzy, that to pleaſe you, it even deprived itſelf of what alone in the univerſe it valued, and that for ever. No ſooner did I receive your commands, than I quitted at once the habit of the world, and with it all the reluctance of my nature. I meant that you ſhould be the ſole poſſeſſor of whatever I had once a right to call my own.

Heaven knows! in all my love it was you, and you only I ſought for. I looked for no dowry, no alliances of marriage. I was even inſenſible to my own pleaſures: nor had I a will to gratify. All was abſorbed in you. I call Abeillard to witneſs.—In the name of *wife* there may be ſomething more holy, ſomething more impoſing; but the name of *miſtreſs* was ever to me a more charming ſound—The more I humbled myſelf before you, the greater right I thought, I ſhould have to your favour; and thus alſo I hoped the leſs to injure the ſplendid reputation you had acquired.

This

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offendere non poſſem, meipſam pro juſſu tuo perdere ſuſtinerem. Et quod majus eſt, dictuque mirabile, in tantam verſus eſt amor inſaniam, ut quod ſolum appetebat, hoc ipſe ſibi ſine ſpe recuperationis auferret. Cum ad tuam ſtatim juſſionem tam habitum ipſa quam animum immutarem: ut te tam corporis mei quam animi unicum poſſeſſorem oſtenderem.

Nihil unquam (Deus ſcit) in te niſi te requiſivi: te pure, non tua concupiſcens. Non matrimonii fœdera, non dotes aliquas expectavi, non denique meas voluptates, aut voluntates, ſed tuas (ſicut ipſe noſti) adimplere ſtudii.—Et ſi uxoris nomen ſanctius ac validius videtur, dulcius mihi ſemper extitit amicæ vocabulum; aut ſi non indigneris, concubinæ vel ſcorti. Ut quo me videlicet pro te amplius humiliarem, ampliorem apud te conſequerer gratiam, & ſic etiam excellentiæ tuæ gloriam minus læderem.

Quod

This circumſtance, on your own account, you did not quite forget to mention in the letter to your friend. You related alſo ſome of the arguments I then urged, to deter you from that fatal marriage; but you ſuppreſſed the greater part, by which I was induced to prefer love to matrimony, and liberty to chains. I call heaven to witneſs! Should Auguſtus, maſter of the world, offer me his hand in marriage, and ſecure to me the uninterrupted command of the univerſe, I ſhould deem it at once more eligible and more honourable to be called the miſtreſs of Abeillard, than the wife of Cæſar. The ſource of merit is not in riches or in power: theſe are the gifts of fortune; but virtue only gives worth and excellence.

The woman, who prefers a rich to a poor man, ſhews ſhe has a venal ſoul. In a huſband, it is his wealth, and not himſelf, which ſhe admires; and to her, who marries with this view, ſome reward may be due, but no gratitude. It is clear that I have not miſconſtrued her intentions: propoſe but

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Quod & tu ipſe, tui gratia, oblitus penitus non fuiſti, in ea, quam ſupra memini, ad Amicum Epiſtola pro conſolatione directa. Ubi & rationes nonnullas, quibus te à conjugii noſtri infauſtis thalamis, revocare conabar, exponere non es dedignatus: ſed pleriſque tacitis, quibus amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferebam. Deum teſtem invoco, ſi me Auguſtus, univerſo præſidens mundo, matrimonii honore dignaretur, totumque mihi orbem confirmaret in perpetuo præſidendum, charius mihi & dignius videretur tua dici meretrix, quam illius Imperatrix. Non enim quo quiſque ditior ſive potentior, ideo & melior: fortunæ illud eſt, hoc virtutis.

Nec ſe minime venalem æſtimet eſſe quæ libentius ditiori quam pauperi nubit, & plus in marito ſua quam ipſa concupiſcit. Certe quamcumque ad nuptias hæc concupiſcentia ducit, merces ei potius quam gratia debetur. Certum quippe eſt eam res ipſas, non hominem ſequi, & ſe, ſi poſſet, velle proſtituere

but a richer match, and if not too late, ſhe will embrace it with ardour. The truth of my opinion the learned Aſpaſia has confirmed in a converſation with Xenophon and his wife, as related by Eſchines the diſciple of Socrates. When to effect a reconciliation betwixt them, ſhe had propoſed this reaſoning, Aſpaſia thus concludes: "When you have got "ſo far, as mutually to be convinced that there lives not a "better man, and a more fortunate woman, all your "thoughts will be directed to produce the greateſt good: "Xenophon will be happy in the reflection that he is mar-"ried to the beſt of women, and ſhe, on her ſide, that her "huſband is the beſt of men."

Theſe ſentiments are beautiful: they ſeem the production rather of wiſdom herſelf, than of philoſophy.—But in the married ſtate, ſhould this favourable opinion be even grounded on error, how charming is it to be thus deceived! It produces love, and on this reſts the ſureſt pledge of mutual fidelity; while purity of mind co-operates far more efficaciouſly than her ſiſter virtue.

But

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ditiori. Sicut inductio illa Aſpaſiæ Philoſophæ apud Socraticum Æſchinem cum Xenophonte & uxore ejus habita manifeſte convincit. Quam quidem inductionem cum prædicta Philoſopha ad reconciliandos invicem illos propoſuiſſet, tali fine concluſit: "Quia ubi hoc peregeritis, ut neque vir melior, "neque fœmina in terris lætior ſit: profecto ſemper id quod optimum putabis "eſſe multo maxime requiretis: ut & tu maritus ſis quam optimæ, & hæc "quam optimo viro nupta ſit."

Sancta profecto hæc & pluſquam Philoſophica eſt ſententia, ipſius potius Sophiæ, quam Philoſophiæ dicenda. Sanctus hic error, and beata fallacia in conjugatis, ut perfecta dilectio illæſa cuſtodiat matrimonii fœdera, non tam corporum continentiâ, quam animorum pudicitiâ.

At

But that happineſs which in others is, ſometimes, the effect of fancy, in me was the child of evidence. They might think their huſbands perfect, and were happy in the idea; but I knew that you were ſuch, and the univerſe knew the ſame. Thus the more my affection was ſecured from all poſſible error, the more ſteady became its flame. Where was found the king or the philoſopher that had emulated your reputation? Was there a village, a city, a kingdom, that did not ardently wiſh even to ſee you? When you appeared in public, who did not run to behold you? And when you withdrew, every neck was ſtretched, every eye ſprang forward to purſue you. The married and the unmarried women, when Abeillard was away, longed for his company; and, when he he was preſent, every boſom was on fire. No lady of diſtinction, no princeſs, that did not envy Heloiſa the poſſeſſion of her Abeillard.

You poſſeſſed, indeed, two qualifications, a tone of voice, and a grace in ſinging, which gave you the controul over every female heart. Theſe powers were peculiarly yours; for

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At quod error cæteris, veritas mihi manifeſta contulerat. Cum quod illæ videlicet de ſuis æſtimarent maritis, hoc ego de te, hoc mundus univerſus non tam crederet, quam ſciret. Ut tanto verior in te meus amor exiſteret, quanto ab errore longius abſiſteret. Quis etenim Regum aut Philoſophorum tuam exæquare famam poterat? Quæ te regio, aut civitas, ſeu villa videre non æſtuabat? Quis te, rogo, in publicum procedentum conſpicere non feſtinabat, ac diſcedentem collo erecto, oculis directis non inſectabatur? Quæ conjugata, quæ virgo non concupiſcebat abſentem, & non exardebat in præſentem? Quæ Regina vel præpotens fœmina gaudiis meis non invidebat vel thalamis?

Duo autem, fateor, tibi ſpecialiter inerant, quibus fœminarum quarum libet animos ſtatim allicere poteras; dictandi videlicet, & cantandi gratia.

for I do not know that they ever fell to the ſhare of any other philoſopher. To ſoften, by playful amuſement, the ſtern labours of philoſophy, you compoſed ſeveral ſonnets on love, and on ſimilar ſubjects. Theſe you were often heard to ſing, when the harmony of your voice gave new charms to the expreſſion. In all circles nothing was talked of but Abeillard: even the moſt ignorant, who could not judge of compoſition, were enchanted by the melody of your voice. Female hearts were unable to reſiſt the impreſſion. Thus was my name ſoon carried to diſtant nations, for the loves of Heloiſa and Abeillard were the conſtant theme of all your ſongs. What wonder, if I became the ſubject of general envy!

You poſſeſſed, beſides, every endowment of mind and body. But alas! if my happineſs then raiſed the envy of others, will they not now be compelled to pity me? And ſurely, even ſhe, who was then my enemy, will now drop a tear at my ſad reverſe of fortune.

You

Quæ cæteros minime philoſophos aſſecutos eſſe novimus. Quibus quidem, quaſi ludo quodam, laborem exercitii recreans Philoſophici, pleraque amatorio metro vel rithmo compoſita reliquiſti carmina, quæ præ nimia ſuavitate, tam dictaminis, quam cantus, ſæpius frequentata, tuum in ore omnium nomen inceſſanter tenebant: ut etiam illiteratos melodiæ dulcedo tui non ſineret immemores eſſe. Atque hinc maxime in amorem tui fœminæ ſuſpirabant. Et cum horum pars maxima carminum noſtros decantaret amores, multis me regionibus brevi tempore nunciavit, & multarum in me fœminarum accendit invidiam.

Quod enim bonum animi vel corporis tuam non exornabat adoleſcentiam? Quam tunc mihi invidentem, nunc tantis privatæ deliciis compati calamitas mea non compellat? Quem, vel quam licet hoſtem, primitus, debita compaſſio mihi nunc non emolliat?

Et

You know, Abeillard, I was the great cauſe of your miſfortunes; but yet I was not guilty. It is the motive with which we act, and not the event of things that makes us criminal. Equity weighs the intention, and not the mere actions we may have done.—What, at all times, were my diſpoſitions in your regard, you, who knew them, can only judge, To you I refer all my actions, and on your deciſion I reſt my cauſe. I call no other witneſs.

But how has it happened, tell me, that, after my retreat from the world, which was your own work, I have been ſo forgotten or ſo neglected, that you never came either perſonally to recreate my ſolitude, or ever wrote to conſole me? If you can, account for this conduct; or I muſt tell you my own ſuſpicions, which are alſo the general ſuſpicions of the world. It was paſſion, Abeillard, and not friendſhip that drew you to me: it was not love, but a more baſe propenſion. The incitements to pleaſure removed, every other more gentle ſentiment, to which they might ſeem to give life, has vaniſhed with them.

This

Et plurimum nocens, plurimum (ut noſti) ſum innocens. Non enim rei effectus, ſed efficientis affectus, in crimine eſt. Nec quæ fiunt, ſed quo animo fiunt, æquitas penſat. Quem autem animum in te ſemper habuerim, ſolus qui expertus es, judicare potes. Tuo examini cuncta committo, tuo per omnia cedo teſtimonio.

Dic unum ſi vales, cum poſt converſionem noſtram, quam tu ſolus facere decreviſti, in tantam tibi negligentiam atque oblivionem venerim, ut nec colloquio præſentis recreer, nec abſentis æpiſtola conſoler: Dic (inquam) ſi vales, aut ego quod ſentio, imo quod omnes ſuſpicantur, dicam. Concupiſcentia te mihi potius quam amicitia ſociavit, libidinis ardor, potius quam amor. Ubi igitur quod deſiderabas ceſſavit, quicquid propter hoc exhibebas pariter evanuit.

Hæc

This, my friend, is not ſo much mine, as the general conjecture: It is the common ſuſpicion of all who know us. Would to God, it were I only who thought it; and that your own love could deviſe ſome excuſe which might eaſe my pain! Were it in my power, even I would willingly invent ſome pretext, which by ſeeming to leſſen the pretenſions I have to your notice, might extenuate your fault.

Do attend to my requeſt, and, I think, you will find it moderate and eaſy to be complied with. I am not to have the happineſs of your company; give me therefore what elſe you can. I aſk but a few lines; and can you, who are ſo rich in words, refuſe me that faint image of yourſelf? What reaſon have I to expect you will be more liberal in things of conſequence, if even you ſhew yourſelf niggardly in a few words?—Having, as I ſaid, complied with all your injunctions, I thought, indeed, I had great pretenſions to your eſteem. Even at this moment I am a victim to your will. It was not religion that called me to the auſterities of the cloiſter: I was then in the bloom of youth: but you ordered

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Hæc, dilectiſſime, non tam mea eſt, quam omnium conjectura, non tam ſpecialis quam communis, non tam privata quam publica. Utinam mihi ſoli ſic videretur, atque alios in excuſationem ſui amor tuus inveniret, per quos dolor meus paululum reſideret. Utinam occaſiones fingere poſſem, quibus te excuſando mei quoquomodo tegerem utilitatem.

Attende, obſecro, quæ requiro; & parva hæc videbuntur & tibi facillima. Dum tui præſentia fraudor, verborum ſaltem votis, quorum tibi copia eſt, tuæ mihi imaginis præſenta dulcedinem. Fruſtra te in rebus dapſilem expecto, ſi in verbis avarum ſuſtineo. Nunc vero plurimum à te me promeriri credideram, cum omnia propter te compleverim, nunc in tuo maxime perſeverans obſequio. Quamquidem juvenculam ad monaſticæ converſationis aſperitatem non religionis devotio, ſed tua tantum pertraxit juſſio. Ubi ſi nihil a te promerear

ordered it, and I obeyed. For this ſacrifice, if I have no merit in your eyes ; vain indeed is all my labour ! From God I can look for no reward, for whoſe ſake, it is plain, I have as yet done nothing. When you had reſolved to quit the world, I followed you, rather I ran before you. It ſeems you had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes : you feared I might look back, and therefore before you could ſurrender your own liberty, I was to be devoted. In that one inſtance, I confeſs, your miſtruſt of me tore my heart : Abeillard, I bluſhed for you. For my part, Heaven knows ! had I ſeen you haſtening to perdition, at a ſingle nod, I ſhould not have heſitated to have preceded, or to have followed you. My ſoul was no longer in my own poſſeſſion. It was in yours. Even now, if it is not with you, it is no where. It cannot exiſt without you. But do receive it kindly. There it will be happy, if it find you indulgent ; if you only return kindneſs for kindneſs, trifles for things of moment, and a few words for all the deeds of my life. Were you leſs ſure of my love, you would be more ſolicitous.

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merear, quam fruſtra laborem ; dijudica. Nulla mihi ſuper hoc merces expectanda eſt à Deo, cujus adhuc amore nihil me conſtat egiſſe.—Properantem te ad Deum ſecuta ſum habitu, imo præceſſi. Quaſi enim memor uxoris Loth retro converſæ, prius me ſacris veſtibus & profeſſione Monaſtica quam teipſum Deo mancipaſti. In quo, fateor, uno minus de te me confidere vehementer dolui atque erubui. Ego autem (Deus ſcit) ad Vulcania loca te properantem præcedere vel ſequi pro juſſu tuo minime dubitarem. Non enim mecum animus meus, ſed tecum erat. Sed & nunc maxime ſi tecum non eſt, nuſquam eſt. Eſſe vero ſine te nequaquam poteſt. Sed ut tecum bene ſit age obſecro. Bene autem tecum fuerit, ſi te propitium invenerit, ſi gratiam referas pro gratia, modica pro magnis, verba pro rebus. Utinam, dilecte, tua de me dilectio minus

ſolicitous. But becauſe my conduct has rendered you ſecure, you neglect me. Once more recollect what I have done for you, and how much you are indebted to me.

While together we enjoyed the pleaſures which love affords, the motive of my attachment was to others uncertain. The event has proved, on what principles I ſtarted. To obey you, I ſacrificed all my pleaſures. I reſerved nothing, the hope only excepted, that ſo I ſhould become more perfectly your's. How unjuſt then is Abeillard, if, as my deſerts increaſe, he make the leſs return! I aſk but trifles, and trifles which require no labour to be complied with.

By that God then, to whom your life is conſecrated, I conjure you, give me ſo much of yourſelf, as is at your diſpoſal, that is, ſend me ſome lines of conſolation. Do it with this deſign at leaſt, that, my mind being more at eaſe, I may ſerve God with more alacrity. When formerly the love of pleaſure was your purſuit, how often did I hear from

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minus confideret, ut ſolicitior eſſet! Sed quo te amplius nunc ſecurum reddidi, negligentiorem ſuſtineo. Memento obſecro quæ fecerim: & quanta debeas attende.

Dum tecum carnali fruerer voluptate, utrum id amore, vel libidine agerem, incertum pluribus habebatur. Nunc autem finis indicat, quo id inchoaverim principio. Omnes denique mihi voluptates interdixi, ut tuæ parerem voluntati. Nihil mihi reſervavi, niſi ſic tuam nunc præcipue fieri. Quæ vero tua ſit iniquitas, perpende, ſi merenti amplius perſolvis minus, imo nihil penitus: præſertim cum parvum ſit quod exigeris, & tibi facillimum.

Per ipſum itaque, cui te obtuliſti, Deum te obſecro, ut quoquo modo potes tuam mihi præſentiam reddas, conſolationem videlicet mihi aliquam reſcribendo. Hoc ſaltem pacto, ut ſic recreata divino alacrior vacem obſequio. Cum me ad temporales olim voluptates expeteres, crebris me Epiſtolis viſitabas, frequenti

from you? In your ſongs the name of Heloiſa was made familiar to every tongue: it was heared in every ſtreet: the walls of every houſe repeated it. With how much greater propriety might you now call me to God, than you did then to pleaſure. Weigh your obligations: think on my petition.—I have written you a long letter, but the concluſion ſhall be ſhort.—My only friend, Farewel.

LETTER II.

ABEILLARD TO HELOISA.

IF ſince our converſion from the world to God, I have not written to conſole, or to admoniſh you, it was not the effect of indifference. Aſcribe it to the high opinion, I have ever entertained of your wiſdom and prudence. How could I think, that ſhe ſtood in need of my aſſiſtance, to whom heaven had ſo largely diſtributed its beſt gifts? You were

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frequenti carmine tuam in ore omnium Heloiſſam ponebas. Me plateæ omnes, me domus ſingulæ reſonabant. Quanto autem rectius me nunc in Deum, quam tunc in libidinem excitares? Perpende obſecro quæ debes, attende quæ poſtulo; & longam Epiſtolam brevi fine concludo. Vale Unice.

ABÆLARDI RESPONSIO.

Heloiſſæ, dilectiſſimæ Sorori ſuæ in Chriſto, Abælardus, Frater ejus in ipſo.

QUOD poſt noſtram à ſæculo ad Deum converſionem nondum tibi aliquid conſolationis vel exhortationis ſcripſerim, non negligentiæ meæ, ſed tuæ, de qua ſemper plurimum confido, prudentiæ imputandum eſt. Non enim

were able, I knew, by example as by word, to inſtruct the ignorant, to comfort the puſillanimous, and to admoniſh the lukewarm.

When prioreſs of Argenteuil, theſe duties, I remember, you uſed long ago to practiſe: and if now you give the ſame attention to your daughters, as you did then to your ſiſters, more is not requiſite; and all that I could ſay would be of no value. But if, in your humility, you think otherwiſe, and that my inſtructions can avail you any thing; tell me only on what ſubjects you would have me write, and, as God ſhall direct me, I will endeavour to ſatisfy you.

I thank God that, exciting in your breaſts an anxious ſolicitude for the conſtant and imminent dangers to which I am expoſed, he has taught you to ſympathiſe with my ſufferings. Thus may I hope for the divine protection by your prayers, and ſoon ſee Satan bruiſed under my feet. It is with this view that I haſten to ſend you the form of prayer, you

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eam his indigere credidi, cui abundanter quæ neceſſaria ſunt, divina gratia impertivit; ut tam verbis quam exemplis errantes valeas docere, puſillannimos conſolari, tepidos exhortari.

Sicut & facere jamdudum conſueviſti, cum ſub Abbatiſſa Prioratum obtineres. Quod ſi nunc tanta diligentia tuis provideas filiabus, quanta tunc ſororibus; ſatis eſſe credimus, ut jam omnino ſuperfluam doctrinam, vel exhortationem noſtram, arbitremur. Sin autem humilitati tuæ aliter videtur, & in iis etiam, quæ ad Deum pertinent, magiſterio noſtro atque ſcriptis indiges, ſuper his quæ velis, ſcribe mihi, ut ad ipſam reſcribam prout Dominus mihi annuerit.

Deo autem gratias, qui graviſſimorum & aſſiduorum periculorum meorum ſollicitudinem veſtris cordibus inſpirans, afflictionis meæ participes vos fecit; ut orationum ſuffragio veſtrarum Divina miſeratio me protegat, & velociter Sathanam ſub pedibus noſtris conterat. Ad hoc autem præcipue Pſalterium, quod

you ſo earneſtly requeſted, you, my ſiſter, once dear to me in the world, but now moſt dear to me in Chriſt. By this means, you will offer to God a conſtant ſacrifice of prayers, urging him to pardon our great and manifold ſins, and to avert the hourly dangers which threaten me.

Many examples atteſt, how powerful before God and his ſaints are the prayers of the faithful; but chiefly of women for their friends, and of wives for their huſbands. In this view the apoſtle admoniſhes us to pray without intermiſſion.

—(He

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quod a me ſollicite requiſiſti, ſoror in ſæculo quondam chara, nunc in Chriſto chariſſima, mittere maturavi. In quo videlicet pro noſtris magnis & multis exceſſibus, & quotidiana periculorum meorum inſtantia, juge Domino ſacrificium immoles orationum.

Quantum autem locum apud Deum & Sanctos ejus fidelium orationes obtineant, & maxime mulierum pro charis ſuis, & uxorum pro viris, multa nobis occurunt teſtimonia & exempla. Quod diligenter attendens Apoſtolus, ſine intermiſſione orare nos admonet. Legimus Dominum Moyſi dixiſſe, " Dimit-" te me ut iraſcatur furor meus." Et Hieremiæ: " Tu vero, inquit, noli " orare pro populo hoc, & non obſiſtas mihi." Ex quibus videlicet verbis manifeſte Dominus ipſe profitetur orationes Sanctorum, quaſi quoddam frænum iræ ipſius immittere, quo ſcilicet ipſa coërceatur, ne quantum merita peccantium exigunt ipſa in eos ſæviat. Ut quem ad vindictam juſtitia quaſi ſpontaneum ducit, amicorum ſupplicatio flectat, & tanquam invitum quaſi vi quadam retineat. Sic quippe oranti vel oraturo dicetur, " Dimitte me, & ne " obſiſtas mihi." Præcipit Domius ne oretur pro impiis. Orat juſtus Domino prohibente, & ab ipſo impetrat quod poſtulat, & irati judicis ſententiam immutat. Sic quippe de Moyſe ſubjunctum eſt: " Et placatus factus eſt Do-" minus de malignitate quam dixit facere populo ſuo."

Scriptum eſt alibi de univerſis operibus Dei: " Dixit, & facta ſunt." Hoc autem loco & dixiſſe memoratur quod de afflictione populus meruerat, & virtute orationis præventus non impleſſe quod dixerat. Attende itaque quanta ſit orationis virtus, ſi quod jubemur, oremus: quando id quod orare Prophetam

—(He then goes on to prove this efficacy of prayer from the holy ſcriptures, inſiſting particularly on the examples of holy women: he

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Deus prohibuit, orando tamen obtinuit, & ab eo quod dixerat eum avertit. Cui & alius Propheta dicit: " Et cum iratus fueris, miſericordiæ recordaberis."

Audiant id atque advertant Principes terreni, qui occaſione præpoſitæ & edictæ juſtitiæ ſuæ obſtinati magis quam juſti reperiunter, & ſeremiſſos videri erubeſcunt ſi miſericordes fiant, & mendaces ſi edictum ſuum mutent, vel quod minus provide ſtatuerunt non impleant, etſi verba rebus emendent. Quos quidem recte dixerim Jepthæ comparandos, qui quod ſtulte voverat, ſtultius adimplens, unicam interfecit.

Qui vero ejus membrum fieri cupit, tunc cum Pſalmiſta dicit, " Miſericor-
" diam & judicium cantabo tibi Domine. Miſericordia, ſicut ſcriptum eſt,
" judicium exaltat, attendens quod alibi Scriptura comminatur, Judicium ſine
" miſericordia in eum qui miſericordiam non facit."

Quod diligenter ipſe Pſalmiſta conſiderans, ad ſupplicationem uxoris Nabal Carmeli juramentum, quod ex juſtitia fecerat, de viro ejus ſcilicet & ipſius domo delenda, per miſericordiam caſſavit. Orationem itaque juſtitiæ prætulit, & quod vir deliquerat, ſupplicatio uxoris delevit.

In quo quidem tibi, ſoror, exemplum proponitur, & ſecuritas datur, ut ſi hujus oratio apud hominem tantum obtinuit, quid apud Deum tua pro me audeat inſtruaris. Plus quippe Deus, qui pater eſt noſter, filios diligit; quam David fœminam ſupplicantem. Et ille quidem pius & miſericors habebatur, ſed ipſa pietas & miſericordia Deus eſt. Et quæ tunc ſupplicabat mulier, ſæcularis erat & Laica, nec ex ſanctæ devotionis profeſſione Domino copulata. Quod ſi ex te minus ad impetrandum ſufficias, ſanctus qui tecum eſt, tam virginum quam viduarum Conventus, quod per te non potes, obtinebit. Cum enim diſcipulis Veritas dicat. " Ubi duo vel tres congregati fuerint in nomine
" meo, ibi ſum in medio eorum." Et rurſum, " Si duo ex vobis conſenſerint de
" omni re quam petierunt, fiet illud à Patre meo:" Quis non videat quantum apud Deum valeat ſanctæ congregationis frequens oratio? Si, ut Apoſtolus aſſerit, " Multum valet oratio juſti aſſidua," quid de multitudine ſanctæ congregationis ſperandum eſt?

Noſti, chariſſima ſoror, ex Homilia Beati Gregorii, quantum ſuffragium invito ſeu contradicenti fratri oratio fratrum naturæ attulerit. De quo

jam

he tells her how much he confides in the prayers of the nuns of the Paraclet, and in her own, to which as her huſband he claims a peculiar right.)

But

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jam ad extremum ducto quanta periculi anxietate miſerrima ejus anima laboraret, & quanta deſperatione & tædio vitæ fratres ab oratione revocaret, quid ibi diligenter ſcriptum ſit tuam minime latet prudentiam. Atque utinam confidentius te, & ſanctarum Conventum ſororum, ad orationem invitet, ut me ſcilicet vobis ipſe vivum cuſtodiat, per quem Paulo atteſtante, mortuos etiam ſuos de reſurrectione mulieres acceperunt.

Si enim veteris & Evangelici Teſtamenti paginas revolvas, invenies maxima reſſuſcitationis miracula ſolis vel maxime fœminis exhibita fuiſſe, pro ipſis, vel de ipſis facta. Duos quippe mortuos ſuſcitatos ad ſupplicationes maternas vetus commemorat Teſtamentum, per Heliam ſcilicet, & ipſius diſcipulum Heliſæum. Evangelium vero trium tantum mortuorum ſuſcitationem à Domino factam continet, quæ mulieribus exhibita, maxime illud, quod ſupra commemoravimus, Apoſtolicum dictum rebus ſuis confirmant. " Acceperunt " mulieres de reſurrectione mortuos ſuos." Filium quippe viduæ ad portam civitatis Naym ſuſcitatum matri reddidit, ejus compaſſione compunctus. Lazarum quoque amicum ſuum ad obſecrationem ſororum ejus, Mariæ videlicet ac Marthæ, ſuſcitavit. Quo etiam Archiſynagogi filiæ hanc ipſam gratiam ad petitionem patris impendente, " Mulieres de reſurrectione mortuos " ſuos acceperunt." Cum hæc videlicet ſuſcitata proprium de morte receperit corpus, ſicut illæ corpora ſuorum. Et paucis quidem intervenientibus hæ factæ ſunt reſuſcitationes. Vitæ vero noſtræ converſationem multiplex veſtræ devotionis oratio facile obtinebit.

Quarum tam abſtinentia quam continentia Deo ſacrata, quanto ipſi gratior habetur, tanto ipſum propitiorem inveniet. Et plerique fortaſſis horum qui ſuſcitati ſunt nec fideles extiterunt, ſicut nec vidua prædicta, cui non roganti filium Dominus ſuſcitavit, fidelis extitiſſe legitur. Nos autem invicem non ſolum fidei colligat integritas, verum etiam ejuſdem religionis profeſſio ſociat.

Ut

But I will not inſiſt on the ſupplications of your ſiſterhood, day and night devoted to the ſervice of their maker; to you only I apply. I well know how powerful your interceſſion may be; and, in my preſent circumſtances, I truſt, it will be exerted. In your prayers then, ever remember him, who, in a particular manner, is your's. Urge your intreaties, for it is juſt you ſhould be heared. An equitable judge cannot refuſe it.

When

Ut autem ſacroſanĉti Collegii veſtri nunc omittam Conventum, in quo plurimarum virginum ac viduarum devotio Domino jugiter deſervit; ad te unam veniam, cujus apud Deum ſanĉtitatem plurimum non ambigo poſſe, & quæ potes mihi præcipue debere, maxime in tantæ adverſitatis laboranti diſcrimine. Memento itaque ſemper in orationibus tuis ejus, qui ſpecialiter eſt tuus, & tanto confidentius in oratione vigila, quanto id eſſe tibi recognoſcis juſtius, & ob hoc ipſi qui orandus eſt acceptabilius. Exaudi, obſecro, aure cordis, quod ſæpius audiſti aure corporis. Scriptum eſt in Proverbiis, "Mulier diligens corona eſt viro ſuo." Et rurſum, "Qui invenit mulierem "bonam, invenit bonum: & hauriet jucunditatem à Domino." Et iterum, "Domus & divitiæ dantur a parentibus, à Domino autem proprie uxor pru"dens." Et in Eccleſiaſtico, "Mulieris bonæ beatus vir." Et poſt pauca, "Pars bona, mulier bona." Et juxta authoritatem Apoſtolicam, "Sanĉtifi"catus eſt vir infidelis per mulierem fidelem."

Cujus quidem rei experimentum in regno præcipuæ noſtro, id eſt Francorum, divina ſpecialiter exhibuit gratia, cum ad orationem videlicet uxoris magis quam ad ſanĉtorum prædicationem, Clodoveo Rege ad fidem Chriſti converſo, regnum ſic univerſum divinis legibus mancipaverunt, ut exemplo maxime ſuperiorum ad orationis inſtantiam inferiores provocarentur. Ad quamquidem inſtantiam Dominica nos vehementer invitans parabola: "Ille, inquit, ſi perſevaverit "pulſans: dico vobis, quia ſi non dabit ei, eo quod amicus illius ſit, propter "improbitatem ejus ſurget, & dabit ei quotquot habet neceſſarios." Ex hac profecto, ut ita dicam, orationis improbitate, ſicut ſupra memini, Moyſes divinæ juſtitiæ ſeveritatem enervavit, & ſententiam immutavit.

Noſti

When formerly I was with you, you recollect, my dear Heloiſa, how fervently you recommended me to the care of Providence. Often in the day a particular prayer was repeated for me.—Removed as I now am from the Paraclet, and involved in greater danger, how much more preſſing are my wants! Now then convince me of the ſincerity of your regard. I entreat, I implore you.—*(Then comes the prayer, to be ſaid for himſelf, which I have elſewhere copied.)*

But

Noſti, dilectiſſima, quantum charitatis affectum præſentiæ meæ Conventus olim veſter in oratione ſolitus ſit exhibere. Ad expletionem namque quotidie ſingularum Horarum ſpecialem pro me Domino ſupplicationem hanc offerre conſuevit, ut Reſponſo proprio, cum Verſu ejus præmiſſis & decantatis, preces his & Collectam in hunc modum ſubjungeret. Reſponſum. " Non me " derelinquas, nec diſcedas à me Domine." Verſ. " In adjutorium meum " ſemper intende Domine." Preces. " Salvum fac ſervum tuum Deus meus " ſperantem in te. Domine exaudi orationem meam, & clamor meus ad te " veniat." Oratio. " Deus qui per ſervulum tuum ancillulas tuas in nomine " tuo dignatus es aggregare, te quæſumus; ut tam ipſi quam nobis in tua " tribuas perſeverare voluntate. Per Dominum, &c." Nunc autem abſenti mihi tanto amplius orationum veſtrarum opus eſt ſuffragio, quanto majoris anxietate periculi conſtringor. Supplicando itaque poſtulo, & poſtulando ſupplico, quatenus præcipue nunc abſens experiar quam vere charitas veſtra erga abſentem extiterit, ſingulis videlicet Horis expletis, hunc orationis propriæ modum adnectens. Reſp. " Ne derelinquas me, Domine pater & dominator " vitæ meæ, ut non corruam in conſpectu adverſariorum meorum, & ne gaudeat " de me inimicus meus." Verſ. " Apprehende arma & ſcutum, & exurge in " adjutorium mihi. Ne gaudeat." Preces. " Salvum fac ſervum tuum Deus " meus ſperantem in te. Mitte ei Domine auxilium de ſancto: & de Sion tu- " ere eum. Eſto ei Domine turris fortitudinis à facie inimici. Domine exaudi orationem meam: & clamor meus ad te veniat." Oratio. " Deus qui " perſervum tuum ancillulas tuas in nomine tuo dignatus es aggregare, te quæ- " ſumus, ut eum ab omni adverſitate protegas, & ancillis tuis incolumem " reddas. Per Dominum &c.

Quod

But if, by the permiſſion of heaven, my enemies ſhould ſo far prevail as to take away my life; or if, by any chance, I ſhould be numbered with the dead; it is in my prayer that my body be conveyed to the Paraclet. There my daughters, or rather my ſiſters in Chriſt, turning their eyes often to my tomb, will more ſtrongly be excited to petition heaven for me. And, indeed, to a mind penetrated with grief, and ſtricken by the dark view of its crimes, where can be found a reſting-place, at once ſo ſafe, and ſo full of hope, as that which, in a peculiar manner, is dedicated to, and bears the name of, the Paraclet, that is, the Comforter? Beſides, I know not where a Chriſtian could find a better grave, than in the ſociety of holy women, conſecrated to God. They, as the Goſpel tells us, attended the interment of their divine maſter, they embalmed his body with precious perfumes, they followed him to the monument, and there they watched in anxious ſolicitude. In return, they

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Quod ſi me Dominus in manibus inimicorum tradiderit, ſcilicet ut ipſi prævalentes me interficiant, aut quocunque caſu viam univerſæ carnis abſens a vobis ingrediar: cadaver obſecro noſtrum, ubicunque vel ſepultum, vel expoſitum jacuerit, ad Cimiterium veſtrum deferri faciatis, ubi filiæ noſtræ, imo in Chriſto ſorores, ſepulchrum noſtrum ſæpius videntes, ad preces pro me Domino fundendas amplius invitentur. Nullum quippe locum animæ dolenti, de peccatorum ſuorum errore deſolatæ, tutiorem ac ſalubriorem arbitror, quam eum qui vero Paracleto, id eſt conſolatori proprie conſecratus eſt, & de ejus nomine ſpecialiter inſignitus. Nec Chriſtianæ ſepulturæ locum rectius apud aliquos fideles, quam apud fœminas in Chriſto devotas conſiſtere cenſeo. Quæ de Domini Jeſu Chriſti ſepultura ſolicitæ, eam unguentis præcioſis, & prævenerunt & ſubſecutæ ſunt, & circa ejus ſepulchrnm ſtudioſe vigilantes, et ſponſi mortem lachrimabiliter plangentes, ſicut ſcriptum eſt, "Mulieres "ſedentes ad monumentum lamentabantur flentes Dominum." Primo ibidem de

they were conſoled with the firſt angelic apparition, announcing his reſurrection, and many ſubſequent favours were conferred upon them. To conclude, it is my moſt earneſt requeſt that the ſolicitude you now too ſtrongly feel for the preſervation of my life, you will then extend to the repoſe of my ſoul. Carry into my grave the ſame degree of love you ſhewed me when alive, that is, never forget to petition heaven for me in your prayers.—Heloiſa, live and farewell!—Farewell, my ſiſters: live, but let it be in Chriſt! —Remember Abeillard!

LETTER

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de reſurrectione ejus Angelica apparitione & allocutione ſunt conſolatæ, & ſtatim ipſius de reſurrectionis gaudia, eo bis eis apparente, percipere meruerunt & manibus contrectare.

Illud autem demum ſuper omnia poſtulo, ut qua nunc de corporis mei periculo nimia ſolicitudine laboratis, tunc præcipue de ſalute animæ ſollicitæ, quantum dilexeritis vivum exhibeatis defuncto, orationum videlicet veſtrarum ſpeciali quodam & proprio ſuffragio. Vive, vale, vivantque tuæ, valeantque ſorores. Vivite, ſed Chriſto quæſo mei memores.

LETTER III.

HELOISA TO ABEILLARD.

I AM ſurpriſed, my deareſt Abeillard, that, contrary to the uſual ſtile of epiſtolary correſpondence, and even contrary to the obvious order of things, you would preſume, in the very front of your ſalutation, to put my name before your own. It was preferring a woman to a man, a wife to her huſband, a nun to a monk and a prieſt, and a deaconneſs to an abbot.—Decency and good order require that, when we write to our ſuperiors or our equals, the names of thoſe to whom we write, ſhould have the firſt place. But in writing to inferiors, they are firſt mentioned who are firſt in dignity.

It was alſo to us a ſubject of much aſtoniſhment that, at the moment we expected conſolation from you, then was our

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EPISTOLA II.

HELOISSÆ.

Unico ſuo poſt Chriſtum, Unica ſua in Chriſto.

MIROR (Unice meus) quod præter conſuetudinem Epiſtolarum, imo contra ipſum ordinem naturalem rerum, in ipſa fronte ſalutationis Epiſtolaris me tibi præponere præſumpſiſti: fœminam videlicet viro, uxorem marito, ancillam Domino, Monialem Monacho & Sacerdoti, Diaconiſſam Abbati. Rectus quippe ordo eſt & honeſtus, ut qui ad ſuperiores vel ad pares ſcribunt, eorum quibus ſcribunt nomina ſuis anteponant. Sin autem ad inferiores, præcedunt ſcriptionis ordine qui præcedunt rerum dignitate.

Illud etiam non parva admiratione ſuſcepimus, quod quibus conſolationis remedium afferre debuiſti, deſolationem auxiſti; & quas mitigare debueras, excitaſti

our ſorrow to be augmented. You ſhould have dried our tears; but you rather choſe to make them flow in larger ſtreams. For which of us with dry eyes could read thoſe concluding words of your letter: "But if, by the permiſſion "of heaven, my enemies ſhould ſo far prevail as to take "away my life?" &c. Oh, Abeillard! how could your mind ſuggeſt ſuch ideas; how could your hand write them? No, no; God cannot ſo far forſake his ſervants, as to perpetuate our lives, when you are gone. He will not give us that kind of exiſtence, which is ten times worſe than death. It belongs to you to celebrate our obſequies, and to commend our ſouls to God. It is you who aſſembled here in his name: you muſt firſt diſpoſe of us; then, no longer anxious on our account, and more ſecure of our ſalvation, you may follow us with more alacrity.

In future, do, Sir, be more guarded in your expreſſions. Already, alas! we are wretched enough. Why ſhould you make us more ſo; why, before the hour, deprive us of that poor life we drag along with difficulty? Each day is ſufficiently

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excitaſti lachrymas. Quæ enim noſtrum ſiccis oculis audire poſſit, quod circa finem Epiſtolæ poſuiſti dicens, "Quod ſi me Dominus in manus inimicorum "tradiderit, ut me ſcilicet prævalentes interficiant, &c." O chariſſime, quo id animo cogitaſti, quo id ore dicere ſuſtinuiſti? Nunquam ancillulas ſuas adeo Deus obliviſcatur, ut eas tibi ſuperſtites reſervet. Nunquam nobis vitam illam concedat, quæ omni genere mortis ſit gravior. Te noſtras exequias celebrare, te noſtras Deo animas convenit commendare, & quas Deo aggregaſti, ad ipſum præmittere; ut nulla amplius de ipſis perturberis ſollicitudine, & tanto lætior nos ſubſequaris, quanto ſecurior de noſtræ ſalute jam fueris.

Parce obſecro, Domine, parce hujuſmodi dictis, quibus miſeras miſerrimas facias; & ut ipſum quodcunque vivimus ne nobis auferes ante mortem. Sufficit

ently loaded with its own misery; and that last fatal one, covered with a robe of bitterness, will bring to each of us, an ample share of sorrow. "Why then, says Seneca, should "we run in quest of evils, and die before our day?"

You request, should your death happen, while absent from us, that your body be conveyed to the Paraclet: For thus you think, with your image ever before us, to derive greater benefit from our prayers. Do you then imagine we can ever forget you? Or will that be a season for prayer, when general consternation shall have banished every tranquil thought: when reason will have lost its sway; and the tongue its utterance: when the mind, in frantic rage, rebelling against its maker, will not seek to pacify him by supplications, but rather to provoke his anger by complaints? On that sad day our sole occupation will be to weep, but not to pray. We shall follow you: we shall run into the grave with you. How then are we to perform your last melancholy rites? With you having lost the support

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diei malitia sua, & dies illa omnibus, quos inveniet, satis secum sollicitudinis afferet omni amaritudine involuta. "Quid enim necesse est, inquit Seneca, "mala arcessere, & ante mortem vitam perdere?"

Rogas, unice, ut quocunque casu nobis absens hanc vitam finieris, ad Cimiterium nostrum corpus tuum adferri faciamus: ut orationum scilicet nostrarum ex assidua tui memoria ampliorum assequaris fructum. At vero quomodo memoriam tui à nobis labi posse suspicaris? Aut quod orationi tempus tunc erit commodum, quando summa perturbatio nihil permittet quietum? cum nec anima rationis sensum, nec lingua sermonis retinebit usum? Cum mens insana in ipsum, ut ita dicam, Deum magis irata quam pacata, non tam orationibus ipsum placabit quam querimoniis irritabit? Flere tunc miseris tantum vacabit, non orare licebit, & te magis subsequi quam sepelire maturandum erit, ut potius & nos consepeliendæ simus quam sepelire possimus. Quæ cum in

port of our lives, what will remain for us but death? God grant that day may be our laſt!—If the ſole mention of your death thus ſtrikes us to the heart; what will not the reality do? It is our prayer to heaven, that we may not ſurvive you; that we may never have to perform that office, which we expect from your hands.

Again let me entreat you to be more conſiderate for the ſake of us all: at leaſt, on my account, do refrain from all expreſſions which, like the ſhafts of death, penetrate my ſoul.—The mind, worn down by grief is a ſtranger to repoſe: plunged in troubles it is little able to think on God. To him you have devoted our lives; and will you impede his ſervice? It were to be wiſhed that every neceſſary event, which brings ſorrow with it, might take place when leaſt expected: for what cannot be avoided by human foreſight

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in te noſtram amiſerimus vitam vivere te recedente nequaquam poterimus. Atque utinam nec tunc uſque poſſimus! Mortis tuæ mentio mors quædam nobis eſt. Ipſa autem mortis hujus veritas quid, ſi nos inveniret, futura eſt? Nunquam Deus annuat, ut hoc tibi debitum ſuperſtites perſolvamus, ut hoc tibi patrocinio ſubveniamus, quod à te penitus expectamus. In hoc utinam te præceſſuræ, non ſecuturæ.

Parce itaque obſecro nobis, parce itaque unicæ ſaltem tuæ, hujuſmodi ſcilicet ſuperſedendo verbis, quibus, tanquam gladiis mortis, noſtras tranſverberas animas: ut quod mortem prævenit ipſa morte gravius ſit.—Confectus mœrore animus quietus non eſt, nec Deo ſincere poteſt vacare mens perturbationibus occupata. Noli, obſecro, divinum impedire ſervitium, cui nos maxime mancipaſti. Omne inevitabile, quod cum acciderit, mœrorem maximum ſecum inferet, ut ſubito veniat optandum eſt; ne timore inutili diu ante cruciet, cui nulla

ſight, when permitted to torment us, only raiſes unavailing fears. Full of this thought the poet Lucan thus petitions heaven :

Sit ſubitum quodcunque paras ; ſit cæce futuri
Mens hominum fati : liceat ſperare timenti !

But if I loſe you, what have I to hope for ! you are my only comfort ; deprived of that, ſhall I ſtill drag on my miſerable pilgrimage ? But even in you, what comfort have I, ſave only the thought, that you are ſtill living ? All other joys are forbidden to me. I may not be allowed to ſee you, that my ſoul might ſometimes, at leaſt, return into its own boſom.

May I be permitted to ſay that heaven has never ceaſed to be my relentleſs perſecutor ? If you call it clemency, where is cruelty to be found ? Fortune, that ſavage deſtiny, has ſpent againſt me, every arrow of her rage. She has none

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nulla ſuccurri providentia poteſt. Quod & Poeta bene conſiderans Deum precatur dicens :

Sit ſubitum quodcunque paras, ſit cæce futuri
Mens hominum fati. Liceat ſperare timenti.

LUCAN.

Quid autem te admiſſo ſperandum mihi ſupereſt ? aut quæ in hac peregrinatione cauſa remanendi, ubi nullum niſi te remedium habeam, & nullum aliud in te niſi hoc ipſum, quod vivis : omnibus de te mihi aliis voluptatibus interdictis, cui nec præſentia tua conceſſum eſt frui, ut quandoque mihi reddi valeam ?

O, ſi fas ſit dici, crudelem mihi per omnia Deum ! O inclementem clementiam ! O infortunatam fortunam ! quæ jam in me univerſi conaminis ſui tela in tantum conſumpſit, ut quibus in alios ſæviat jam non habeat ! Plenam in me

none left to throw at others. Her quiver was full, and ſhe exhauſted it on me. Mortals have no longer cauſe to dread her. Nor if there were a ſhaft left, would it find in Heloiſa a ſpot to light on. But, though bleeding at every pore, my enemy does not ſtay her perſecuting hand. She ſuſpends the laſt fatal ſtroke, and only fears leſt my wounds prove mortal. Of all the wretched I am the moſt forlorn and wretched! Preferred by you to the reſt of my ſex, I roſe to the moſt exalted dignity. Thrown down from thence, my fate has been proportionably hard. He who falls from the greateſt height, falls with the greateſt riſk. Where was the woman of birth or power that fortune would have dared to compare with me? In the poſſeſſion of you my glory was unrivalled; ſo is my diſgrace in your privation. In proſperity and in adverſity my life has known no meaſure. My happineſs was unbounded; ſo is my affliction. Hanging over my melancholy ſtate, I ſhed the more tears, when I view the magnitude of my loſſes; but my tears redouble, when

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me pharetram exhauſit, ut fruſtra jam alii bella ejus formident. Nec ſi ei adhuc telum aliquod ſupereſſet, locum in me vulneris inveniret. Unum inter tot vulnera metuit, ne morte ſupplicia finiam. Et cum interimere non ceſſet, interitum tamen quem accelerat, timet. O me miſerarum miſerrimam! infelicium infeliciſſimam, quæ quanto univerſis in te fœminis prælata ſublimiorem obtinui gradum, tanto hinc proſtrata graviorem in te & in me pariter perpeſſa ſum caſum! Quanto quippe altior aſcendentis gradus, tanto gravior corruentis caſus. Quam mihi nobilium ac potentium fœminarum fortuna unquam præponere potuit aut æquare? Quam denique adeo dejecit & dolore conficere potuit? Quam in te mihi gloriam contulit? Quam in te mihi ruinam intulit? Quam mihi vehemens in utramque partem extitit, ut nec in bonis nec in malis modum habuerit? Quæ, ut me miſerrimam omnium faceret, omnibus ante beatiorem effecerat. Ut cum quanta perdidi penſarem, tanto me majora conſumerent

when recollection tells me, how dear thoſe pleaſures were which I have loſt. To the greateſt joys have ſucceeded the greateſt ſorrows.

And that my condition, it ſeems, might be abſolutely deſperate, even the common rules of equity have been perverted in our regard. For while we purſued illicit pleaſures, divine juſtice was indulgent to us. No ſooner was this reformed, and the holy bond of marriage united us, than the hand of God became heavy on us.

Having lowered yourſelf to raiſe me, and thus given dignity to me and all my family, what more could be required? All guilt was cancelled before God and man.—Why was I born to be the occaſion of ſo black a perfidy! But ſuch has ever

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conſumerent lamenta, quanto me majora oppreſſerant damna: & tanto major amiſſorum ſuccederet dolor, quanto major poſſeſſorum præceſſerat amor, & ſummæ voluptatis guadia ſumma mœroris terminaret triſtitia.

Et ut ex injuria major indignatio ſurgeret, omnia in nobis æquitatis jura pariter ſunt perverſa. Dum enim ſolliciti amoris gaudiis frueremur, & ut turpiore, ſed expreſſiore vocabulo utar, fornicationi vacaremus, divina nobis ſeveritas pepercit. Ut autem illicita licitis correximus, & honore conjugii turpitudinem fornicationis operuimus, ira Domini manum ſuam ſuper nos vehementer aggravavit, & immaculatum non pertulit thorum, qui diu ante ſuſtinuerat pollutum.

Deprehenſis in quovis adulterio viris hæc ſatis eſſet ad vindictam pœna quam pertuliſti. Quod ex adulterio promerentur alii, id tu ex conjugio incurriſti; per quod jam te omnibus ſatisfeciſſe confidebas injuriis. Quod fornicatoribus ſuis adulteræ, hoc propria uxor tibi contulit. Nec cum priſtinis vacaremus voluptatibus, ſed cum jam ad tempus ſegregati caſtius viveremus, te quidem Pariſiis Scholis præſidente, & me ad imperium tuum Argenteoli cum Sanctimonialibus converſante. Diviſis itaque ſic nobis ad invicem ut tu ſtudioſius Scholis, ego liberius orationi ſive ſacræ lectionis meditationi vacarem; & tanto nobis

ever been the baneful influence of women on the greateſt men. Hence the caution of the wiſe man againſt us. (*Prov.* 7. 24.)

Eve, our firſt mother, drove her huſband from paradiſe. Heaven gave her to be his helpmate, but ſoon ſhe became his deſtruction.—Delila was alone ſtrong enough to vanquiſh that brave Nazarean, whoſe birth an angel had foretold. She delivered him to his enemies. When deprived of ſight he was no longer able to ſupport the load of miſery, involved in one common ruin he expired with his enemies. —Salomon, the wiſeſt of men, was ſo infatuated by a woman

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nobis ſanctius quanto caſtius de gentibus, ſolus in corpore luiſti quod duo pariter commiſeramus. Solus in pœna fuiſti, duo in culpa: & qui minus debueras, totum pertuliſti.

Quanto enim amplius te pro me humiliando ſatisfeceras, & me pariter & totum genus meum ſublimaveras; tanto te minus tam apud Deum, quam apud illos proditores, obnoxium pœnæ reddideras. O me miſeram in tanti ſceleris cauſa progenitam! O ſummam in viros ſummos & conſuetam fœminarum perniciem! Hinc de muliere cavenda ſcriptum eſt in Proverbiis: " Nunc ergo, fili, audi " me, & attende verbis oris mei. Ne abſtrahatur in viis illius mens tua, neq; " decipiaris ſemitis ejus. Multos enim vulneratos dejecit, & fortiſſimi quique " interfecti ſunt ab ea. Viæ inferi domus ejus penetrantes in inferiora mortis." Et in Eccleſiaſte. " Luſtravi univerſa animo meo, & inveni amariorem morte " mulierem, quæ laqueus venatorum eſt, & ſagena cor ejus. Vincula enim " ſunt manus ejus. Qui placet Deo, effugiet eam. Qui autem peccator eſt, " capietur ab illa."

Prima ſtatim mulier de Paradiſo virum captivavit, & quæ ei à Domino creata fuerat in auxilium, in ſummum ei converſa eſt exitium. Fortiſſimum illum Nazarenum Domini, & Angelo nunciante conceptum, Dalila ſola ſuperavit, & eum inimicis proditum & oculis privatum ad hoc tandem dolor compulit, ut ſe pariter cum ruina hoſtium opprimeret. Sapientiſſimum omnium Salomonem, ſola quam ſibi copulaverat mulier infatuavit, & in tantam compulit inſaniam,

woman, the daughter of the king of Egypt, as even, in the decline of life, to become an idolater. In preference to his father, who was a juſt man, he had been choſen to build a temple to the Lord: that Lord he had publicly announced by word and in writing, and he had taught his worſhip; but that worſhip he deſerted.—Job, that man of piety, had to endure the ſevereſt of all his conflicts from his wife. She inſtigated him to curſe God. The arch-tempter well knew what experience had often taught him, that the moſt compendious way to deſtroy a huſband, was to employ the artifice of his wife.

His uſual malice he tried alſo upon us. He had failed in his attempt while our union was unlawful; therefore he had recourſe to matrimony. He was not permitted, from our evil conduct, to work our ruin; but he drew it from a ſource which was holy.

One conſolation I have, however, and I thank heaven for it, that, like the women I mentioned, I had no ſhare in the crime that was committed. An occaſion of it, indeed, I was; but

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ut eum quem ad ædificandum ſibi Dominus templum elegerat, patre ejus David, qui juſtus fuerat, in hoc reprobato, ad idololatriam ipſa uſque in finem vitæ dejiceret; ipſo quem tam verbis quam ſcriptis prædicabat atque docebat, divino cultu derelicto. Job ſanctiſſimus in uxore noviſſimam atque graviſſimam ſuſtinuit pugnam, quæ eum ad maledicendum Deo ſtimulabat. Et callidiſſimus temptator hoc optime noverat, quod ſæpius expertus fuerat; virorum videlicet ruinam in uxoribus eſſe facillimam.

Qui denique etiam uſque ad nos conſuetam extendens malitiam, quem de fornicatione ſternere non potuit, de conjugio temptavit: & bono male eſt uſus, qui malo male uti non eſt permiſſus.

Deo ſaltem ſuper hoc gratias, quod me ille, ut ſupra-poſitas fœminas, in culpam ex conſenſu non traxit; quam tamen in cauſam commiſſæ malitiæ ex effectu

but my mind did not co-operate. Yet, alas! though in this ſenſe, unconſcious of any guilt; do I know that my many antecedent ſins were not the cauſe? Here I may be criminal. Long had I lived in the indulgence of my paſſions: and thereby I juſtly merited what I ſuffer. To ſuch evil beginnings muſt be aſcribed ſo diſaſtrous an event. God grant me ſtrength to do ample penance for the crimes that have been committed! May my ſorrow, lengthened out to many days, bear ſome proportion to what you have ſuffered! It is but juſt, and to it I conſign my life. Thus, ſhould not heaven be pacified, to Abeillard at leaſt I ſhall have made ſome atonement.

I will diſcloſe to you all the ſecret weakneſſes of my unhappy heart. Tell me then: can I hope to appeaſe the divine anger; I, who, at every moment, am charging heaven with cruelty? My murmurs may draw on me greater vengeance: the ſorrow, at leaſt, of ſuch a penitent will not

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Si enim vere miſerrimi mei animi profitear infirmitatem, qua pœnitentia Deum placare valeam non invenio, quem ſuper hac ſemper injuria, ſummæ crudelitatis arguo; & ejus diſpenſationi contraria, magis eum ex indig-

woman, the daughter of the king of Egypt, as even, in the decline of life, to become an idolater. In preference to his father, who was a juſt man, he had been choſen to build a temple to the Lord: that Lord he had publicly announced by word and in writing, and he had taught his worſhip; but that worſhip he deſerted.—Job, that man of piety, had to endure the ſevereſt of all his conflicts from his wife. She inſtigated him to curſe God. The arch-tempter well knew what experience had often taught him, that the moſt compendious way to deſtroy a huſband, was to employ the artifice of his wife.

His uſual malice he tried alſo upon us. He had failed in his attempt while our union was unlawful; therefore he had recourſe to matrimony. He was not permitted, from our evil conduct, to work our ruin; but he drew it from a ſource which was holy.

One conſolation I have, however, and I thank heaven for it, that, like the women I mentioned, I had no ſhare in the crime that was committed. An occaſion of it, indeed, I was; but

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ut eum quem ad ædificandum ſibi Dominus templum elegerat, patre ejus David, qui juſtus fuerat, in hoc reprobato, ad idololatriam ipſa uſque in finem vitæ dejiceret; ipſo quem tam verbis quam ſcriptis prædicabat atque docebat, divino cultu derelicto. Job ſanctiſſimus in uxore noviſſimam atque graviſſimam ſuſtinuit pugnam, quæ eum ad maledicendum Deo ſtimulabat. Et callidiſſimus temptator hoc optime noverat, quod ſæpius expertus fuerat; virorum videlicet ruinam in uxoribus eſſe facillimam.

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not avert it. But why do I talk of penitence? While the mind retains all its former attachments to ſin; what avails the external language of grief? It is, indeed, eaſy to confeſs one's faults; it is eaſy to put on the impoſing garb of penitence: but, Oh God! how hard it is to tear the mind from thoſe affections, which were once ſo dear! For this reaſon, when the holy Job had ſaid; "I will looſen my tongue to ſpeak againſt myſelf," that is, I will accuſe myſelf of my faults, I will confeſs my ſins; he immediately adds: "I will ſpeak in the bitterneſs of my ſoul." Theſe words the bleſſed Gregory has expounded: "There are many, ſays he, who readily "acknowledge their faults; but they know not what it is to "grieve: what ſhould be a ſubject of tears they relate with "a face of joy." He therefore who, in real deteſtation, declares his ſins, muſt do it in the bitterneſs of his heart: his compunction muſt at once puniſh what his tongue is made to utter.

How

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natione offendo, quam ex pœnitentiæ ſatisfactione mitigo. Quomodo etiam pœnitentia peccatorum dicitur, quatacunque ſit corporis afflictio, ſi mens adhuc ipſam peccandi retinet voluntatem, & priſtinis æſtuat deſideriis? Facile quidem eſt quemlibet, confitendo peccata ſeipſum accuſare, aut etiam in exteriori ſatisfactione corpus affligere. Difficillimum vero eſt à deſideriis maximarum voluptarum avellere animum. Unde & merito ſanctus Job cum præmiſiſſet, "Dimittam adverſum me eloquium meum," id eſt laxabo linguam, & aperiam os per confeſſionem in peccatorum meorum accuſationem: ſtatim adjunxit, "Loquar in amaritudine animæ meæ." Quod Beatus exponens Gregorius, "Sunt, inquit, nonnulli, qui apertis vocibus culpas "fatentur, ſed tamen in confeſſione gemere neſciunt, & lugenda gaudentes "dicunt." Unde qui culpas ſuas deteſtans loquitur, reſtat neceſſe eſt ut has in amaritudine animæ loquatur; ut hæc ipſa amaritudo puniat, quiquid lingua per mentis judicium accuſat.

Sed

How rare this penitential ſorrow is, St. Ambroſe has alſo told us: " I have found more, ſays he, who have preſerved " their innocence, than who have recovered it by peni- " tence."—So faſcinating were the pleaſures we once indulged; the thought of them cannot give me pain, nor can I efface their impreſſion. Wherever I turn my eyes, in all their charms, there are they preſent to me. Even in my dreams the dear phantoms hover round me.

During the celebration of the auguſt myſteries, when the ſoul, on the wings of prayer, ſhould riſe more pure to heaven, the ſame importunate ideas haunt my wretched ſoul: they ſeize every avenue to my heart. When I ſhould grieve for what is paſt; I only ſigh that the ſame pleaſures return no more. My mind has been too faithful to its impreſſions: it holds up to the imagination every circumſtance of pleaſure, and all the ſcenes of paſt joys play wantonly before me.

I know

Sed hæc quidem amaritudo veræ penitentiæ quam rara ſit beatus diligenter attendens Ambroſius: " Facilius, inquit, inveni qui innocentiam ſervave- " runt, quam qui pœnitentiam egerunt." In tantum vero illæ, quas pariter exercuimus, amantium voluptates dulces mihi fuerunt; ut nec diſplicere mihi, nec vix à memoria labi poſſint. Quocunque loco me vertam, ſemper ſe oculis meis cum ſuis ingerunt deſideriis. Nec etiam dormienti ſuis illuſionibus parcunt.

Inter ipſa Miſſarum ſolemnia, ubi purior eſſe debet oratio, obſcœna earum voluptatum phantaſmata ita ſibi penitus miſerrimam captivant animam, ut turpitudinibus illis magis quam orationi vacem. Quæ cum ingemiſcere debeam de commiſſis, ſuſpiro potius de amiſſis. Nec ſolum quæ egimus, ſed loca pariter & tempora, in quibus hæc egimus, ita tecum noſtro infixa ſunt animo, ut in ipſis omnia tecum agam, nec dormiens etiam ab his quieſcam.

Nonnunquam

I know, the ſtrong workings of my mind, ſometimes even betray themſelves on my countenance. I am heard to utter words, which eſcape unthinkingly from me.—How wretched is my condition! To me ſurely may be applied thoſe plaintive expreſſions of the apoſtle ; " miſerable mor- " tal that I am, who will free me from this body of death?" Could I but add with truth ; " the grace of God through " Jeſus Chriſt our Lord!"

This grace, my deareſt Abeillard, you are poſſeſſed of: it has been peculiarly indulgent to you. Even the very circumſtance, which we conſider as an inſtance of great ſeverity, does but announce the paternal goodneſs of God: Like a ſkilful phyſician who, to cure his patient, does not ſpare the knife.—I have to combat the fervour of youth, and that burning flame which, the indulgence of pleaſure, has raiſed within me. My arms are but that poor defence, which weak female nature can ſupply.

They,

Nonnunquam & ipſo motu corporis, animi mei cogitationes deprehenduntur, nec à verbis temperans improviſis. O vere me miſeram, & illa conqueſtione ingemiſcentis animæ digniſſimam! " Infelix ego homo! quis me " liberabit de corpore mortis hujus?" Utinam & quod ſequitur veraciter addere queam! " Gratia Dei per Jeſum Chriſtum Dominum noſtrum."

Hæc te gratia, chariſſime, prævenit, & ab his tibi ſtimulis, una corporis plaga medendo, multas in anima ſanavit ; & in quo tibi amplius adverſari Deus creditur, propitior invenitur. More quidem fideliſſimi medici, qui non parcit dolori, ut conſulat ſaluti. Hos autem in me ſtimulos carnis, hæc incentiva libidinis, ipſe juvenilis fervor ætatis, & jucundiſſimarum experientia voluptatum, plurimum accendunt ; & tanto amplius ſua me impugnatione opprimunt, quanto infirmior eſt natura, quam oppugnant.

Caſtam

They, who cannot look into my ſoul, think me virtuous: they think me chaſte, becauſe my external actions are ſuch; when ſurely this amiable virtue only dwells within the mind. The world may praiſe me; but before God I am worthleſs. He is the ſearcher of hearts, and his eye penetrates into the inmoſt thoughts.—I am deemed virtuous in an age, when religion too generally wears the cloak of hypocriſy; when he is moſt loudly praiſed, whoſe actions do not ſhock the public eye. Indeed, the man, perhaps, may deſerve ſome commendation, even before God, who, whatever be his motive, abſtains from thoſe practices, which are a ſcandal to the church, which expoſe the name of God to the blaſpheming tongues of the wicked, and by which wordlings are induced to ridicule the ſacred inſtitutes of religion. This is, at leaſt, a ſmall effect of divine grace, from which proceeds not only the power to do good, but alſo that of abſtaining from doing evil. Yet, after all, what avails the latter without the former? It is written; "decline

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Caſtam me prædicant, qui non deprehenderunt hypocritam. Munditiam carnis conferunt in virtutem, cum non ſit corporis, ſed animi virtus. Aliquid laudis apud homines habens, nihil apud Deum mereor, qui cordis & renum probator eſt, & in abſcondito videt. Religioſa hoc tempore judicor, in quo jam parva pars religionis non eſt hypocriſis; ubi ille maximis extollitur laudibus, qui humanum non offendit judicium. Et hoc fortaſſis aliquo modo laudabile, & Deo acceptabile quoquo modo videtur, ſi quis videlicet exterioris operis exemplo, quacunque intentione, non ſit Eccleſiæ ſcandalo, nec jam per ipſum apud infideles nomen Domini blaſphemetur, nec apud carnales profeſſionis ſuæ ordo infametur. Atque hoc quoque nonnullum eſt divinæ gratiæ donum, ex cujus videlicet munere venit non ſolum bona facere, ſed etiam à malis abſtinere. Sed fruſtra iſtud præcedit, ubi illud non ſuccedit, ſicut ſcriptum

" decline from evil, and do good." And even both can have no pretenſion to a reward, unleſs they be done from the motive of pleaſing God.

Through the whole courſe of my life, heaven knows what have been my diſpoſitions! It was you, and not God, whom I feared moſt to offend; you, and not God, I was moſt anxious to pleaſe. My mind is ſtill unaltered. It was not love of him, but ſolely your command, that drew me to the cloiſter. How miſerable then my condition, if, undergoing ſo much, I have no proſpect of a reward hereafter! By external ſhew, you, like others, have been deceived; you aſcribed to the impreſſions of religion what ſprang from another ſource. Thus you recommend yourſelf to my prayers, in hopes of finding that ſuccour, which I look for from you.

Do not, I pray, place that falſe confidence in me, which will make me loſe the aſſiſtance I want. If you think me in health, you will apply no medicines; if in affluence, your hand will not be open to relieve me; and if ſtrong, alas! I ſhall

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ſcriptum eſt: " Declina à malo, & fac bonum." Et fruſtra utrumque geritur quod amore Dei non agitur.

In omni autem (Deus ſcit) vitæ meæ ſtatu, te magis adhuc offendere, quam Deum vereor: tibi placere amplius quam ipſi appeto. Tua me ad religionis habitum juſſio, non divina traxit dilectio. Vide quam infelicem, & omnibus miſerabiliorem ducam vitam, ſi tanta hic fruſtra ſuſtineo: nihil habitura remunerationis in futuro. Diu te, ſicut multos, ſimulatio mea fefellit, ut religioni deputares hypochriſin: & ideo noſtris te maxime commendans orationibus, quod à te expecto, a me poſtulas.

Noli, obſecro, de me tanta præſumere, ne mihi ceſſes orando ſubvenire. Noli æſtimare ſanam, ne medicaminis ſubtrahas gratiam. Noli non egentem credere, ne differas in neceſſitate ſubvenire. Noli validam putare, ne prius corruam

ſhall fall before you can run in to ſupport me. Undeſerved praiſe has been the ruin of many. It puts us off our guard at the moment caution is moſt neceſſary.

If you be an enemy to flattery, and a friend to truth, let me then entreat you to ceaſe from praiſing me. If you think I poſſeſs any thing commendable, do not you, at leaſt, raiſe the wind of vanity, which may diſſipate it at a blaſt. Would he be thought an able phyſician, who, from external ſymptoms, ſhould pretend to determine the nature of an internal complaint? Things which are common to the ſaint and the ſinner have no merit in the ſight of God. Such are all outward practices, to which the hypocrite more ſeduloufly adheres, than the greateſt ſaint.

The heart of man is depraved. It is impenetrable to human ſight: who yet has fathomed it? And there are ways which ſeem to us ſtraight, the ends of which lead to death.

Where

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corruam quam ſuſtentes labentem. Multis ficta ſui laus nocuit, & præſidium quo indigebant, abſtulit. Per Eſaiam Dominus clamat, " Populе meus, qui " te beatificant ipſi te decipiunt, & viam greſſuum tuorum diſſipant." Et per Ezechielem, " Væ qui conſuitis, inquit, pulvillos ſub omni cubitu manus, " & cervicalia ſub capite ætatis univerſæ ad decipiendas animas." E contra autem per Salomonem dicitur, " Verba ſapientum quaſi ſtimuli, & quaſi clavi " in altum defixi, qui videlicet vulnera neſciunt palpare, ſed pungere."

Quieſce obſecro à laude mea, ne turpem adulationis notam & mendacii crimen incurras: aut ſi quod in me ſuſpicaris bonum, ipſum laudatum vanitatis aura ventilet. Nemo medicinæ peritus interiorem morbum ex exterioris habitus inſpectione dijudicat. Nulla, quicquid meriti apud Deum obtinent, quæ reprobis æq; ut electis communia ſunt. Hæc autem ea ſunt, quæ exterius aguntur, quæ nulli Sanctorum tam ſtudioſe peragunt, quantum hypocritæ.

Pravum eſt cor hominis, & inſcrutabile etiam: quis cognoſcet illud? Et ſunt viæ hominis quæ videntur rectæ: noviſſima autem illius deducunt ad mortem.

Where God has reſerved judgment to himſelf, it is raſh in man to pronounce. For which reaſon the wiſe man ſays; " praiſe no one, whilſt he lives:" give not commendation at a time, when the very act of doing it, may make him undeſerving of it.

To me your praiſes bring the greateſt delight; but therefore is their impreſſion more dangerous. The anxious deſire I have to pleaſe you gives them a thouſand charms. Yet I would rather you ſhould tremble for me, than ſhow too much confidence. Fear will make you ſolicitous to aſſiſt me; and in my preſent ſtate, heaven knows what cauſe I have to tremble!

Do not tell me, in your exhortations to a virtuous life, that " virtue is perfected in weakneſs," and that " he only ſhall " be crowned, who has ſtoutly contended." I look for no laurels, no crown of victory. It is enough for me to keep out of the way of danger. I like not the perils of war. If God will but give me the loweſt place in heaven, I ſhall be amply

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Temerarium eſt in eo judicium hominis, quod divino tantum reſervatur examini. Unde & ſcriptum eſt: " Ne laudaveris hominem in vita." Ne tunc videlicet hominem laudes, dum laudando facere non laudabilem potes.

Tanto autem mihi tua laus in me periculoſior eſt, quanto gratior: & tanto amplius ea capior & delector, quanto amplius tibi per omnia placere ſtudeo. Time obſecro ſemper de me potius quam confidas, ut tua ſemper ſollicitudine adjuver. Nunc vero præcipue timendum eſt, ubi nullum incontinentiæ meæ ſupereſt in te remedium.

Nolo me ad virtutem exhortans, & ad pugnam provocans, dicas: " Nam " virtus in infirmitate perficitur: &, non coronabitur niſi qui legitime certa- " verit." Non quæro coronam victoriæ. Satis eſt mihi periculum evitare. Tutius evitatur periculum, quam committitur bellum. Quocunque me angulo

amply ſatisfied. There, indeed, jealouſy is not known, where each one is pleaſed with his allotment of happineſs.

If theſe ſentiments be not your's, I will confirm them by the authority of St. Jerom: "I, ſays he, fairly confeſs my "weakneſs: I do not wiſh to fight in hopes of victory, leſt "I be defeated." How fooliſh is it to abandon what is certain, and run after an uncertainty which we may never find.—Farewel.

LETTER IV.

ABEILLARD TO HELOISA.

THE complaints, you urge againſt me, in your laſt letter, may be reduced to four heads.—That in the ſalutation of my letter I put your name before my own—That, in lieu of adminiſtering comfort, I had added to your

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angulo cœli Deus collocet, ſatis mihi faciet. Nullus ibi cuiquam invidebit, cum ſingulis quod habebunt ſuffecerit.

Cui quidem conſilio noſtro, ut ex authoritate quoque robur adjungam, Beatum audiamus Hieronymum: "Fateor imbecillitatem meam, nolo ſpe "victoriæ pugnare, ne perdam aliquando victoriam." Quid neceſſe eſt certa dimittere, & incerta ſectari?

EPISTOLA II.

ABÆLARDI.

Sponſæ Chriſti, Servus ejuſdem.

IN quatuor, memini, circa quæ Epiſtolæ tuæ noviſſimæ ſumma conſiſtit, offenſæ tuæ commotionem expreſſiſti. Primo quidem ſuper hoc conquereris, quod præter conſuetudinem Epiſtolarum, imo etiam contra ipſum naturalem

your grief, by my expreſſions—That my praiſes are dangerous to you; while to oppoſe them you accuſe yourſelf, and entreat me not to repeat them—And laſtly, you ſubjoined your tireſome and never-ending murmurs againſt providence.

To theſe I will reply, not ſo much in my own defence, as for your inſtruction and advice. When you know that my requeſts are reaſonable, you will be more diſpoſed to comply with them; and when you find that I am not reprehenſible in what regards myſelf, you will think me more juſt in your own concerns; and not again undervalue my admonitions.

I.—With regard to what you ſtile the prepoſterous order of my addreſs, a little attention will ſhew you, that, in ſo doing, I conformed to your own idea. You ſay that, when we

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ordinem rerum, Epiſtola noſtra tibi directa te mihi in ſalutatione præpoſuit. Secundo, quod cum vobis conſolationis potius remedium afferre debuiſſem, deſolationem auxi, & quas mitigare debueram lachrymas, excitavi. Illud videlicet ibidem adjungens, "Quod ſi me Dominus in manus inimicorum tradiderit, ut me ſcilicet prævalentes interficiant," &c. Tertio vero veterem illam & aſſiduam querelam tuam in Deum adjeciſti, de modo videlicet noſtræ converſionis ad Deum, & crudelitate proditionis illius in me commiſſæ. Denique accuſationem tui contra noſtram in te laudem oppoſuiſti, non cum ſupplicatione modica, ne id deinceps præſumerem.

Quibus quidem ſingulis reſcribere decrevi, non tam pro excuſatione mea, quam pro doctrina vel exhortatione tua; ut eo ſcilicet libentius petitionibus aſſentias noſtris, quo eas rationabilius factas intellexeris; & tanto me amplius exaudias in tuis, quanto reprehenſibilem minus invenies in meis; tantoque amplius verearis contemnere, quanto minus videris dignum reprehenſione.

De ipſo autem noſtræ ſalutationis, ut dicis, ordine præpoſtero, juxta tuam quoque, ſi diligenter attendas, actum eſt ſententiam. Id enim quod omnibus patet,

we write to our ſuperiors, their names ſhould have the firſt place. You yourſelf are my ſuperior, ſince you became the ſpouſe

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patet, tu ipſa indicaſti, ut cum videlicet ad ſuperiores ſcribitur eorum nomina præponantur. Te vero ex tunc me ſuperiorem factam intelligas, quòd domina mea eſſe cœpiſti, Domini mei ſponſa effecta, juxta illud Beati Hieronimi ad Euſtochium ita ſcribentis: " Hæc idcirco, domina mea Euſtochium, ſcribo. " Dominam quippe debeo vocare ſponſam Domini mei." Fœlix talium commercium nuptiarum, ut homunculi miſeri prius uxor, nunc in ſummi Regis thalamis ſublimeris. Nec ex hujus honoris privilegio priori tantummodo viro, ſed quibuſcunque ſervis ejuſdem Regis prælata. Ne mireris igitur ſi tam vivus quam mortuus me veſtris præcipue commendem orationibus; cum jure publico conſtet apud dominos plus eorum ſponſas intercedendo poſſe, quam ipſorum famulas, dominas amplius quam ſervos. In quarum quidem typo Regina illa & ſummi Regis ſponſa diligenter deſcribitur, cum in Pſalmo dicitur, " Aſtitit Regina à dextris tuis." Ac ſi aperte dicatur, iſta juncto latere ſponſo familiariſſime adhæret, & pariter incedit, cæteris omnibus quaſi à longe abſiſtentibus, vel ſubſequentibus.—De hujus excellentia prærogativæ ſponſa in Canticis exultans, illa, ut ita dicam, quam Moyſes duxit, Æthyopiſſa dicit: " Nigra ſum, ſed formoſa, filiæ Hieruſalem. Ideo dilexit me " Rex, & introduxit me in cubiculum ſuum." Et rurſum, " Nolite conſiderare " quod fuſca ſum, quia decoloravit me Sol."—In quibus quidem verbis cum generaliter anima deſcribatur contemplativa, quæ ſpecialiter Sponſa Chriſti dicitur, expreſſius tamen ad vos hoc pertinere ipſe etiam veſter exterior habitus loquitur. Ipſe quippe cultus exterior nigrorum, aut vilium indumentorum, inſtar lugubris habitus bonarum viduarum mortuos, quos dilexerant viros, plangentium, vos in hoc mundo, juxta Apoſtolum, vere viduas, & deſolatas oſtendit ſtipendiis Eccleſiæ ſuſtentandas. De quarum etiam viduarum luctu ſuper occiſum earum ſponſum Scriptura commemorat, dicens: " Mulieres " ſedentes ad monumentum lamentabantur flentes Dominum."—Habet autem Æthiopiſſa exteriorem in carne nigredinem, & quantum ad exteriora pertinet, cæteris apparit fœminis deformior: cum non ſit tamen in interioribus diſpar, ſed in pleriſque etiam formoſior, atque candidior, ſicut in oſſibus, ſeu dentibus. Quorum videlicet dentium candor in ipſo etiam commendatur

Sponſo,

ſpouſe of Chriſt, as your favourite Jerom has ſhewn in his letter to Euſtochium.—*(The truth of this whimſical aſſertion he then*

Sponſo, cum dicitur: " Et dentes ejus lacte candidiores." Nigra itaque in exterioribus, ſed formoſa in interioribus eſt; quia in hac vita crebris adverſitatum tribulationibus corporaliter afflicta quaſi in carne nigreſcit exterius, juxta illud Apoſtoli: " Omnes qui volunt pie vivere in Chriſto tribulationem " patientur." Sicut enim candido proſperum, ita non incongrue nigro deſignatur adverſum. Intus autem, quaſi in oſſibus, candet, quia in virtutibus ejus anima pollet, ſicut ſcriptum eſt: " Omnis gloria ejus filiæ Regis ab in- " tus."—Oſſa quippe, quæ interiora ſunt, exteriori carne circundata, & ipſius carnis, quam gerunt, vel ſuſtentant, robur, ac fortitudo ſunt, bene animam exprimunt, quæ carnem ipſam, cui ineſt, vivificat, ſuſtentat, movet, atque regit, atque ei omnem valetudinem miniſtrat. Cujus quidem eſt candor, ſive decor, ipſæ, quibus adornatur, virtutes.—Nigra quoque eſt in exteriorbus, quia dum in hac peregrinatione adhuc exulat, vilem & abjectam ſe tenet in hac vita; ut in illa ſublimetur, quæ eſt abſcondita cum Chriſto in Deo, patriam jam adepta.—Sic vero eam ſol verus decolorat, quia cæleſtis amor Sponſi eam ſic humiliat, vel tribulationibus cruciat; ne eam ſcilicet proſperitas extollat. Decolorat eam ſic, id eſt diſſimilem eam à cæteris facit, quæ terrenis inhiant, & ſæculi quærunt gloriam; ut ſic ipſa vere lilium convallium per humilitatem efficiatur: non lilium quidem montium, ſicut illæ videlicet fatuæ virgines, quæ de munditia carnis, vel abſtinentia exteriore, apud ſe intumeſcentes, æſtu temptationum aruerunt.—Bene autem filias Hieruſalem, id eſt, imperfectiores alloquens fideles, qui filiarum potius, quam filiorum nomine digni ſunt, dicit: " Nolite me conſiderare, quod fuſca ſim, quia decoloravit me Sol." Ac ſi apertius dicat: quod ſic me humilio, vel tam viriliter adverſitates ſuſtineo, non eſt meæ virtutis; ſed ejus gratiæ, cui deſervio. Aliter ſolent hæretici, vel hypocritæ, quantum ad faciem hominum ſpectat, ſpe terrenæ gloriæ ſeſe vehementer humiliare, vel multa inutiliter tolerare. De quorum hujuſmodi abjectione, vel tribulatione, quam ſuſtinent, vehementer mirandum eſt; cum ſint omnibus miſerabiliores hominibus, qui nec præſentis vitæ bonis, nec futuræ fruuntur.—Hoc itaque Sponſa diligenter conſiderans dicit: " Nolite " mirari, cur id faciam." Sed de illis mirandum eſt, qui inutiliter terrenæ laudis deſiderio æſtuantes terrenis ſe privant commodis, tam hic, quam in futuro

then attempts to ſhew by a chain of myſtical arguments, which commences in the fourth line of the Latin original, in page 445, *and terminates in page* 448.*)*

II.—And

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turo miſeri. Qualis quidem fatuarum virginum continentia eſt, quæ à janua ſunt excluſæ.—Bene etiam, quia nigra eſt, ut diximus, & formoſa, dilectam, & introductam ſe dicit in cubiculum Regis, id eſt, in ſecretum, vel quietem contemplationis, & lectulum illum, de quo eadem alibi dicit: " In lectulo " meo per noctes quæſivi, quem diliget anima mea." Ipſa quippe nigredinis deformitas occultum potius quam manifeſtum, & ſecretum magis, quam publicum amat. Et quæ talis eſt uxor, ſecreta potius viri gaudia, quam manifeſta deſiderat, & in lecto magis vult ſentiri quam in menſa videri.—Et frequenter accidit, ut nigrarum caro fœminarum, quanto eſt in aſpectu deformior, tanto ſit in tactu ſuavior: atque ideo earum voluptas ſecretis gaudiis, quam publicis gratior ſit, & convenientior, & earum viri, ut illis oblectentur, magis eas in cubiculum introducunt, quam ad publicum educunt.—Secundum quam quidem metaphoram bene ſpiritualis Sponſa cum præmiſiſſet: " Nigra ſum, ſed " formoſa," ſtatim adjunxit: " Ideo dilexit me Rex, & introduxit me in cu- " biculum ſuum," ſingula videlicet ſingulis reddens. Hoc eſt, quia formoſa, dilexit, quia nigra introduxit. Formoſa, ut dixi, intus virtutibus, quas diligit Sponſus: nigra exterius corporalium tribulationum adverſitatibus.—Quæ quidem nigredo, corporalium ſcilicet tribulationum, facile fidelium mentes ab amore terrenorum avellit, & ad æternæ vitæ deſideria ſuſpendit, & ſæpe à tumultuoſa ſæculi vita trahit ad ſecretum contemplationis. Sicut in Paulo illo videlicet noſtræ, id eſt, Monachalis vitæ, primordio actum eſſe Beatus ſcribit Hieronymus.—Hæc quoque adjectio indumentorum vilium ſecretum magis, quam publicum appetit, & maxima vilitatis, ac ſecretioris loci, qui noſtræ præcipue convenit profeſſioni, cuſtodienda eſt. Maxime namque ad publicum procedere pretioſus provocat cultus, quem à nullo appeti, niſi ad inanem gloriam, & ſæculi pompam Beatus Gregorius inde convincit: quod nemo his in occulto ſe ornat, ſed ubi conſpici queat.—Hoc autem prædictum Sponſæ cubiculum illud eſt, ad quod ipſe Sponſus in Evangelio invitat orantem, dicens: " Tu autem " cum oraveris, intra in cubiculum, & clauſo oſtio, ora Patrem tuum." Ac ſi diceret: non in plateis, vel publicis locis, ſicut hypocritæ. Cubiculum itaque dicit ſecretum à tumultibus, & aſpectu ſæculi locum, ubi quietius & purius

orari

II.—And in reply to your ſecond charge, that I afflicted you by mentioning the danger, to which I am expoſed, and the death which I fear, recollect that, I did that alſo, in compliance with your moſt earneſt requeſt. I refer you to the words of your firſt letter; "For Chriſt's ſake," &c. p. 401.

I acquainted

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orari poſſit: qualia ſunt ſcilicet Monaſticarum ſolitudinum ſecreta, ubi claudere oſtium jubemur, id eſt, aditus omnes obſtruere, ne puritas orationis caſu aliquo præpediatur, & oculus noſter infelicem animam deprædetur.—Cujus quidem conſilii, imo præcepti divini multos hujus habitus noſtri contemptores adhuc graviter ſuſtinemus, qui cum divina celebrant officia, clauſtris, vel choris eorum reſeratis, publicis tam fœminarum quam virorum aſpectibus impudenter ſe ingerunt, & tunc præcipue cum in ſolemnitatibus pretioſis polluerunt ornamentis, ſicut & ipſi, quibus oſtentant, ſæculares homines. Quorum quidem judicio tanto feſtivitas habetur celebrior, quanto in exteriori ornatu eſt ditior, & in epulis copioſior. De quorum quidem cæcitate miſerrima, & pauperum Chriſti religioni penitus contraria, tanto eſt ſilere honeſtius, quanto loqui turpius. Qui penitus Judaïzantes conſuetudinem ſuam ſequuntur pro regula, & irritum fecerunt mandatum Dei per traditiones ſuas: non quod debeat, ſed quod ſoleat attendentes. Cum, ut Beatus etiam meminit Auguſtinus, Dominus dixerit: "Ego ſum veritas," non ego ſum conſuetudo.—Horum orationibus, quæ aperto ſcilicet fiunt oſtio, qui voluerit, ſe commendet. Vos autem, quæ in cubiculum cæleſtis Regis ab ipſo introductæ, atque in ejus amplexibus quieſcentes, clauſo ſemper oſtio, ei totæ vacatis, quanto familiarius ei adhæretis, juxta illud Apoſtoli, "Qui adhæret Domino, unus ſpiritus eſt," tanto puriorem, & efficaciorem habere confidimus orationem, & ob hoc vehementius earum efflagitamus opem. Quas etiam tanto devotius pro me faciendas eſſe credimus, quanto majore nos invicem caritate colligati ſumus.

Quod vero mentione periculi, in quo laboro, vel mortis quam timeo, vos commovi, juxta ipſam quoque tuam factum eſt exhortationem, imo etiam adjurationem. Sic enim prima, quam ad me direxiſti, quodam loco continet Epiſtola: "Per ipſum itaque qui te ſibi adhuc quoquomodo protegit Chriſtum obſecra-
"mus, quatenus ancillulas ipſius, & tuas crebris literis de his, in quibus
"adhuc fluctuas, naufragiis certificare digneris: ut nos ſaltem quæ tibi ſolæ

remanſimus

I acquainted you of my anxious cares, to which you had conjured me ; and for that I am blamed. While my life is in danger, would it become you rather to rejoice ? Or you would partake of my joys, but not of my ſorrows.—Nothing ſo well diſtinguiſhes our true from our falſe friends, as that the former ſtand by us in adverſity, and the latter are our companions only in proſperity.

Ceaſe therefore, I pray you, from ſuch expreſſions, and ſtill theſe uſeleſs murmurs, which, indeed, have no affinity with the feelings of friendſhip. Or if this muſt not be ; I at leaſt may be permitted, ſurrounded as I am by perils, to be anxious for my own ſoul, and to provide, as far as may be, for its welfare.—And how, if you really love me, can you object to this provident circumſpection? Even, had you any confidence in the divine mercy towards me, in proportion as

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remanſimus doloris vel gaudii participes habeas. Solent enim dolenti nonnullam adferre conſolationem qui condolent. Et quodlibet onus pluribus impoſitum, levius ſuſtinetur, ſive defertur.

Quid igitur arguis, quod vos anxietatis meæ participes feci, ad quod me adjurando compuliſti ? Nunquid in tanta vitæ, qua crucior, deſperatione gaudere vos convenit ? Nec doloris ſociæ, ſed gaudii tantum vultis eſſe : nec flere cum flentibus, ſed gaudere cum gaudentibus ? Nulla major, verorum & falſorum differentia eſt amicorum, quam quod illi adverſitati, iſti proſperitati ſe ſociant.

Quieſce, obſecro, ab his dictis, & hujuſmodi querimonias compeſce, quæ à viſceribus caritatis abſiſtunt longiſſime. Aut ſi adhuc in his offenderis, me tamen in tanto periculi poſitum articulo, & quotidiana deſperatione vitæ, de ſalute animæ ſollicitum eſſe convenit, & de ipſa, dum licet, providere. Nec tu, ſi me vere diligis, hanc exoſam providentiam habebis. Quinetiam ſi quam de divina erga me miſericordia ſpem haberes, tanto amplius ab hujus vitæ

as my ſufferings appear heavy to you, it would be your wiſh to ſee me delivered from them. For you are well convinced that he would be my benefactor, who ſhould put a period to my unhappy life. What then might be my fate, is uncertain; but I know my preſent evils.

The termination of miſery is itſelf a happineſs; and they who really feel for others, whatever their own loſs may be in the event, cannot but deſire to ſee an end to their labours. The kind mother who beholds her ſon languiſhing in pain, looks eagerly to its concluſion; ſhe cannot ſupport the ſight, and ſhe rather wiſhes his diſſolution, than to have a partner in miſery. The company of a friend is, indeed, pleaſing: but I would ſooner ſee him away, and happy, than have him with me, and miſerable. His ſufferings, which I cannot remedy, become intolerable to me.

But you, Heloiſa, may not even enjoy my wretched company. Why then would you rather ſee me live in ſorrow,

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ærumnis liberari me cuperes, quanto eas conſpicis intolerabiliores. Certum quippe tibi eſt, quod quiſquis ab hac vita me liberet, à maximis pœnis eruet. Quas poſtea incurram incertum eſt, ſed à quantis abſolvar dubium non eſt.

Omnis vita miſera jucundum exitum habet, & quicunque aliorum anxietatibus vere compatiuntur & condolent, eas finiri deſiderant: & cum damnis etiam ſuis, ſi quos anxios vident, vere diligunt, nec tam commoda propria quam illorum in ipſis attendunt. Sic diu languentem filium mater etiam morte languorem finire deſiderat, quem tolerare ipſa non poteſt, & eo potius orbari ſuſtinet quam in miſeria conſortem habere. Et quicunque amici præſentia plurimum oblectatur, magis tamen beatam eſſe vult ejus abſentiam quam præſentiam miſeram. Quia quibus ſubvenire non valet ærumnis, tolerare non poteſt.

Tibi vero nec noſtra vel etiam miſera conceſſum eſt frui præſentia. Nec ubi tuis in me commodis aliquid provideas, cur me miſerrime vivere malis quam felicius mori non video. Quod ſi noſtras protendi miſerias in commoda tua deſideras,

row, than die and be happy? I do not underſtand your motives. If, from a continuance of my ſufferings, you expect any advantage to yourſelf; you act the part rather of an enemy, than a friend. The idea, I know, ſhocks you; let me then hear no more of ſuch complaints.

III.—Your rejection of praiſe I certainly applaud: thereby you ſhew that you deſerve it. It is written: "he that "humbles himſelf ſhall be exalted." Your heart and hand, I truſt, have gone together. If ſo, your humility is ſincere: and my words will not injure it. But take care, I beg, leſt in ſeeming to avoid praiſe, you ſeek it more, and your mind give the lie to your tongue. You know the ſentiment of Jerom on this ſubject; and give me leave to bring to your recollection the artful Galatea of Virgil. She ran from her lover, that he might follow her; and before ſhe hid herſelf, ſhe wiſhed to be ſeen:

Et fugit ad ſalices, & ſe cupit ante videri.

So

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deſideras, hoſtis potius, quam amica convinceris. Quod ſi videri refugis, ab his obſecro, ſicut dixi, quieſce querimoniis.

Approbo autem, quod reprobas, laudem; quia in hoc ipſo te laudabiliorem oſtendis. Scriptum eſt enim: "Juſtus in primordio accuſator eſt ſui: & qui "ſe humiliat ſe exaltat." Atque utinam ſic ſit in animo tuo ſicut in ſcripto! Quod ſi fuerit, vera eſt humilitas tua, ne pro noſtris evanuerit verbis. Sed vide obſecro ne hoc ipſo laudem quæras quo laudem fugere videris, & reprobes illud ore quod appetas corde. De quo ad Euſtochium virginem ſic inter cætera Beatus ſcribit Hyeronymus: "Naturali ducimur "malo. Adulatoribus noſtris libenter favemus, & quamquam nos reſponde- "amus indignos, & calidior rubor ora ſuffundat, attamen ad laudem ſuam "intrinſecus anima lætatur." Talem & laſcivæ calliditatem Galatheæ Virgilius deſcribit, quæ quod volebat fugiendo appetebat, & ſimulatione repulſæ amplius in ſe amantem incitabat: "Et fugit ad ſalices," inquit, "& ſe cupit

So we alſo ſometimes ſtrive to excite the greater admiration, by ſeeming to withdraw from it. We decline the regard of the world, and we draw it after us. It is an unbecoming artifice.

I ſpeak of general characters. Of you I have no ſuſpicion, nor do I doubt your ſincerity. Still let me adviſe you to be more guarded in your language. They who know you leſs may perhaps think, you are but aſking for greater praiſe. My commendations, believe me, will never make you vain; but they may ſtimulate you to better exertions: and the more you deſire to pleaſe me, the more ardently will you ſtrive to execute my injunctions. If I praiſe the excellency of your religious deportment, it is not that you ſhould glory in it. And obſerve that, as the cenſure of an enemy is not to have much weight, ſo ſhould not a friend's praiſe be too confidently relied on.

IV.—It

" ante videri." Antequam lateat cupit ſe fugientem videri, ut ipſa fuga, qua reprobare conſortium juvenis videtur, amplius acquirat. Sic & laudes hominum dum fugere videmur, amplius erga nos excitamus, & cum latere nos velle ſimulamus, ne quis ſcilicet in nobis, quid laudet, agnoſcat, amplius attendimus in laudem noſtram impudentes, quia eo laude videmur digniores.

Et hæc quidem, quiæ ſæpe accidunt, dicimus, non quia de te talia ſuſpicemur, qui de tua non hæſitamus humilitate. Sed ab his etiam verbis te temperare volumus, ne his qui te minus noverint, videaris, ut ait Hieronymus, fugiendo gloriam quærere. Nunquam te mea laus inflabit, ſed ad meliora provocabit, et tanto ſtudioſius quæ laudavero amplecteris, quanto mihi amplius placere ſatagis. Non eſt laus noſtra teſtimonium tibi religionis, ut hinc aliquid extollentiæ ſumas. Nec de commendatione cujuſquam amicis credendum eſt, ſicut nec inimicis de vituperatione.

Supereſt

IV.—It remains that I examine more minutely what has long been the ſubject of your inceſſant complaints, I mean the circumſtance, which drew us from the world. Here you accuſe the ways of providence, when it would be more equitable to extoll them I had thought, indeed, that long ago, by the peculiar grace of heaven, this bitterneſs had been eraſed from your mind. The more dangerous it is, at once threatening the ruin of your ſoul and body, the more it calls for pity, and the more it gives me pain. You declare that, your only wiſh is to pleaſe me: quit then theſe baneful thoughts, that you may torment me no longer; that you may make me happy. With them you cannot pleaſe me; nor with them can you expect to go along with me to happineſs hereafter. You have profeſſed a willingneſs to follow me even to the gates of miſery, and will you let me go without you to thoſe of endleſs joy? Let this, at leaſt, be a motive which may urge you to a religious life. Reflect on the happineſs which awaits you there, and on my ſociety,

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Supereſt tandem, ut ad antiquam illam, ut diximus, & aſſiduam querimoniam tuam veniamus, quia videlicet de noſtræ converſionis modo Deum potius accuſare præſumis, quam glorificare, ut juſtum eſt, velis. Hanc jamdudum amaritudinem animi tui tam manifeſto divinæ miſericordiæ conſilio evanuiſſe credideram. Quæ quanto tibi periculoſior eſt, corpus tuum pariter & animam conterens; tanto miſerabilior eſt, & mihi moleſtior. Quæ cum mihi per omnia placere, ſicut profiteris, ſtudeas, hoc ſaltem uno ut me non crucies, imo ut mihi ſummopere placeas, hanc depone. Cum qua mihi non potes placere, neque mecum ad beatitudinem pervenire. Suſtinebis illuc me ſine te pergere, quem etiam ad Vulcania profiteris te ſequi velle? Hoc ſaltem uno religionem appete, ne à me ad Deum, ut credis, properantem dividaris; & tanto libentius quanto quo veniendum nobis eſt beatius eſt; ut tanto ſcilicet ſocietas noſtra

ſociety, which will no more be taken from you; for you do not heſitate to declare that I am in the right way. Recollect what you once ſaid; call to mind the words of your laſt letter, that, in the manner of our converſion, and in the mode of God's chaſtiſement, heaven had been rather propitious to me. Yes, Heloiſa, it was propitious to us both; but the exceſs of your grief does not admit the language of reaſon. Lament not that you were the cauſe of this event; rather be perſuaded you were born to be it. I ſuffered; but it was advantageous to me: do the ſufferings of the martyrs alſo give you pain? Had I juſtly ſuffered, could you have borne it more patiently? If ſo, ignominy would have fallen upon me, and my enemies might have gloried: they would have been juſt; and I contemptible. Their behaviour would have found no accuſers; and who would have pitied me?

To aſſuage the bitterneſs of your grief, I could ſhow that all has happened juſtly, and with a view to our greater

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good.

noſtra ſit gratior, quanto felicior. Memento quæ dixeris. Recordare quæ ſcripſeris, in hoc videlicet noſtræ converſionis modo, quo mihi Deus amplius adverſari creditur, propitiorem mihi, ſicut manifeſtum eſt, extitiſſe. Hoc uno ſaltem hæc ejus diſpoſitio tibi placeat, quod mihi ſit ſaluberrima, imo mihi pariter & tibi, ſi rationem vis doloris admittat. Nec te tanti boni cauſam eſſe doleas, ad quod te à deo maxime creatam eſſe non dubites. Nec quia id tulerim plangas, niſi cum Martyrum paſſionum, ipſiuſque Dominicæ mortis commoda te contriſtabunt. Nunquid ſi id mihi juſte accidiſſet, tolerabilius ferres, & minus te offenderet? Profecto ſi ſic fieret, eo modo contingeret quo mihi eſſet ignominioſius, & inimicis laudabilius; cum illis laudem juſtitia, & mihi contemptum acquireret culpa. Nec jam quiſquam quod actum eſt accuſaret, ut compaſſione mei moveretur.

Ut tamen & hoc modo hujus amaritudinem doloris leniamus; tam juſte quam utiliter id monſtrabimus nobis accidiſſe, & rectius in conjugatos quam in forni-

tes

good. The ways of Providence are equitable. Revolve in your thoughts the intemperance of our behaviour, even after marriage, when you were at Argenteuil, and I ſometimes came to viſit you. Need I mention our many antecedent exceſſes? And how baſely had I deceived your uncle, when I lived with him in habits of unbounded confidence? Surely his vengeance was not unmerited.—In puniſhment of theſe crimes it was that I have ſuffered; and to the ſame cauſe I aſcribe the many evils which, at this hour, ſurround me. It will be well if divine juſtice may thus be ſatisfied.

Call to your recollection another circumſtance. When I took you from Paris into Britany, to avoid ſhame and the fury of your uncle, you diſguiſed yourſelf in the dreſs of

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cantes ultum Deum fuiſſe. Nôſti poſt noſtri confœderationem conjugii, cum Argenteoli cum Sanctimonialibus in clauſtro converſabaris, me die quadam privatim ad te viſitandam veniſſe, & quid ibi tecum meæ libidinis egerit intemperantia in quadam etiam parte ipſius refectorii, cum quo alias diverteremus, non haberemus. Nôſti, inquam, id impudentiſſime tunc actum eſſe in tam reverendo loco & ſummæ Virgini conſecrato. Quod, etſi alia ceſſent flagitia, multo graviore dignum ſit ultione. Quid priſtinas fornicationes & impudentiſſimas referam pollutiones quæ conjugium præceſſerunt? Quid ſummam denique proditionem meam, qua de te ipſa tuum, cum quo aſſidue in ejus domo convivebam, avunculum tam turpiter ſeduxi? Quis me ab eo juſte prodi non ſenſeat, quem tam impudenter ante ipſe prodideram? Putas ad tantorum criminum ultionem momentaneum illius plagæ dolorem ſufficere? Imo tantis malis tantum debitum eſſe commodum? Quam plagam divinæ ſufficere juſtitiæ credis ad tantam contaminationem, ut diximus, ſacerrimi loci ſuæ matris? Certe niſi vehementer erro, non tam illa ſaluberrima plaga in ultionem horum converſa eſt, quam quæ hodie indeſinenter ſuſtineo.

Nôſti etiam quando te gravidam in meam tranſmiſi patriam, ſacro te habitu indutam, Monialem te finxiſſe, & tali ſimulatione tuæ, quam nunc habes, religioni

of a nun, and thus irreverently profaned the holy inſtitute, which you now profeſs. With what propriety then has the divine juſtice, rather the divine goodneſs, compelled you to embrace a ſtate, which you could wantonly ridicule, willing that, in the very habit of a nun, you ſhould expiate the crime committed againſt it. The truth of reality ſupplies itſelf a cure, and corrects your diſſimulation.

If we view the advantages alſo which this juſtice has produced, you will rather be diſpoſed to admire the kindneſs of heaven towards us. My deareſt Heloiſa, do conſider, from what perils we were drawn, even when we reſiſted moſt the calls of mercy. We were expoſed to the moſt dangerous tempeſts, and God delivered us. Ever repeat, and with a grateful mind, the wonders of his mercy. The worſt ſinners may take a leſſon from our example; for what may not ſuppliants expect, when they hear of the favours which were done to us?—Compare together the magnitude of our dangers, and the eaſe of our deliverance; our inveterate diſorders,

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religioni, irreverenter illuſiſſe. Unde etiam penſa quam convenienter ad hanc te religionem divina juſtitia, imo gratia traxerit nolentem, cui verita non es illudere, volens ut in ipſo luas habitu, quod in ipſum deliquiſti, & ſimulationis mendacio ipſa rei veritas remedium præſtet, & falſitatem emendet.

Quod ſi divinæ in nobis juſtitiæ noſtram velis utilitatem adjungere, non tam juſtitiam, quam gratiam Dei quod tunc egit in nobis poteris appellare. Attende, itaque, attende, chariſſima, quibus miſericordiæ ſuæ retibus à profundo hujus tam periculoſi maris nos Dominus piſcaverit, & à quantæ Charibdis voragine naufragos, licet invitos, extraxerit, ut merito uterque noſtrum in illam prorumpere poſſe videatur vocem: "Dominus ſollicitus eſt mei." Cogita & recogita, in quantis ipſi nos periculis conſtituti eramus, & à quantis nos eruerit Dominus: et narra ſemper cum ſumma gratiarum actione, quanta fecit Dominus animæ noſtræ: et quoſlibet iniquos de bonitate Domini deſperantes

diſorders, and the gentle remedy; our unworthy conduct, and the benevolence of heaven.—I will then proclaim what the Lord has done for me.

And

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rantes noſtro conſolare exemplo, ut advertant omnes quid ſupplicantibus atque petentibus fiat, cum tam peccatoribus & invitis tanta præſtentur beneficia. Perpende altiſſimum in nobis divinæ conſilium pietatis, & quam miſericorditer judicium ſuum Dominus in correptionem verterit, & quam prudenter malis quoque ipſis uſus ſit, & impietatem piè depoſuerit, ut unius partis corporis mei juſtiſſima plaga duabus mederetur animabus. Confer periculum & liberationis modum. Confer languorem & medicinam. Meritorum cauſas inſpice, & miſerationis affectus admirare.—Noſti quantis turpitudinibus immoderata mea libido corpora noſtra addixerat, ut nulla honneſtatis vel Dei reverentia in ipſis etiam diebus Dominicæ Paſſionis, vel quantarumcumque ſolennitatum ab hujus luti volutabro me revocaret. Sed & te nolentem, & prout poteras reluctantem & diſſuadentem, quæ natura infirmior eras, ſæpius minis ac flagellis ad conſenſum trahebam. Tanto enim tibi concupiſcentia ardore copulatus eram, ut miſeras illas & obſcœniſſimas voluptates, quas etiam nominare confundimur, tam Deo, quam mihi ipſi præponerem: nec tam aliter conſulere poſſe divina videretur clementia, niſi has mihi voluptates ſine ſpe ulla omnino interdiceret. —Unde juſtiſſime & clementiſſime; licet cum ſumma tui avunculi proditione, ut in multis creſcerem, parte illa corporis ſum minutus, in qua libidinis regnum erat, & tota hujus concupiſcentiæ cauſa conſiſtebat: ut juſte illud plecteretur membrum, quod in nobis commiſerat totum, & expiaret patiendo, quod deliquerat oblectando: & ab his me ſpurcitiis, quibus me totum quaſi luto immerſeram, tam mente quam corpore circumcideret: et tanto ſacris etiam altaribus idoniorem efficeret, quanto me nulla hinc amplius carnalium contagia pollutionum revocarent. Quam clementer etiam in eo tantum me pati voluit membro, cujus privatio & animæ ſaluti conſuleret, & corpus non deterparet, nec ullam officiorum miniſtrationem præpediret. Imo ad omnia, quæ honeſte geruntur, tanto me promptiorem efficeret, quanto ab hoc concupiſcentiæ jugo maximo amplius liberaret. Cum itaque membris his viliſſimis, quæ pro ſummæ turpitudinis exercitio pudenda vocantur, nec proprium ſuſtinent nomen, me divina gratia mundavit, potius quam privavit, quid aluid egit quam ad puritatem mundiciæ conſervandam ſordida removit & vitia?—Hanc quidem

And do you alſo be my inſeparable aſſociate in this grateful thankſgiving: you were my partner in guilt, and you ſhared the favour of heaven. Heaven has been particularly mindful of you; even, by the happy preſage of your name, it marked you for its own; for Heloiſa is derived from the ſacred name of Heloim.

In

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mundiciæ puritatem nonnullos ſapientium vehementiſſime appetentes inferre etiam ſibi manum audivimus, ut hoc à ſe penitus removerent concupiſcentiæ flagitium. Pro quo etiam ſtimulo carnis auferendo & Apoſtolus perhibetur Dominum rogaſſe, nec exauditum eſſe. In exemplo eſt ille magnus Chriſtianorum Philoſophus Origenes, qui, ut hoc in ſe penitus incendium extingueret, manus ſibi inferre veritus non eſt: ac ſi illos ad literam vere beatos intelligeret, qui ſeipſos propter regnum cœlorum caſtraverunt, & tales illud veraciter implere crederet, quod de membris ſcandalizantibus nobis præcipit Dominus, ut ea ſcilicet à nobis abſcindamus & projiciamus, & quaſi illam Iſaiæ Prophetiam ad hiſtoriam magis quam ad myſterium duceret, per quam cæteris fidelibus Eunuchos Dominus præfert, dicens; "Eunuchi ſi cuſtodierint ſabatha mea, "& elegerint quæ volui, dabo eis in domo mea & in muris meis locum, & no-"men melius à filiis & filiabus. Nomen ſempiternum dabo eis, quod non "peribit." Culpam tamen non modicam Origenes incurrit, dum per pœnam corporis remedium culpæ quærit.—Zelum quippe Dei habens, ſed non ſecundum ſcientiam, homicidii, incurrit reatum inferendo ſibi manum. Suggeſtione diabolica, vel errore maximo id ab ipſo conſtat eſſe factum, quod miſeratione Dei, in me eſt ab alio perpetratum. Culpam evito, non incurro. Mortem me reor, & vitam aſſequor. Vocor, & reluctor. Inſto criminibus, & ad veniam trahor invitus. Orat Apoſtolus, nec exauditur. Precibus inſtat, nec impetrat. Vere Dominus ſollicitus eſt mei. Vadam igitur & narrabo quanta fecit Dominus animæ meæ.

Accede & tu inſeparabilis comes in una gratiarum actione, quæ & culpæ particeps facta es & gratiæ. Nam & tuæ Dominus non immemor ſalutis, imo plurimum tui memor, qui etiam ſancto quodam nominis præſagio te præcipue ſuam fore præſignavit, cum te videlicet Heloïſſam ex proprio nomine ſuo, quod eſt Heloym, inſignivit.

Ipſe

In the admirable order of providence, by the very means the devil aimed to deſtroy us, was our ſalvation effected. We were then juſt united by the indiſſoluble bond of marriage. It was my wiſh never to be ſeparated from you; and, at that moment, God projected to draw us both to himſelf.—Had you been tied by no engagement, when I left the world, the perſuaſion of friends, or the love of pleaſure, might eaſily have detained you in it.—It ſeemed, by this care of heaven, as if we had been deſigned for ſome important purpoſe; as if it were unbecoming, that the literary talents, we both poſſeſſed, ſhould be employed in other buſineſs, than in celebrating the praiſes of our maker. Perhaps it was feared that the allurements of a woman might pervert my heart. It was the fate of Salomon.

How many are the bleſſings with which your labours are now daily crowned! Your ſpiritual children are numerous; while I, alas! can number none, and am here in vain, at St.

Ipſe, inquam, clementer diſpoſuit in uno duobus conſulere, quos diabolus in uno nitebatur extinguere. Paululum enim antequam hoc accideret, nos indiſſolubilis lex ſacramenti nuptialis invicem adſtrinxerat, cum cuperem te mihi ſupra modum dilectam in perpetuum retinere, imo cum ipſe jam tractaret ad ſe nos ambos hac occaſione convertere.—Si enim mihi antea matrimonio non eſſes copulata, facile in diſceſſu meo à ſæculo, vel ſuggeſtione parentum, vel carnalium oblectatione voluptatum, ſæculo inhæſiſſes. Vide ergo quantum ſollicitus noſtri fuerit Dominus, quaſi ad magnos aliquos nos reſervaret uſus, & quaſi indignaretur aut doleret, illa literalis ſcientiæ talenta, quæ utrique noſtrum commiſerat, ad ſui nominis honorem non diſpenſari: aut quaſi etiam de incontinentiſſimo ſervulo vereretur, quod ſcriptum eſt, "Quia mulieres fa-"ciunt etiam apoſtatare ſapientes." Sicut de ſapientiſſimo certum eſt Salomone.

Tuæ vero prudentiæ talentum quantas quotidie Domino referat uſuras, quæ multas domino jam ſpirituales filias peperiſti, me penitus ſterili permanente, &

St. Gildas, preaching to theſe ſons of perdition. And would not, think you, the loſs have been deplorable, if, immerſed in the ignoble pleaſures of the world, in lieu of the ſplendid offspring you now rear for heaven, you had been, with pain, the mother only of a few earthly children? Then would you have been a mere woman; and now you ſurpaſs us all, and now you change the curſe of Eve into the bleſſing of Mary. Thoſe hands which, in holy occupation, now turn over the ſacred volumes, had been unbecomingly engaged in the mean offices of domeſtic life!—From ſuch unſeemly occupations we have been graciouſly called, even by a holy violence, as was the great apoſtle. It has been meant, perhaps, for an example, from which other learned perſons may take warning, and not preſume on their own ſtrength.

Be not therefore afflicted, Heloiſa, nor repine at this paternal chaſtiſement. "God corrects whom he loves." Our ſufferings are momentary; they are to purify, and not deſtroy

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in filiis perditionis inaniter laborante. O quam deteſtabile damnum! quam lamentabile incommodum, ſi carnalium voluptatum ſordibus vacans paucos cum dolore pareres mundo, quæ nunc multiplicem prolem cum exultatione parturis cœlo! Nec eſſes plus quam fœmina, quæ nunc etiam viros tranſcendis, & quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertiſti Mariæ. O quam indecenter manus illæ ſacræ, quæ nunc etiam divina revolvunt volumina, curæ muliebris obſcœnitatibus deſervirent!—Ipſe nos à contagiis hujus cœni, à voluptatibus hujus luti dignatus eſt erigere & ad ſeipſum vi quadam attrahere, qua percuſſum voluit Paulum convertere, & hoc ipſo fortaſſis exemplo noſtro, alios quoque literarum peritos ab hac deterrere præſumptione.

Ne te id igitur, ſoror, obſecro moveat, nec patri paterne nos corrigenti ſis moleſta; ſed attende quod ſcriptum eſt: "Quos diligit Deus, hos corripit. "Caſtigat autem omnem filium quem recipit." Et alibi, "Qui parcit virgæ, "odit

deſtroy us. Liſten to the prophet, and be comforted. " God will not judge, nor will he twice puniſh the ſame " crime," ſays he. Attend to the important advice, which truth itſelf has given to us: " In patience you ſhall poſſeſs " your ſouls." So ſays Salomon: " The patient man is " better than the warrior, and he that is maſter of his own " mind than the conqueror of cities."

Are you not moved to compunction and to tears, when you behold the innocent ſon of God, ſuffering ſuch various torments for you and for us all? Him have ever before your eyes; carry him in your thoughts. View him going out to Calvary, and bearing the heavy weight of his croſs. Join the company of the people, and of the holy women, who lamented

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" odit filium." Pœna eſt hæc momentanea, non æterna; purgationis, non damnationis. Audi Prophetam, & comfortare: " Non judicabit Dominus " bis in id ipſum, & non conſurget duplex tribulatio." Attende ſummam illam & maximam Veritatis adhortationem: " In patientia veſtra poſſidebitis " animas veſtras." Unde & Salomon: " Melior eſt patiens viro forti, & qui " dominatur animo ſuo, expugnatore urbium."

Non te ad lachrymas, aut ad compunctionem movet unigenitus Dei innocens pro te & omnibus, ab impiiſſimis comprehenſus, diſtractus, flagellatus, & velata facie illuſus, & colaphizatus, ſputis conſperſus, ſpinis coronatus, & tandem in illo crucis tunc tam ignominioſo patibulo inter latrones ſuſpenſus, atque illo tunc horrendo, & execrabili genere mortis interfectus? Hunc ſemper, ſoror, verum tuum & totius Eccleſiæ Sponſum præ oculis habe, mente gere. Intuere hunc exeuntem ad crucifigendum pro te & bajulantem ſibi crucem. Eſto de populo & mulieribus, quæ plangebant & lamentabantur eum, ſicut Lucas his verbis narrat: " Sequebatur autem multa turba populi & mulierum, " quæ plangebant & lamentabantur eum." Ad quas quidem benigne converſus, clementer eis prædixit futurum in ultionem ſuæ mortis exitium, à quo quidem ſi ſaperent, cavere ſibi per hoc poſſent. " Filiæ, inquit, Hieruſalem, " nolite, flere ſuper me, ſed ſuper vos ipſas flete, & ſuper filios veſtros.

" Quoniam

lamented and wailed round him.—Learn to ſympathiſe with his ſufferings; be early at his monument, and ſtrew perfumes on his grave. But remember, they be ſpiritual odours; and with your tears bedew them.

When they who love their prince, ſee his firſt and only ſon expiring before them, how exceſſive is their lamentation! The royal family and the whole court are diſſolved in tears. But it is the young queen, the ſpouſe of the deceaſed, whoſe

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" Quoniam ecce venient dies in quibus dicent: Beatæ ſteriles, & ventres qui " non genuerunt, & ubera quæ non lactaverunt. Tunc incipient dicere mon- " tibus, Cadite ſuper nos; & collibus, Operite nos. Quia ſi in viridi ligno " hæc faciunt, in arido quid fiet?"—Patienti ſponte pro redemptione tua compatere, & ſuper crucifixo prote compungere.—Sepulchro ejus mente ſemper aſſiſte, & cum fidelibus fœminis lamentare & luge. De quibus, etiam ut jam ſupra memini ſcriptum eſt, " Mulieres ſedentes ad monumentum lamen- " tabanter flentes Dominum." Para cum illis ſepulturæ ejus unguenta, ſed meliora, ſpiritualia quidem, non corporalia: hæc enim requirit aromata, qui non ſuſcepit illa. Super his toto devotionis affectu compungere.—Ad quam quidem compaſſionis compunctionem ipſe etiam per Hieremiam fideles adhortatur dicens: " O vos omnes qui tranſitis per viam, attendite & videte, ſi eſt " dolor ſimilis ſicut dolor meus." Id eſt, ſi ſuper aliquo patiente ita eſt per compaſſionem dolendum, cum ego ſcilicet ſolus ſine culpa, quod alii deliquerint, luam. Ipſe autem eſt via, per quam fideles de exilio tranſeant ad patriam.—Qui etiam crucem, de qua ſic clamat, ad hoc, nobis erexit ſcalam. Hic pro te occiſus eſt unigenitus Dei, oblatus eſt, quia voluit. Super hoc uno compatiendo dole, dolendo compatere. Et quod per Zachariam Prophetam de animabus devotis prædictum eſt comple: " Plangent, inquit, planctum, qua- " ſi ſuper unigenitum, & dolebunt ſuper eum, ut doleri ſolet in morte pri- " mogeniti."

Vide, Soror, quantus ſit planctus his qui Regem diligunt ſuper morte primogeniti ejus & unigeniti. Intuere quo planctu familia, quo mœrore tota conſummatur Curia &, cum ad Sponſam unigeniti mortui perveneris, intolera-

biles

whoſe ſighs are moſt afflicting, and whoſe cries are loudeſt. —Theſe your grief muſt emulate. You are the conſort of the lamb. He purchaſed you for himſelf, and he redeemed you. His right to you then is indiſputable; and ſee, how dear you muſt be to him.—What could he, who needs no one, behold in you, that ſhould force him to undergo ſo much for your ſake? His love was diſintereſted; it ſought for nothing but yourſelf, and for you he was diſpoſed to die. This is the teſt of charity. He was your true friend, and not I, Heloiſa. My love, which involved us both in crimes, did not deſerve the name. The gratification of my paſſions was all I looked for. I ſuffered, you ſay, for you; and ſo it may be: but rather it was on your account only that I ſuffered, and that reluctantly. In that there was no love. Nor was it to do you good ſo much, as to add to your grief and to oppreſs you more. But he, your Saviour, voluntarily ſuffered for you; he ſuffered to heal your maladies, and to do away your pains. To him then, and not to

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biles ululatus ejus non ſuſtinebis.—Hic tuus, Soror, planctus, hic tuus ſit ululatus, quæ te huic Sponſo felici copulaſti matrimonio. Emit te iſte non ſuis, ſed ſeipſo. Proprio ſanguine emit te, & redemit. Quantum jus in te habeat vide, & quam precioſa ſis intuere.—Hoc quidem pretium ſuum Apoſtolus attendens, & in hoc pretio quanti ſit ipſe, pro quo ipſum datur, perpendens, & quam tantæ gratiæ vicem referat adnectens: " Abſit mihi, inquit, " gloriari niſi in cruce Domini noſtri Jeſu Chriſti, per quem mihi mundus " crucifixus eſt, & ego mundo." Major es cœlo, major es mundo; cujus pretium ipſe conditor mundi factus eſt. Quid in te, rogo, viderit, qui nullius eget, ut pro te acquirenda uſque ad agonias tam horrendæ atque ignominioſæ mortis certaverit? Quid in te, inquam, quærit niſi teipſam? Verus eſt amicus, qui te ipſam, non tua deſiderat. Verus eſt amicus, qui pro te moriturus dicebat. " Majorem hac dilectionem nemo habet, ut animam ſuam ponat " quis

to me, be directed all your tenderneſs, all your tears, and all your ſympathy. Grieve that ſo great cruelty was practiſed on innocence; and not that a juſt vengeance fell on me, when even this vengeance rather was a favour from heaven.

If equity offends you, you are unjuſt, Heloiſa: and if knowingly you reſiſt the will and the kindneſs of providence, your ſin is greater. Bewail your redeemer, not your ſeducer; him who died for you, not your ſervant who, freed from death, juſt now begins to live.

To the events, which have mercifully befallen us both, learn then to ſubmit with patience. It was the hand of a father which ſtruck, not to deſtroy, but to correct us. His ſevereſt

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" quis pro amicis ſuis." Amabat te ille veraciter, non ego. Amor meus, qui utrumque noſtrum peccatis involvebat, concupiſcentia. non amor dicendus eſt. Miſeras in te meas voluptates implebam, & hoc erat totum quod amabam. Pro te, inquis, paſſus ſum, & fortaſſis verum eſt: ſed magis per te, & hoc ipſum invitus. Non amore tui, ſed coactione mei. Nec ad tuam ſalutem ſed ad dolorem. Ille vero ſalubriter, ille pro te ſponte paſſus eſt, qui paſſione ſua omnem curat languorem, omnem removet paſſionem. In hoc, obſecro, non in me tua tota ſit devotio, tota compaſſio, tota compunctio. Dole in tam innocentem tantæ crudelitatis perpetratam iniquitatem: non juſtam in me æquitatis vindictam, imo gratiam, ut dictum eſt, in utroſque ſummam.

Iniqua enim es, ſi æquitatem non amas; et iniquiſſima, ſi voluntati, imo tantæ gratiæ Dei ſcienter es adverſa. Plange tuum reparatorem, non corruptorem; redemptorem, non ſcortatorem: pro te mortuum Dominum, non viventem ſervum, imo nunc primum de morte vere liberatum.—Cave obſecro ne, quod dixit Pompeius mœrenti Corneliæ, tibi improperetur turpiſſime.—Attende, precor, id, & erubeſce, niſi admiſſas turpitudines impudentiſſimas commendes.

Accipe itaque, Soror, accipe quæſo patienter, quæ nobis acciderunt miſericorditer. Virga hæc eſt patris, non gladius perſecutoris. Percutit pater ut corrigat,

ſevereſt blow gave life to my ſoul. He might juſtly have overwhelmed me, when to ſave me from eternal puniſhment, he inflicted momentary pain. You and I had both been guilty; and he was ſatisfied that one ſhould ſuffer.—It is true, you had deſerved leſs, for by nature you were more infirm, and your virtue was more conſtant. In equity did God weigh theſe circumſtances: and I thank him from my heart, that he laid no puniſhment on you, and yet reſerved for you the palm of victory. Me, indeed, he chaſtiſed, and ſtilled the tempeſt of my paſſions; but you he deſtined to nobler conteſts, and to the rewards of thoſe who conquer. This I know you do not hear with pleaſure, and you forbad me to repeat it: but it is not therefore leſs the language of truth. He who has an enemy to oppoſe, has ever victory to look to; for he only, ſays the apoſtle, ſhall be crowned who has contended ſtoutly.

For

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corrigat, ne feriat hoſtis, ut occidat. Vulnere mortem prævenit, non ingerit: immittit ferrum ut amputet morbum. Corpus vulnerat, & animam ſanat. Occidere debuerat, & vivificat. Immunditiam reſecat, ut mundum relinquat. Punit ſemel ne puniat ſemper. Patitur Unus ex vulnere, ut duobus parcatur à morte. Duo in culpa, unus in pœna.—Id quoque tuæ infirmitati naturæ divina indulgetur miſeratione, & quodam modo juſte. Quo enim naturaliter ſexu infirmior eras, & fortior continentia, pœnæ minus eras obnoxia. Refero Domino in hoc gratias, qui te tunc, & à pœna liberavit, & ad coronam reſervavit; & cum me una corporis mei paſſione ſemel ab omni æſtu hujus concupiſcentiæ, in qua una totus per immoderatam incontinentiam occupatus eram, refrigeravit ne corruam; multas adoleſcentiæ tuæ majores animi paſſiones ex aſſidua carnis ſuggeſtione, reſervavit ad martyrii coronam. Quod licet te audire tædeat, & dici prohibeas, Veritas tamen id loquitur manifeſta. Cui enim ſemper eſt pugna, ſupereſt & corona, quia non coronabitur niſi qui legitime certaverit.

For me remain no laurels; but it is ſome conſolation, that I have leſs to withſtand here, and that I may have eſcaped, perhaps, eternal puniſhment hereafter.—If I complain that my ſource of merit is diminiſhed; I am pleaſed that your's ſhould be augmented. We are one in Chriſt, and one by the bond of marriage. What you can call your own, to me may not be indifferent. I have ſaid, I am now your ſervant, whom once you called your maſter: but it is charity rather which unites me to you, than any fear that rules me. My confidence then in your patronage is great; your prayers will effect what mine cannot. At this time particularly when imminent dangers, and a thouſand cares diſtract my thoughts, and allow no time for prayer. Nor have I more leiſure to read the word of God, and to ponder its ſacred truths, in imitation of the Æthiopian eunuch, of whom we read

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Mihi vero nulla ſupereſt corona, quia nulla ſubeſt certaminis cauſa. Deeſt materia pugnæ, cui ablatus eſt ſtimulus concupiſcentiæ. Aliquid tamen eſſe æſtimo, ſi cum hinc nullam percipiam coronam, nonullam tamen evitem pœnam, & dolore unius momentaneæ pœnæ multis fortaſſis indulgeatur æternis. Scriptum eſt quippe de hujus miſerrimæ vitæ hominibus, imo jumentis: "Computruerunt jumenta in ſtercoribus ſuis."—Minus quoque meritum meum minui conqueror, dum tuum creſcere non diffido. Unum quippe ſumus in Chriſto, una per legem matrimonii caro. Quicquid eſt tuum, mihi non arbitror alienum. Tuus autem eſt Chriſtus, quia facta es ſponſa ejus. Et nunc, ut ſupra memini, me habes ſervum, quem olim agnoſcebas Dominum: magis tibi tamen amore nunc ſpirituali conjunctum, quam timore ſubjectum. Unde & de tuo nobis apud ipſum patrocinio amplius confidimus. Ut id obtineam ex tua quod non poſſum ex oratione propria. Et nunc maxime cum quotidiana periculorum, aut perturbationum inſtantia, nec vivere me, nec orationi ſinat vacare. Nec illum beatiſſimum imitari potentem Candacis Reginæ Æthiopum, qui erat ſuper omnes gazas ejus, & de tam longinquo venerat adorare in Hieruſalem.

read that an apoſtle was ſent by heaven to inſtruct him. He had the holy Scriptures in his hand, and he read as he journeyed homeward.

That no impediment may lie in the way of my requeſt, and that it may be delayed no longer, I have compoſed, and I here ſend you a prayer, which, with hands raiſed to heaven, you will daily repeat for us both.

The PRAYER.

" O GOD, who, in the beginning of all things, having " drawn woman from the ſide of man, didſt inſtitute the " great ſacrament of marriage, and by thy own birth, and " thy firſt miracle, didſt then raiſe it to higher honours, " of the grace of which ſacrament I once, in thy goodneſs, " was allowed to partake; reject not, oh reject not, the " prayers of thy humble handmaid, which, here proſtrate " in

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ſalem. Ad quem revertentem miſſus eſt ab angelo Philippus Apoſtolus, ut eum converteret ad fidem: quod jam ille meruerat per orationem; vel ſacræ lectionis aſſiduitatem. A qua quidem ut nec in via tunc vacaret, licet ditiſſimus & gentilis, magno divinæ diſpenſationis actum eſt beneficio, ut locus ei Scripturæ occureret, qui opportuniſſimam converſionis ejus occaſionem Apoſtolo præberet.

Ne quid vero hanc petitionem noſtram impediat, vel impleri differat, orationem quoque ipſam, quam pro nobis domino ſupplices dicatis, componere, & mittere tibi maturavi.

ORATIO.

" DÆUS, qui ab ipſo humanæ creationis exordio, fæmina de coſta viri " formata, nuptialis copulæ ſacramentum maximum ſanxiſti, quique immen- " ſis honoribus, vel de deſponſata naſcendo, vel miracula inchoando, nuptias " ſublimaſti, meæque etiam fragilitatis incontinentiæ utcumque tibi placuit, " olim hoc remedium indulſiſti: Ne deſpicias ancillulæ tuæ preces, quas

" in the preſence of thy majeſty, I pour out for my own
" ſins, and for the ſins of my dear Abeillard. Pardon,
" thou kindeſt being, thou, who art goodneſs itſelf, par-
" don our manifold crimes: may our numberleſs faults
" experience the greatneſs of thy mercies! I beſeech thee,
" now puniſh us, for we are guilty, and ſpare us hereafter.
" Uſe againſt thy ſervants the rod of correction, but not
" the ſword of thy wrath. Chaſtiſe our bodies, but ſhew
" pity to our ſouls. Purify them, but not in thy anger. Be
" merciful, rather than be juſt. As a father correcteth his
" children, ſo do thou chaſten us, and not as an auſtere
" maſter.—Try us, O Lord, as the prophet requeſts, and
" meaſure our ſtrength; then lay thy burdens on us. By
" the bleſſed Paul thou haſt promiſed, that man ſhall not be
" tempted beyond his ſtrength.—When it pleaſed thee, and
" as it pleaſed thee, ſo didſt thou join us, O Lord, and ſo
" didſt thou put us aſunder. The work thou didſt begin
" in mercy, do thou in mercy perfect. Whom thou didſt
" once

" pro meis ipſis charique mei exceſſibus in conſpectu majeſtatis tuæ ſupplex
" effundo. Ignoſce, ô Benigniſſime, imo Benignitas ipſa; ignoſce & tantis
" criminibus noſtris: & ineffabilis miſericordiæ tuæ multitudinem culparum
" noſtrarum immenſitas experiatur. Puni obſecro in præſenti reos, ut parcas
" in futuro. Puni ad horam, ne punias in æternum. Accipe in ſervos virgam
" correctionis, non gladium furoris. Afflige carnem, ut conſerves animas.
" Adſis purgator, non ultor; benignus magis quam juſtus: Pater miſericors,
" non auſterus Dominus.—Proba nos Domine & tenta, ſicut de ſemetipſo
" rogat Propheta. Ac ſi aperte diceret: Prius vires inſpice, ac ſecundum eas,
" tentationum onera moderare. Quod & Beatus Paulus fidelibus tuis promit-
" tens ait: Potens eſt enim Deus, qui non patietur vos tentari ſupra id quod
" poteſtis, ſed faciet cum tentatione etiam proventum ut poſſitis ſuſtinere.—
" Conjunxiſti nos Domine, & diviſiſti quando placuit tibi, & quo modo placuit.
" Nunc

" once ſeparate here, unite for ever to thyſelf in heaven.
" Thou art our hope, our portion, our expectation, our
" comfort. O Lord, bleſſed by thy name for ever !"
Farewell in Chriſt, and live to him !—Amen.

LETTER V.

HELOISA TO ABEILLARD.

THAT you may not have cauſe to charge me with diſobedience, as you ordered, ſo have I checked the language of immoderate grief. When I write to you, my expreſſions ſhall be more temperate : but on other occaſions, I cannot promiſe to refrain my tongue.—Nothing is leſs in our power than our own minds ; and we are oftener forced to obey, than we can command, their operations. The ſudden impulſe of ſtrong affections cannot be at once repreſſed ; their effects are viſible, and they more eaſily announce

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" Nunc quod, Domine, miſericorditer cæpiſti, miſericordiſſime comple. Et
" quos à ſe ſemel diviſiſti in mundo, perenniter tibi conjugas in cœlo. Spes
" noſtra, pars noſtra, expectatio noſtra, conſolatio noſtra, Domine qui es bene-
" dictus in ſæcula. Amen."
Valę in Chriſto, Sponſa Chriſti, in Chriſto vale, & Chriſto vive. Amen.

EPISTOLA III.

HELOISSÆ.

Domino ſpecialiter, ſua ſingulariter.

NE me forte in aliquo de inobedientia cauſari queas, verbis etiam immoderati doloris tuæ frenum impoſitum eſt juſſionis, ut ab his mihi ſaltem in ſcribendo temperem, à quibus in ſermone non tam difficile, quam impoſſibile eſt providere.—Nihil enim minus in noſtra eſt poteſtate quam animus, eique magis obedire cogimur, quam imperare poſſimus. Unde et cum nos ejus affec-

tiones

announce themſelves in words, which are their readieſt vehicle. " From the abundance of the heart the mouth " ſpeakèth." But I will keep my pen in ſubjection, even when my tongue ſhall be ungovernable. It would be well, indeed, if my mind were as ſubſervient!

To reſtore me to ſerenity is not, I fear, in your power; but you can moderate my ſorrow. One thought is baniſhed by another. The chain of gloomy meditation is broken, when new objects engage the attention; and the more honourable, or expedient, or intereſting theſe may appear, the more intenſe will be their impreſſion, and the more will the mind turn aſide from trouble.

We requeſt then that you will enter on the diſcuſſion of two points, the knowledge of which will be very uſeful to us. Tell us the origin of the female monaſtic inſtitute; and then give us a rule, adapted to our ſex, and which may compriſe all the duties of our ſtate. For want of this, men and

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tiones ſtimulant nemo earum ſubitos impulſus ita repulerit, ut non in effecta facile prorumpant, & ſe per verba facilius effluant, quæ promptiores animi paſſionum ſunt notæ. Secundum quod ſcriptum eſt, " Ex abundantia cordis " os loquitur." Revocabo itaque manum à ſcripto, in quibus linguam à verbis temperare non valeo. Utinam ſic animus dolentis parere promptus ſit, quemadmodum dextra ſcribentis.

Aliquod tamen dolori remedium vales conferre, ſi non hunc omnino poſſis auferre. Ut enim inſertum clavum alius expellit, ſic cogitatio nova priorem excludit. Cum alias intentus animus priorum memoriam dimittere cogitur aut intermittere. Tanto vero amplius cogitatio quælibet animum occupat, & ab aliis deducit; quanto quod cogitatur honeſtius æſtimatur, & quo intendimus animum magis videtur neceſſarium.

Omnes itaque nos Chriſti ancillæ, & in Chriſto filiæ tuæ, duo nunc à tua paternitate ſupplices poſtulamus, quæ nobis admodum neceſſaria providemus. Quorum quidem

and women are now ſubject to the ſame rule; the ſame burden is laid on all. This is the rule of St. Bennet, practiſed through the Weſtern church. View only its ſeveral injunctions, as to the dreſs, for inſtance of the religious, and the diſtinct duties of the abbot; and tell me how any part of them can be applied to nuns, or to their ſuperior? Are we to ſhew no hoſpitality to the other ſex; or when they come, muſt the abbeſs, as the general rule requires, give them entertainment at her table? Great is the danger in this promiſcuous ſociety, and particularly at meals where exceſs is often committed, and wine begins to looſen the paſſions of the ſoul.

Of

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quidem alterum eſt, ut nos inſtruere velis unde Sanctimonialium Ordo cœperit, & quæ noſtræ ſit profeſſionis authoritas. Alterum vero eſt, ut aliquam nobis Regulam inſtituas, & ſcriptam dirigas, quæ fæminarum ſit propria, & ex integro noſtræ converſationis ſtatum habitumque deſcribat: quod nondum à Patribus ſanctis actum eſſe conſpeximus. Cujus quidem rei defectu & indigentia nunc agitur, ut ad ejuſdem Regulæ profeſſionem, tam mares quam fæminæ in Monaſteriis ſuſcipiantur, & idem inſtitutionis Monaſticæ jugum imponitur infirmo ſexui, æque ut forti. Unam quippe nunc Regulam Beati Benedicti apud Latinos fæminæ profitentur, æque ut viri. Quam ſicut viris ſolummodo conſtat ſcriptam eſſe, ita & ab ipſis tantum impleri poſſe tam ſubjectis, pariter quam prælatis. Ut enim cætera nunc omittam Regulæ capitula, quid ad fæminas, quod de cucullis, femoralibus, & ſcapularibus ibi ſcriptum eſt? Quid denique ad ipſas de tunicis aut de laneis ad carnem indumentis; cum earum humoris ſuperflui menſtruæ purgationes hæc omnino refugiant? Quid ad ipſas etiam, quod de Abbate ſtatuitur, ut ipſe lectionem dicat Evangelicam, & poſt ipſam Hymnum incipiat? Quid de menſa Abbatis ſeorſim cum peregrinis & hoſpitibus conſtituenda: Nunquid noſtræ convenit religioni, Ut vel nunquam hoſpitium viris præbeat, aut cum his, quos ſuſceperit viris, Abbatiſſa comedat? O quam facilis ad ruinam animarum virorum ac mulierum in unum cohabitatio! Maxime vero in menſa, ubi crapula dominatur & ebrietas, & vinum in dulcedine bibitur, in quo eſt luxuria.

Quod

Of this the holy Jerom was ſenſible. Writing to a Roman lady and her daughter, he ſays; " In banquets innocence " is not eaſily preſerved."—And Ovid, that maſter of foul obſcenity, has been careful to point out the many occaſions which the table ſupplies for criminal indulgence. He ſays;

Vinaque cum bibulas ſparſere Cupidinis alas,
Permanet, et capto ſtat gravis ille loco:
Tum veniunt riſus; tum pauper cornua ſumit;
Tum dolor et curæ, rugaque frontis abit.
Illic ſæpe animos juvenum rapuere puellæ:
Et Venus in venis, ignis in igne furit.

De Art. Am. l. 1.

And if women only be admitted to our table, will there then, think you, be no danger? Truly, if the buſineſs of ſeduction is to be carried on, I know nothing ſo efficacious as female art. To our own ſex it is that we chuſe to reveal the corrupt maxims of our hearts. The ſame experienced Jerom

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Quod & Beatus præcavens Hieronymus, ad matrem & filiam ſcribens, meminit dicens: " Difficile inter epulas ſervatur pudicitia." Ipſe quoque Poëta, luxuriæ turpitudiniſque doctor, Libro Amatoriæ artis intitulato, quantam fornicationis occaſionem convivia maxime præbeant, ſtudioſe exequitur dicens:

Vinaque cum bibulas ſparſere Cupidinis alas,
Permanet, & capto ſtat gravis ille loco,
Tum veniunt riſus: tum pauper cornua ſumit:
Tum dolor & curæ; rugaque frontis abit.
Illic ſæpe animos juvenum rapuere puellæ:
Et Venus in venis, ignis in igne furit.

Nunquid & ſi fæminas ſolas hoſpitio ſuſceptas ad menſam admiſerint, nullum ibi latet periculum? Certe in ſeducenda muliere nullum eſt æque facile ut lenocinium muliebre. Nec corruptæ mentis turpitudinem ita prompte cuiquam mulier

Jerom always adviſed his fair pupils to avoid with caution the ſociety of women of the world.—In a word, if we only admit women, we ſhall irritate the men, of whoſe aſſiſtance our convents particularly ſtand in need. Is it juſt, beſides, that no return ſhould be made to thoſe who are our greateſt benefactors?

Seeing then that the whole compaſs of our rule cannot be complied with, have we not reaſon to fear the cenſure of St. James, that, "He who violates the law in one article, "tranſgreſſes againſt the whole?" I find no exception in the rule of greater or leſs obligations.

But

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mulier committit ſicut mulieri. Unde & prædictus Hieronimus maxime ſæcularium acceſſus fœminarum vitare propoſiti ſancti fœminas adhortatur.—Denique ſi viris ab hoſpitalitate noſtra excluſis, ſolas admittamus fœminas, quis non videat quanta exaſperatione viros offendamus, quorum beneficiis Monaſteria ſexus infirmi egent, maxime ſi eis à quibus plus accipiunt, minus aut omnino, nihil largiri videantur?

Quod ſi prædictæ Regulæ tenor à nobis impleri non poteſt, vereor ne illud Apoſtoli Jacobi in noſtram quoque damnationem dictum ſit: "Quicunque "totam legem obſervaverit, offendat autem in uno, factus eſt omnium reus." Quod eſt dicere: De hoc ipſo reus ſtatuitur qui peragit multa, quod non implet omnia. Et tranſgreſſor legis efficitur ex uno, cujus impletor non fuerit, niſi conſummatis omnibus ejus præceptis. Quod ipſe ſtatim diligenter exponens Apſtolus adjecit: "Qui enim dixit Non mœchaberis, dixit &, Non occi-"des. Quod ſi non mœchaberis, occidas autem, factus et tranſgreſſor legis." Ac ſi aperte dicat: Ideo quilibet reus ſit de tranſgreſſione uniuſcuſlibet præcepti, quia ipſe Dominus, qui præcipit unum, præcipit & aliud. Et quodcunque legis violetur præceptum, ipſe contemnitur, qui legem non in uno, ſed in omnibus pariter mandatis conſtituit.

But paſſing over thoſe particulars, with which we cannot comply, or not without danger: who ever beheld a convent of nuns employed in the harveſt, or in the general buſineſs of farming? Can it be expected that a whole year ſhould be ſpent in our noviciates; or that three expoſitions of the rule may ſuffice? What, in ſhort, can be more fooliſh than to enter on a road, dark and hitherto unexplored? Need I mention the preſumption there is, in chooſing and daring to profeſs a life, of which we know nothing, and in making vows which evidently cannot be fulfilled? Prudence is the mother of all virtues, and reaſon muſt guide our beſt actions. Indeed, where they are wanting, what practice can be called good or virtuous? Even virtues which run into exceſs, may more properly, as Jerom obſerves, be entered on the liſt of vices. And can there be a more abſurd attempt than to impoſe burdens, before the ſhoulders have been tried which are to bear them? Human exertions cannot

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Ut autem præteriam illa regulæ inſtituta, quæ penitus obſervare non poſſumus, aut ſine periculo non valemus: Ubi unquam ad colligendas meſſes Conventus Monialium exire, vel labores agrorum habere conſuevit? Aut ſuſcipiendarum fæminarum conſtantiam uno anno probaverit, eaſque tertio perlecta regula, ſicut in ipſa jubetur, inſtruxerit? Quid rurſum ſtultius quam viam ignotam, nec adhuc demonſtratam aggredi? Quid præſumptuoſius quam eligere ac profiteri vitam, quam neſcias, aut votum facere, quod implere non queas? Sed & cum omnium virtutum diſcretio ſit mater, & omnium bonorum mediatrix ſit ratio; quis aut virtutem aut bonum cenſeat, quod ab iſtis diſſentire videatur! Ipſas quippe virtutes excedentes modum atque menſuram, ſicut Hieronymus aſſerit, inter vitia reputari convenit. Quis autem ab omni ratione ac diſcretione ſejunctum non videat, ſi ad imponenda onera eorum quibus imponuntur, valitudines prius non diſcutiantur, ut naturæ conſtitutionem humana ſequatur induſtria? Quis aſinum ſarcina tanta, qua dignum

not exceed the ſtrength of nature. Who would take the ponderous load from an elephant, and lay it on the back of an aſs? Can children or old men do the work of vigorous age? All muſt be in juſt proportion. Expect not then from us the exertions of manhood, or atchievements which may become the ſtrength of your arms. The holy Gregory's admonitions are appoſite to theſe maxims.

As in framing the monkiſh rules no mention is made of women, and even ſtatutes are introduced wholly unadapted to their characters, it is plain that they were not meant for us. Nature muſt not be forced. Of this, Bennet our holy father, in whoſe breaſt every virtue was ſeen to dwell, was ſo ſenſible, that he would adapt his rule, as far as might be, to the conſtitutions of men, and the variation of ſeaſons. Let all things, ſays he, be done in meaſure. He begins by the

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dignum judicat elephantem? Quis tanta pueris aut ſenibus, quanta viris injungat? Tanta debilibus ſcilicet quanta fortibus, tanta infirmis, quanta ſanis, tanta fœminis, quanta maribus? Infirmiori videlicet ſexui, quanta & forti? Quod diligenter Beatus Papa Gregorius attendens, Paſtoralis ſui cap. xiv. tam de admonendis, quam de præcipiendis ita diſtinxit: "Aliter igitur "admonendi ſunt viri, atque aliter fæminæ: quia illis gravia, iſtis vero ſunt "injungenda leviora: & alios magna exerceant, iſtas vero levia demulcendo "convertant."

Certe & qui Monachorum Regulas ſcripſerunt, nec ſolum de fœminis omnino tacuerunt, verum etiam illa ſtatuerunt, quæ eis nullatenus convenire ſciebant: ſatis commode innuerunt nequaquam eodem jugo Regulæ tauri & juvencæ premendam eſſe cervicem, quia quos diſpares natura creavit, æquari labore non convenit. Hujus autem diſcretionis Beatus non immemor Benedictus, tanquam omnium juſtorum ſpiritu plenus, pro qualitate hominum aut temporum, cuncta ſic moderatur in Regula, ut omnia, ſicut ipſemet uno concludit

the abbot, and ordains that in governing his monks, he pay due attention to their reſpective diſpoſitions and talents; that he always bear his own infirmities before his eyes: and that he be careful not to cruſh the tender reed. "If I force "my flock, ſaid Jacob, to advance too far, they will all die "in one day." Prudence then muſt be uſed, that the ſtout be ſeaſonably employed, and the weak be not diſheartened.

Agreeably to theſe wiſe maxims, Bennet ſhews indulgence to the young, to the old, and to thoſe of delicate habits. He conſiders the particular duties which the rule may impoſe; and he wiſhes to proportion the quality and quantity of food to the conſtitutions of his ſubjects.—Even the times of faſting he has ſo regulated, that they ſhall not fall at improper ſeaſons, or on thoſe who have much work to do.

How

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loco, menſurate fiant. Primo itaque ab ipſo incipiens Abbate; præcipit eum ita ſubjectis præſidere, ut ſecundum unius, inquit, cujuſque qualitatem vel intelligentiam ita ſe omnibus conformet & aptet, ut non ſolum detrimenta gregis ſibi commiſſi non patiatur, verum in augmentatione boni gregis gaudeat, ſuamque fragilitatem ſemper ſuſpectus ſit, memineritque calamum quaſſatum non conterendum. Diſcernat & tempora, cogitans diſcretionem ſancti Jacob dicentis: "Si greges meos plus in ambulando fecero laborare, morientur cunc-"ti una die." Hæc ergo aliaque teſtimonia diſcretionis matris virtutum ſumens, ſic omnino temperet, ut & fortes ſit quod cupiant, & infirmi non refugiant.

Ad hanc quidem diſpenſationis moderationem indulgentia pertinet puerorum, ſenum, & omnino debilium, Lectoris, ſeu Septimanariorum, coquinæ ante alios refectio, & in ipſo etiam Conventu de ipſa cibi vel potus qualitate, ſeu quantitate, pro diverſitate hominum providentia. De quibus quidem ſingulis ibi diligenter ſcriptum eſt.—Ipſa quoque ſtatuta jejunii tempora pro qualitate temporis, vel quantitate laboris ita relaxat, prout naturæ poſtulat infirmitas.

Quid

How then, think you, would this wiſe man have acted, had he undertaken alſo to give laws to women? He that in his own ſex could conſider the many incidents of human weakneſs, would have well known how to meaſure ours. Do you, Abeillard, take a leſſon from his example, and fancy not that one rule will apply likewiſe to us, or that we can bear your burthens.—For us, I think, it will be enough, if in our virtues we ſhall be able to rival the biſhops of God's church, and her clergy. Nor truly would it be contemptible to come up to the perfection of the good laity. What in you men of ſtout virtue hardly deſerves notice, in us may be called admirable.

The learned Chryſoſtom knew how to value the virtue of the lay chriſtian. He adviſes all to follow the leſſon of the Apoſtle,

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Quid obſecro? ubi iſte, qui ſic ad hominum & temporum qualitatem omnia moderatur, ut ab omnibus ſine murmuratione proferri queant, quæ inſtituuntur: Quid, inquam, de fæminis provideret, ſi eis quoque pariter ut viris Regulam inſtitueret? Si enim in quibuſdam Regulæ rigorem pueris, ſenibus, & debilibus pro ipſa naturæ debilitate vel infirmitate temperare cogitur: quid de fragili ſexu provideret, cujus maxime debilis & infirma natura cognoſcitur? Perpende itaque quam longe abſiſtat ab omni rationis diſcretione, ejuſdem Regulæ profeſſione tam fœminas, quam viros obligari, eademque ſarcina tam debiles, quam fortes onerari.—Satis eſſe noſtræ arbitror infirmitati, ſi nos ipſis Eccleſiæ Rectoribus, & qui in ſacris Ordinibus conſtituti ſunt, Clericis, tam continentiæ, quam abſtinentiæ virtus æquaverit. Maxime cum Veritas dicat. "Perfectus omnis erit, ſi ſit ſicut magiſter ejus." Quibus etiam pro magno reputandum eſſet, ſi religioſos laïcos æquiparare poſſemus. Quæ namq; in fortibus parva cenſemus, in debilibus admiramur. Et juxta illud Apoſtoli. "Virtus in infirmitate perficitur."

Ne vero Laicorum religio pro parvo ducatur, qualis fuit Abrahæ, David, Job, licet conjugatorum, Chryſoſtomus in Epiſtola ad Hebræos, ſermone 7.

nobis

Apoſtle, to *watch* and *pray*, and to *mortify* the fleſh.—This advice was not given to monks only. Indeed, what are the indulgences to which the laity may pretend? They may marry: beſides that, we have all the ſame obligations. Our divine maſter made no diſtinction. Hard truly would be the condition of mankind, if the ſame rewards were not promiſed to all; or if matrimouy were ſuppoſed to be a bar to virtue here, and to happineſs hereafter.

If to the goſpel precepts then *we* ſuperadd the virtue of continence, we ſhall have done our duty. Would to God, we were only able, by our beſt exertions, to fulfill thoſe precepts; that we did not aſpire to be more than chriſtians! —If I am not miſtaken, it was from an idea that new laws were ill-adapted to our natures, and that we could not bear the

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nobis occurrit, dicens: " Sunt multa in quibus poterit laborare, ut beſtiam " illam incantet. Quæ ſunt iſta? labores, lectiones, vigiliæ. Sed quid ad " nos hæc, inquit, qui non ſumus Monachi? Hæc mihi dicis? Dic Paulo, " cum dicit: Vigilantes in omni patientia & oratione: cum dicit, Carnis cu- " ram me feceritis in concupiſcentiis."—Non enim hæc Monachis ſcribebat tantum, ſed omnibus qui erant in civitatibus. Non enim ſæcularis homo debet aliquid amplius habere Monacho, quam cum uxore concumbere tantum. Hic enim habet veniam, in aliis autem nequaquam: ſed omnia æqualiter ſicut Monachi agere debet. Nam & beatitudines, quæ à Chriſto dicuntur, non Monachis tantum dictæ ſunt. Alioquin univerſus mundus peribit, & in anguſtum incluſit ea, quæ virtutis ſunt. Et quomodo honorabiles ſunt nuptiæ, quæ nobis tantum impediunt?

Ex quibus quidem verbis aperte colligitur, quod quiſquis Evangelicis præceptis continentiæ virtutem addiderit, Monaſticam perfectionem implebit. Atque utinam ad hoc noſtra Religio conſcendere poſſet, ut Evangelium impleret, non tranſcenderet: ne pluſquam Chriſtianæ appeteremus eſſe.—Hinc profecto, ni fallor, ſancti decreverunt Patres, non ita nobis, ſicut viris generalem

the impoſition of extraordinary vows, that the holy fathers would not enact any particular ſtatutes for our ſex. They adhered to the maxims of the apoſtle, that " where there " is no law, there is leſs prevarication."

Conſcious of our weakneſs, the ſame Paul, though the profeſſed admirer of continence, urges young widows to marry, to become the mothers of children, and the miſtreſſes of families. The bleſſed Jerom approved the advice: " It would be better, ſays he, to marry, and to walk the " beaten road, than to aim at great things, and fall head- " long into ruin."—St. Auſtin was an enemy to raſh engagements: " She that is free, he ſays, let her ſeriouſly re- " flect; and to her that is bound I recommend perſeve- " rance."—The ancient canons of diſcipline forbad women to tie themſelves by vows before the age of forty, and even that

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ralem aliquam Regulam, quaſi novam legem præfigere, nec magnitudine votorum noſtram infirmitatem onerare, attendentes illud Apoſtoli: " Lex enim " iram operatur. Ubi enim non eſt lex, nec prævaricatio." Et iterum: " Lex " autem ſubintravit; ut abundaret delictum."

Idem quoque maximus continentiæ prædicator de infirmitate noſtra plurimum confidens, & quaſi ad ſecundas nuptias urgens juniores viduas: " Volo, in- " quit, juniores nubere, filios procreare, matres familias eſſe, nullam occaſi- " onem dare adverſario." Quod & Beatus Hieronymus ſaluberrimum eſſe conſiderans, Euſtochio de improviſis fæminarum votis conſulit, his verbis. " Si au- " tem & illæ, quæ virgines ſunt, ob alias tamen culpas non ſolvantur: quid " fiet illis, quæ proſtituerunt membra Chriſti, & mutaverunt templum Spiritus " ſancti in lupanar? Rectius fuerat homini ſubiiſſe conjugium, ambulaſſe per " plana, quam altiora intendentem in profundum inferni cadere."—Quarum etiam temerariæ profeſſioni ſanctus Auguſtinus conſulens, in libro de Continentia Viduali ad Julianum ſcribit his verbis: " Quæ non cœpit deliberet, " quæ aggreſſa eſt perſeveret. Nulla adverſario detur occaſio, nulla Chriſto " ſubtrahatur

that after a rigorous trial; whereas you may enter into holy orders at the age of twenty. The reaſon of this diſtinction is obvious.

There is now, I underſtand, an order of religious men, who are called the canons of St. Auſtin. Theſe do not eſteem themſelves inferior to the monks; yet they wear linen, and eat fleſh-meat. Suppoſe we were to copy their example?—As to food; conſult but the book of nature, and it will tell you that, in that line, we ſhould have few reſtraints. Sobriety in our ſex is a virtue of conſtitution. The expence of our table is ſmall, and a ſlender diet ſuffices. I have alſo learned from philoſophy that we are not ſo eaſily intoxicated.—Macrobius obſerves from Ariſtotle: "Women, ſays he, are ſeldom intoxicated; old men often. "A woman's body is particularly moiſt. The ſmoothneſs "and brightneſs of the ſkin ſhew it. The wine which they "drink

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"ſubtrahatur oblatio." Hinc etiam Canones noſtræ infirmitati conſulentes decreverunt, Diaconiſſa ante quadraginta annos ordinari non debere, & hoc cum diligenti probatione; cum à viginti annis, liceat Diaconos promoveri.

Sunt in Monaſteriis, qui Regulares dicuntur Canonici Beati Auguſtini, quandam, ut aiunt, regulam profitentes, qui ſe inferiores Monachis nullatenus arbitrantur: licet eos & veſci carnibus & lineis uti videamus. Quorum quidem virtutem ſi noſtra exæquare infirmitas poſſet, nunquid pro minimo habendum eſſet?—Ut autem de omnibus cibis tutiùs ac leniùs indulgeatur, ipſe quoque natura providit, quæ majore ſcilicet ſobrietatis virtute ſexum noſtrum præmunivit. Conſtat quippè multo parciore ſumptu, & alimonio minore, fæminas quam viros ſuſtentari poſſe, nec eas tam leviter inebriari Phyſica proteſtatur.—Unde & Macrobius Theodoſius Saturnaliorum Libro VII. meminit his verbis: "Ariſtoteles, mulieres, inquit, raro inebriantur, crebro ſenes. "Mulier humectiſſimo eſt corpore. Docet hoc & levitas cutis & ſplendor. "Docent præcipue aſſiduæ purgationes ſuperfluo exonerantes corpus humore.

"Cum

" drink falling upon a large body of humours, loſes its " efficacy; it is weakened, and has not ſtrength to riſe up " to the brain." In another place: " The body of a " woman is made like a ſieve: it is full of pores, for the " buſineſs of copious perſpiration. By the ſame apertures " all liquor ſoon eſcapes. On the contrary, old men are " dry, which the roughneſs of their ſkin demonſtrates."

Be perſuaded, Abeillard, from theſe conſiderations, that we may be indulged in the free uſe of meat and drink. There is no danger of exceſs. If we live continently, renounce our property, and ſerve the Lord, enough will be done, and we ſhall deſerve praiſe for it. In other things, let us imitate the clergy, or the devout laity, or, if you will, the canons I have mentioned, who profeſs to follow the

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" Cum ergo epotum vinum in tam largum ceciderit humorem, vim ſuam per- " dit, nec facile cerebri ſedem ferit, fortitudine ejus extincta." Item: " Muliebre corpus crebris purgationibus deputatum, pluribus concertum fora- " minibus ut pateat in meatus, & vias præbeat humori in egeſtionis exitum " confluenti. Per hæc foramina vapor vini celeriter evaneſcit. Contra, ſe- " nibus ſiccum eſt corpus, quod probat aſperitas & ſquallor cutis."

Ex his itaque perpende, quantò tutiùs ac juſtiùs naturæ & infirmitati noſtræ cibus quiſlibet & potus indulgeri poſſit, quarum videlicet corda crapula & ebrietate gravari facilè non poſſunt: cùm ab illa nos cibi parcitas, ab iſta, fæminei corporis qualitas, ut dictum eſt, protegat. Satis noſtræ eſſe infirmitati, & maximum imputari debet, ſi continenter ac ſine proprietate viventes, & officiis ocupatæ Divinis, ipſos Eccleſiæ duces vel religioſos laïcos in victu adæquemus, vel eos denique qui Regulares Canonici dicuntur, & ſe præcipuè vitam Apoſtolicam ſequi profitentur.—Magnæ poſtremò providentiæ eſt, his qui Deo ſe per votum obligant, ut minus voveant, & plus exequantur, ut aliquid ſemper debitis gratia ſuperaddat. Hinc enim per ſemetipſam Veritas ait: " Cum " feceritis omnia quæ præcepta ſunt, dicite: Servi inutiles ſumus, quæ de- " buimus faceri, fecimus." Ac ſi aperte diceret: Ideo inutiles, & quaſi pro

the maxims of the apoſtolic age.—It is prudent in thoſe, who conſecrate themſeves to God, to vow little, that they may have it in their power freely to do more.

If many, at this day, who raſhly engage in a monaſtic life, would attend to this; if they would duly weigh the important obligations of the ſtate, and ſee what their rule requires, they would tranſgreſs leſs through ignorance, and leſs through neglect. But crouding indiſcreetly into the cloiſters, they there live as they entered; they deſpiſe a rule which they embraced heedleſsly, and in its ſtead follow light and abuſive cuſtoms. It will become us to take care not preſumptuouſly to engage in difficulties, under which we ſee ſo many of you ſink. The world is grown old, and with it the human race has loſt its priſtine vigour. At leaſt the charity of all is fallen from its fervour. Laws then, which

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nihilo, ac ſine meritis reputandi, quia debitis tantum exolvendis contenti, nihil ex gratia ſuperaddidimus.—De quibus quidem gratiis ſuperaddendis ipſe quoque Dominus alibi parabolice loquens ait: "Sed, & ſi quid ſupererogaveris, "ego, cum rediero, reddam tibi."

Quod quidem hoc tempore multi Monaſticæ Religionis temerarii profeſſores, ſi diligentius attenderent, & in quam profeſſionem jurarent, animadverterent, atque ipſum Regulæ tenorem ſtudioſè perſcrutarentur: Minus per ignorantiam offenderent, & per negligentiam peccarent. Nunc vero indiſcrete omnes fere pariter ad Monaſticam converſationem currentes, inordinate ſuſcepti inordinatius vivunt, & eadem facilitate, qua ignotam Regulam profitentur, eam contemnentes, conſuetudines quas volunt, prolege ſtatuunt. Providendum itaque nobis eſt, ne id oneris fæminæ præſumamus, in quo viros ferè jam univerſos ſuccumbere videamus, imo & deficere. Senuiſſe jam mundum conſpicimus, homineſque ipſos cum cæteris, quæ mundi ſunt, priſtinum naturæ vigorem amiſiſſe, & juxta illud Veritatis, ipſam charitatem non tam multorum, quàm

which were made for man, muſt conform to the change, and be modelled to it.

I have mentioned the bleſſed Bennet: he ſo framed his rule, he ſays, as to make it rather an introduction to a devout life. And indeed, compared with ſome precedent inſtitutes, and with the practices of the holy fathers, his injunctions, it muſt be owned, are eaſy.

What ſo contrary to religion and the tranquil repoſe of the cloiſter as wine? It foments the paſſions, it breeds diſſentions, and it even can overpower in man that ſuperior reaſon, by which he excels the other beings of the creation, and approaches to the nature of his maker. Wine it is, which

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quàm ferè omnium refriguiſſe. Ut jam videlicet pro qualitate hominum ipſas propter homines ſcriptas vel mutari, vel temperare neceſſe ſit Regulas.

Cujus quidem diſcretionis ipſe quoque Beatus non immemor Benedictus; ita ſe Monaſticæ diſcretionis rigorem temperaſſe fateatur, ut deſcriptam à ſe Regulam, comparatione priorum inſtitutorum, non niſi quandam honeſtatis inſtitutionem, & quandam converſationis inchoationem reputet, dicens: " Regulam autem hanc deſcripſimus, ut hanc obſervantes aliquatenus vel ho-" neſtatem morum, aut initium converſationis nos demonſtremus habere. " Cæterum ad perfectionem converſationis qui feſtinat ſumat doctrinam ſanc-" torum Patrum, cujus obſervatio perducat hominem ad celſitudinem per-" fectionis." Item, " Quiſquis ergo ad cæleſtem patriam feſtinas hanc mini-" mam inchoationis Regulam, adjuvante Chriſto, perfice, & tunc demum ad " majora doctrinæ virtutumque culmina, Deo protegente, pervenies."—Qui, (ut ipſe ait) cùm legamus olim Sanctos Patres uno die Pſalterium explere ſolere, ita Pſalmodiam tepidis temperavit: ut in ipſa per Hebdomadam diſtributione Pſalmorum, minore ipſorum numero Monachi quam Clerici contenti ſint.

Quid etiam tam religioni quietique Monaſticæ contrarium eſt, quam quod luxuriæ fomentum maximè præſtat & tumultus excitat, atque ipſam Dei in nobis imaginem, qua præſtamus cæteris, id eſt rationem delet? Hoc autem vinum eſt, quod ſupra omnia victui pertinentia plurimum Scriptura damnoſum

which the ſcriptures ſo much condemn as dangerous, and warn us againſt its uſe. You know what is ſaid in the book of Proverbs; and Jerom, in his letter to Nepotian, on the duties of churchmen, is as ſevere againſt that pernicious liquor, and all others which can cauſe ebriety.

Yet

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aſſerit, & caveri admonet. De quo & maximus ille ſapientum in Proverbiis meminit, dicens: "Luxurioſa res vinum, & tumultuoſa ebrietas. Quicumque his delectatur, non erit ſapiens. Cui væ? cujus patri væ? cui rixæ? cui foveæ? cui ſine cauſa vulnera? cui ſuffuſio oculorum? nonne his, qui commorantur in vino, & ſtudent calicibus epotandis? Ne intuearis vinum quando flaveſcit, cùm ſplenduerit in vitro color ejus? Ingrediturblandè, ſed in noviſſimo mordebit, ut Coluber, & ſicut regulus venena diffundet. Oculi tui videbunt extraneas, & cor tuum loquetur perverſa. Et eris ſicut dormiens in medio mari, & quaſi ſopitus gubernator, amiſſo clavo: et dices: Verberaverunt me, ſed non dolui: traxerunt me, & ego non ſenſi: Quando evigilabo, & rurſus vina reperiam?" Item: "Noli Regibus, ô Lamuel, noli Regibus dare vinum; quia nullum ſecretum eſt, ubi regnat ebrietas, ne forte bibant & obliviſcantur judiciorum, & mutent cauſam filiorum pauperis." Et in Eccleſiaſtico ſcriptum eſt: Vinum & mulieres apoſtatare faciunt ſapientes, & arguunt ſenſatos." Ipſe quoque Hieronymus ad Nepotianum ſcribens de vita Clericorum, & quaſi graviter indignans, quòd Sacerdotes Legis ab omni, quod inebriare poteſt, abſtinentes, noſtros in hac abſtinentia ſuperent: "Nequaquam, inquit, vinum redoleas, ne audias illud Philoſophi: "Hoc non eſt oſculum porrigere, ſed vinum propinare." Vinolentos Sacerdotes & Apoſtolus damnat, & Lex vetus prohibet. "Qui altario deſerviunt, vinum & ſiceram non bibant." Sicera Hebræo ſermone omnis potio nuncupatur, quæ inebriare poteſt, ſive illa quæ fermento conficitur, ſive pomorum ſucco, aut favi decoquitur in dulcedinem, & herbarum potionem, aut palmarum fructus exprimuntur in liquorem, coctiſque frugibus aqua pinguior colatur. Quicquid inebriat, & ſtatum mentis evertit, fuge ſimiliter ut vinum.

Ecce

Yet does Bennet, that ſpiritual man, in conſideration of the imperfect character of the times, allow wine to his monks. " I could not perſuade them, ſays he, to abſtain " from its uſe." He had read, I preſume, of the great moderation of the holy fathers in the deſarts. It is related that, on a time, a ſolemn ſervice was celebrated on the mountain of abbot Anthony. Some wine was brought, out of which an old man filled a ſmall cup, and took it to abbot Siſoi, who was ſick. The good abbot drank of it once, and a ſecond time. But when the old man preſented it a third time, he refuſed it: " No, ſaid he, brother; that's " enough: don't you know that the devil is at the bottom." —There are many more ſuch anecdotes.

As

Ecce quod Regum deliciis interdicitur, Sacerdotibus penitus denegatur, & cibis omnibus periculoſius eſſe conſtat. Ipſe tamen tam ſpiritualis vir Beatus Benedictus diſpenſatione quadam præſentis ætatis indulgere Monachis cogitur. " Licet, inquit, legamus vinum Monachorum omnino non eſſe: ſed quia " noſtris temporibus hoc Monachis perſuaderi non poteſt, &c.

Legerat, ni fallor, quod in vitis Patrum ſcriptum eſt his verbis: " Narrave- " runt quidam Abbati Paſtori de quodam Monacho, quia nonbibebat vinum, " & dixit eis quia vinum Monachorum omnino non eſt." Item poſt aliqua: " Facta eſt aliquando celebratio Miſſarum in Monte Abbatis Anthonii, & in- " ventum eſt ibi cenidum vini. Et extollens unus de ſenibus parvum vas, " calicem portavit ad Abbatem Siſoi; & dedit ei. Et bibit ſemel & ſecundo, " & accepit, & bibit. Obtulit ei & tertio. Sed non accepit, dicens: Quieſce " frater, an neſcis quia eſt Sathanas?" Et iterum de Abbate Siſoi: " Dicit " ergo Abraham diſcipulis ejus: Si occurritur in Sabbatho & Dominica ad " Eccleſiam, & biberit tres calices, ne multum eſt? Et dixit ſenex, ſi non eſſet " Sathanas, non eſſet multum."

Ubi

As to fleſh-meat: where do we find that it was ever condemned by God, or prohibited by him to monks? Bennet, who was ſo indulgent on a more dangerous article, may well be copied here.—I wiſh to ſee a rational ſcheme adopted. In things that are indifferent, uſe no reſtraint. Why require duties which will not be complied with? Forbid ſin, and with that reſt ſatisfied. In food and raiment let the maxim be, to provide what is moſt cheap and common; to take what is neceſſary, and retrench the reſt.

Truly, thoſe things are of little value, which neither prepare us for the kingdom of God, nor at all recommend us to his mercy. Such are all external practices, which are common to the reprobate and the ſaint, to the hypocrite and the ſincere chriſtian. It was the diſtinction of external and internal works which made ſo wide a difference between the chriſtian

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Ubi unquam quæſo, carnes à Deo damnatæ ſunt vel Monachis interdictæ? Vide obſecro & attende, qua neceſſitate Regulam temperet in eo etiam quod periculoſius eſt Monachis, & quod eorum non eſſe noverit. Quia videlicet hujus abſtinentia temporibus ſuis Monachis jam perſuaderi non poterat.—Utinam eadem diſpenſatione, & in hoc tempore ageretur, ut videlicet in his, quæ media boni & mali atque indifferentia dicuntur, tale temperamentum fieret; ut quod jam perſuaderi non valet, profeſſio non exigeret, mediiſque omnibus ſine ſcandalo conceſſis, ſola interdici peccata ſufficeret; & ſic quoque in cibis, ſicut in veſtimentis diſpenſaretur, ut quod vilius comparari poſſet miniſtraretur, & per omnia neceſſitati, non ſuperfluitati conſuleretur.

Non enim magnopere ſunt curanda quæ nos regno Dei non preparant, vel quæ nos minimè Deo commendant. Hæc verò ſunt omnia quæ exterius geruntur, & æque reprobis ut dejectis, æquè hypocritis, ut religioſis communia ſunt. Nihil quippe inter Judæos & Chriſtianos ita ſeparat, ſicut exteriorum operum & interiorum diſcretio, præſertim cùm inter filios Dei & Diaboli ſola charitas diſcernat, quam plenitudinem legis & finem præcepti Apoſtolus vocat.

Unde

chriſtian and the Jew. The apoſtle determines charity to be the fulfilling and the end of the law; and it is by this virtue alone that the ſons of God are known from the ſons of the devil. He even utterly annuls the value of ſuch works to enhance the merit of faith and internal rectitude. Read his addreſs to the Jews in the epiſtle to the Romans.—

He

Unde & ipſe hanc operum gloriam prorſus extenuans, ut fidei præferat juſtitiam, Judæam alloquens dicit: " Ubi eſt gloriatio tua? excluſa eſt. Per quam " legem? factorum? Non, ſed per legem fidei. Arbitramur eum hominem " juſtificariper fidem ſine operibus Legis." Item, " Si enim Abraham ex " operibus juſtificatus eſt, habet gloriam, ſed non apud Deum. Quid enim " dicit ſcriptura? Credidit Abraham Deo, & reputatum eſt ei ad juſtitiam." Et rurſum: " Ei, inquit, qui non operatur, credenti autem in Deum qui " juſtificat impium, deputatur fides ejus ad juſtitiam, ſecundum propoſitum gratiæ Dei."—Idem etiam omnium ciborum eſum Chriſtianis indulgens, & ab his ea quæ juſtificant, diſtinguens, " Non eſt, inquit, regnum Dei eſca & " potus, ſed juſtitia & pax, & gaudium in Spiritu ſancto." Omnia quidem munda ſunt, ſed malum eſt homini, qui per offendiculum manducat. Bonum eſt non manducare carnem, & non bibere vinum, neque in quo frater tuus offendatur, aut ſcandalizetur, aut infirmetur. Non enim hoc loco ulla cibi comeſtio interdicitur, ſed comeſtionis offenſio: qua videlicet quidam ex converſis Judæis ſcandalizabantur, cum viderent ea quoque comedi quæ lex interdixerat. Quod quidem ſcandalum Apoſtolus etiam Petrus cupiens evitare, graviter ab ipſo eſt objurgatus, & ſalubriter correctus. Sicut ipſemet Paulus ad Galatas ſcribens, commemorat.—Qui rurſus Corinthiis ſcribens: " Eſca " autem nos non commendat Deo." Et rurſum, Omne quod in macello vænit, " manducate. Domini eſt terra & plenitudo ejus." Et ad Colloſſenſes: " Nemo ergo vos judicet in cibo aut in potu." Et poſt aliqua: " Si mortui " eſtis cum Chriſto ab elementis hujus mundi: quid adhuc tanquam viventes " in mundo decernitis? Ne tetigeritis neque guſtaveritis, neque contrectave- " ritis: quæ ſunt omnia in interitu ipſo Uſu ſecundum præcepta & doctrinas " hominum."—Elementa hujus mundi vocat prima Legis rudimenta, ſecundum carnales obſervantias, in quarum videlicet doctrina quaſi in addiſcendis literalibus

He permitted the uſe of all meats; it was only the danger of ſcandal which he adviſed to be avoided.—His writings every where inculcate theſe maxims.

And did not our Saviour himſelf, when he ſent out his diſciples to preach, uſe the ſame indulgence? If ever, caution was then peculiarly neceſſary: yet he told them to eat and drink whatever the hoſpitable kindneſs of their friends ſhould ſet before them. It is true, Paul foreſaw that the time would come, when men would depart from this diſcipline of his maſter and of himſelf. Thus he writes to Timothy: "The ſpirit ſaith plainly that, in the latter "times, ſome ſhall depart from the faith, giving ear to "the ſpirits of error, and to the doctrines of devils; for-"bidding to marry, commanding to abſtain from meats, "which

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libus elementis primò ſe mundus, id eſt, carnalis adhuc populus exercebat. Ab his quidem elementis, id eſt, carnalibus obſervantiis tam Chriſti, quàm ſuî, mortui ſunt; cùm nihil his debeant, jam non in hoc mundo viventes, hoc eſt inter carnales figuris intendentes, & decernentes, id eſt diſtinguentes quoſdam cibos, vel quaſlibet res ab aliis; atque ita dicentes: "Ne tetigeritis hæc "vel illa." Quæ ſcilicet tacta, vel guſtata, vel contrectata, inquit Apoſtolus, ſunt in interitu animæ ipſo ſuo uſu, quo videlicet ipſis ad aliquam etiam utimur humilitatem: ſecundum, inquam, præceptum & doctrinas hominum, id eſt carnalium, & legem carnaliter intelligentium, potius quam Chriſti vel ſuorum.

Hic enim cùm ad prædicandum ipſos deſtinaret Apoſtolos, ubi magis ipſi ab omnibus ſcandalis providendum erat, omnium tamen ciborum eſum eis ita indulſit, ut apud quoſcunque ſuſcipiantur hoſpitio, ita, ſicut illi victitent, edentes ſcilicet & bibentes quæ apud illos ſunt. Ab hac profecto Dominica ſuaque diſciplina illos receſſuros ipſe jam Paulus per Spiritum providebat. De quibus ad Timotheum ſcribit dicens: "Spiritus aurem manifeſtè dicit, quia "in noviſſimis temporibus diſcedent quidam à fide, attendentes ſpiritibus er-"roris, & doctrinis dæmoniorum in hypocriſi loquentium mendacium, pro-"hibentium

" which God created to be received with thanſgiving by " them who believe, and who know the truth. For every " creature of God is good, and nothing is to be rejected, " which is taken with thankſgiving."

If external appearances be regarded, John and his diſciples, with their wonderful abſtinence and macerations, may be preferred to Chriſt and his apoſtles. They themſelves ſeemed conſcious of a ſuperiority, when murmurring they ſaid; " Why do we and the Phariſees faſt ſo much, while thy diſciples do not faſt?"—St. Auſtin is full upon this matter; and reflecting how much the reality exceeded the ſemblance of virtue, he boldly pronounces that external actions ſuperadd nothing to the merit of our internal diſpoſitions. I refer you to his writings.

Virtue

" hibentium nubere, abſtinere à cibis, quos Deus creavit ad percipiendum " cum gratiarum actione fidelibus, & his qui cognoverunt veritatem; quia " omnis creatura Dei bona, & nihil rejiciendum quod cum gratiarum actione " percipitur. Sanctificatur enim per verbum Dei & orationem. Hæc propo- " nens fratribus, bonus eris miniſter Chriſti Jeſu, enutritus verbis fidei, & bo- " næ doctrinæ, quam aſſecutus es."

Quis denique Joannem, ejuſque diſcipulos abſtinentia nimia ſemacerantes ipſi Chriſto ejuſque diſcipulis in Religione non præferat, ſi corporalem oculum ad exterioris abſtinentiæ intendat exhibitionem? De quo etiam ipſi diſcipuli Joannis adverſus Chriſtum, & ſuos murmurantes, tanquam adhuc in exterioribus Judaizantes, ipſum interrogaverunt Dominum, dicentes: " Quare nos " & Phariſæi jejunamus frequenter, diſcipuli autem tui non jejunant?"—Quod diligenter attendens beatus Auguſtinus, & quid inter virtutem & virtutis exhibitionem referat attendens, ita quæ fiunt exteriùs penſat, ut nihil meritis ſuperaddant opera. Ait quippe ſic in Libro de bono conjugali: " Continentia, " non corporis, ſed animæ virtus eſt. Virtutes autem animi aliqunando in " corpore manifeſtantur, aliquando in habitu: ſicut Martyrum virtus appa- " ruit in tolerando paſſiones." Item. " Jam enim erat in Job patientia,

Virtue alone is pleaſing in the ſight of God. They who equally poſſeſs it, will from his hands receive the ſame reward, though their actions may widely vary. It will be the employment then of the true chriſtian to attend to his heart; there to plant the ſeeds of virtue, and from it to eradicate vice. What may be the ſhew of his actions; he will be little ſolicitous.—We read that the apoſtles, even in the company of their maſter, were ſo ruſtic and

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" quam noverat Dominus, & cui teſtimonium perhibebat, ſed hominibus in-
" notuit tentationis examine." Item: " Verum, ut apertiùs intelligatur,
" quomodo ſit virtus in habitu, etiam ſi non ſit in opere, loquor de exemplo,
" de quo nullus dubitat Catholicorum. Dominus Jeſus quod in veritate car-
" nis eſurieret, & ſitierit, & munducaverit, & biberit, Nullus ambigit eorum
" qui ex ejus Evangelio fideles ſunt. Num igitur non erat in illo continentiæ
" virtus à cibo & potu, quanta erat in Joanne Baptiſta? Venit enim Joannes
" non manducans & bibens, & dixerunt: Dæmonium habet. Venit filius ho-
" minis manducans & bibens, & dixerunt: Ecce homo vorax, & potator vini,
" amicus Publicanorum & Peccatorum." Item: " Deinde ibi ſubjecit, cùm
" de Joanne ac de ſe illa dixiſſet: Juſtificata eſt Sapientia à filiis ſuis, qui vir-
" tutem continentiæ vident in habitu animi ſemper eſſe debere: in opere
" autem, pro rerum ac temporum oportunitate, manifeſtari, ſicut virtus pati-
" entiæ Sanctorum Martyrum." Quo circa, ſicut non eſt impar meritum patientiæ in Petro, qui paſſus eſt, & in Joanne qui paſſus non eſt: ſic non eſt impar meritum continentiæ in Joanne, qui nullas expertus eſt nuptias; & in Abraham, qui filios generavit. Et illius enim Cælibatus, & illius Connubium, pro diſtributione temporum, Chriſto militaverunt. Sed continentiam Joannes & in opere, Abraham vero in ſolo habitu habebat.

Illo itaque tempore cùm & lex dies Patriarcharum ſubſequens maledictum dixit, qui non excitaret ſemen in Iſraël: et qui non poterat, non promebat, ſed tamen habebat. Ex quo autem venit plenitudo temporis ut diceretur, " qui
" poteſt capere capiat; qui habet, operetur, qui operari noluerit, non ſe ha-
" bere mentiatur." Ex his liquidè verbis colligitur ſolas apud Deum merita virtutes obtinere, & quicunque virtutibus pares ſunt, quantumcumque diſtent operibus,

and ill-bred that, regardleſs of common decorum, as they paſſed through the corn fields, they plucked the ears, and ate them, like children. Nor did they waſh their hands before they ſat down to table. "To eat with unwaſhed "hands," ſaid our Saviour to thoſe who were offended, "doth not defile a man." And he inſtantly added what thoſe things were which bring defilement with them; "Evil "thoughts, homicides, adulteries," &c. "theſe come from "the heart, and they defile a man." If the mind be not previouſly corrupted, that is, if the will be not vicious, no actions can be bad. That is the ſource of evil.

If

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operibus, æqualiter ab ipſo promereri. Unde quicumque ſunt verè Chriſtiani, ſic toti circa interiorem hominem ſunt occupati, ut eum ſcilicet virtutibus ornent, ac vitiis mundent: ut de exteriori nullam, vel minimam aſſumant curam. —Unde & ipſos legimus Apoſtolos ita ruſticanè, & velut inhoneſtè, in ipſo etiam Domini comitatu ſe habuiſſe, ut velut omnis reverentiæ atque honeſtatis obliti, cùm per ſata tranſirent ſpicas vellere, fabricare, & comedere, more puerorum, non erubeſcerent. Nec de ipſa etiam manuum ablutione, cùm cibos eſſent accepturi, ſollicitos eſſe. Qui cum à nonnullis, quaſi de immunditia, arguerentur, eos Dominus excuſans: "Non lotis, inquit, manibus "manducare non coinquinat hominem." Ubi & ſtatim generaliter adjecit, ex nullis exterioribus animam inquinari; ſed ex his tantum quæ de corde prodeunt, "Quæ ſunt, inquit, cogitationes, adulteria, homicidia," &c. Niſi enim priùs prava voluntate animus corrumpatur, peccatum eſſe non poterit quicquid exteriùs agatur in corpore. Unde & bene ipſa quoque adulteria ſive homicidia ex corde procedere dicit, quæ & ſine tactu corporum perpetrantur, juxta illud: "Quï viderit mulierem ad concupiſcendam eam, jam mœchatus "eſt in corde ſuo. Et omnis qui odit fratrem ſuum, homicida eſt." Et tactis vel læſis corporibus minimè peraguntur, quando videlicet per violentiam opprimitur aliqua, vel per juſtitiam coactus judex interficit, reum. "Omnis quippe "homicida (ſicut ſcriptum eſt) non habet partem in regno Dei."

If we be ſtudious to pleaſe him, who is the ſearcher of hearts, and who reads our ſecrets, it is the motive of our actions that we ſhall be careful to regulate. The widow's mite was more acceptable than all the ſplendid offerings of the rich. He, who does not need our ſervices, regards the intention and not the gift. "The Lord looked kindly on "Abel and his offerings:" he ſaw the diſpoſition with which he came, and he was well pleaſed. The diſpoſition is more grateful to heaven, when the action which accompanies it engages leſs of our attention.

Let us then determine to learn chriſtian prudence, and to imitate rather Jacob, who entertained his father with a diſh of homely food, while Eſau was beating the woods in queſt of

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Non itaque magnopere quæ fiunt, ſed quo animo fiant, penſandum eſt, ſi illi placere ſtudemus, qui cordis & renum probator eſt, & in abſcondito videt, qui judicabit acculta hominum. "Paulus, inquit, ſecundum Evangelium "meum," hoc eſt, ſecundum meæ prædicationis doctrinam. Unde & modica viduæ oblatio, quæ fuit duo minuta, id eſt quadrans, omnium divitum oblationibus copioſis prælata eſt, ab illo cui dicitur: "Bonorum meorum non "eges," cui magis oblatio ex offerente, quam offerens placet ex oblatione, ſicut ſcriptum eſt: "Reſpexit Dominus ad Abel, & ad munera ejus." Ut videlicet priùs devotionem offerentis inſpiceret, & ſic ex ipſo donum oblatum gratum haberet. Quæ quidem animi devotio tanto major in Deo habetur, quanto in exterioribus, quæ fiant, minus confidimus.—Unde & Apoſtolus poſt communem ciborum indulgentiam, de qua, ut ſupra meminimus, Timotheo ſcribit, de exercitio quoque corporalis laboris adjunxit, dicens: "Exerce "autem teipſum ad pietatem. Nam corporalis exercitatio admodum utilis "eſt. Pietas autem ad omnia utilis eſt, promiſſionem habens vitæ quæ nunc "eſt, & futuræ: quoniam pia mentis in Deum devotio, & hic ab ipſo meretur "neceſſaria, & in futuro perpetua."

Quibus quidem documentis quid aliud docemur, quam Chriſtianè ſapere, & cum Jacob de domeſticis animalibus refectionem patri providere? Non cum Eſau

of rarities. I love nŏt Phariſaical maxims. David ſays: " The vows I make to thee, O Lord, are within my heart, " from thence I will praiſe thee." And does not the poet Perſius ſay; " Ne te quæſiveris extra:"—Look not for thyſelf from home?

It wonld be endleſs to quote the opinions of all thoſe authors, profane and ſacred, who ſhew us the inſignificancy of outward performances. The contrary doctrine would tend to bring back Judaiſm; to ſubſtitute the works of the law, and its intolerable ſlavery, for the liberty of the goſpel, and to the ſweet yoke of Chriſt, and his light burthen. Yet our Saviour himſelf called us to this new profeſſion. We know what, in " the Acts of the Apoſtles," was ſaid to thoſe unwiſe chriſtians, who wiſhed to retain the practices of the law.

Do

Eſau de ſilveſtribus curam ſumere, & in exterioribus Judaïzare. Hinc & illud eſt Pſalmiſtæ: " In me ſunt Deus vota tua, quæ reddam laudationes tibi." Ad hoc quoque illud adjunge Poeticum.

Ne te quæſiveris extra.

Multa ſunt & innumerabilia tam Sæcularium, quam Eccleſiaſticorum Doctorum teſtimonia, quibus ea quæ ſunt exterius, & indifferentia vocantur, non magnopere curanda eſſe docemur. Alioquin legis opera, & ſervitutis ejus, ſicut ait Petrus, importabile jugum, Evangelicæ libertati eſſet præferendum, & ſuavi jugo Chriſti, & ejus oneri levi. Ad quod quidem ſuave jugum & onus leve per ſemetipſum Chriſtus nos invitans: " Venite, inquit, qui laboratis " & onerati eſtis." Unde & prædictus Apoſtolus quoſdam jam ad Chriſtum converſos, ſed adhuc opera legis retinere cenſentes vehementer objurgans, ſicut in Actibus Apoſtolorum ſcriptum eſt, ait: " Viri fratres, quid tentatis " Deum, imponere jugum ſuper cervicem diſcipulorum, quod neque patres " noſtri, neque nos portare potuimus: ſed per gratiam Domini Jeſu credimus ſalvari, quemadmodum & illi?

Et

Do you then, Abeillard, follow Chriſt in his indulgent maxims; imitate that apoſtle, whoſe name you bear, proportioning your precepts to the weakneſs of our nature. Allow us ample time to celebrate the praiſes of our maker. This is the ſacrifice which is moſt pleaſing to him. He rejected the fleſh of bulls and the blood of goats; but the offering of praiſe he accepted, and he liſtened to the vows of the heart.

Conclude not, however, that it is my wiſh to diſcard all manual labour, even when it may ſeem neceſſary. My meaning is, that things which regard the body, and which ſtand in the way of ſpiritual duties, ſhould not be held in much eſtimation. This I can the more inſiſt on, becauſe in the apoſtolic age it was allowed, that widows and devout women ſhould be maintained at the public coſt. They truly may be denominated widows, not only who have loſt their huſbands,

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Et tu ipſe, obſecro, non ſolum Chriſti, verum etiam hujus imitator Apoſtoli, diſcretione ſicut & nomine, ſic operum præcepta moderare, ut infirmæ convenit naturæ, & ut divinæ laudis plurimum vacare poſſimus officiis. Quam quidem hoſtiam, exterioribus omnibus ſacrificiis reprobatis, Dominus commendans ait; " Si eſuriero, non dicam tibi: meus eſt enim orbis terræ, & pleni-" tudo ejus. Nunquid manducabo carnes taurorum, aut ſanguinem hircorum " potabo? Immola Deo ſacrificium laudis, & redde Altiſſimo vota tua, & invoca " me in die tribulationis, & eruam te, & honorificabis me.

Nec id quidem ita loquimur, ut laborem operum corporalium reſpuamus, cum neceſſitas poſtulaverit. Sed ne iſta magna putemus, quæ corpori ſerviunt, & officii divini celebrationem præpediunt; præſertim cum ex authoritate Apoſtolica id præcipuè devotis indultum ſit fæminis, ut alienæ procurationis ſuſtententur officiis magis, quam de opere proprii laboris. Unde ad Timotheum Paulus: " Si quis fidelis habet viduas, ſubminiſtret illis, & " non gravetur Eccleſia, ut his, quæ veræ viduæ ſunt, ſufficiat."—Veras quippè

huſbands, but who have renounced the world. Theſe it is but equitable the church ſhould ſupport. Our Saviour before his death appointed a ſteward for his mother: and ſeven deacons were afterwards choſen to attend to thoſe good women, who were particularly conſecrated to God.

Paul, it is true, writing to the Theſſalonians, very ſeverely blamed ſome who led a liſtleſs and idle life; he ordered that he who would not work might ſtarve. Our holy Bennet likewiſe, that idleneſs mignt be avoided, enjoined manual labour. But tell me; was Mary idle, when, ſitting at the feet of Chriſt, ſhe liſtened to his words? Martha, in the mean time, worked for both, and envious of her ſiſter's repoſe ſhe murmurred, as if ſhe only had to bear the heavy burden of the day.

The ſame murmuring is now often heared. It comes from thoſe who, engaged in the buſineſs of the world, are yet required to ſupport the miniſters of the altar. They complain

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quippè viduas dicit quaſcumque Chriſto devotas, quibus non ſolum maritus mortuus eſt, verum ect mundus crucifixus eſt, & ipſæ mundo. Quas rectè de diſpendiis Eccleſiæ, tanquam de propriis Sponſi ſui redditibus, ſuſtentari convenit. Unde & Dominus ipſe matri ſuæ procuratorem Apoſtolum, potius quam virum ejus prævidit, & Apoſtoli ſeptem Diaconos, id eſt Eccleſiæ miniſtros, qui devotis miniſtrarent fæminis, inſtituerunt.

Scimus quidem & Apoſtolum Theſſalonicenſibus ſcribentem, quoſdam otioſè vel curioſè viventes adeò conſtrinxiſſe, ut præciperet quoniam ſi quis non vult operari, non manducet: et Beatum Benedictum maximè pro otioſitate vitanda opera manuum injunxiſſe. Sed nunquid Maria otioſè ſedebat, ut verba Chriſti audiret? Martha tam ei quam Domino laborante, & de quiete ſororis tanquam invida murmurante, quaſi quæ ſola pondus diei & æſtus portaverit?

Unde & hodie frequenter murmurare eos cernimus, qui in exterioribus laborant, cum his qui divinis occupati ſunt officiis terrena miniſtrant. Et ſæpe de his,

complain leſs of the extortions of a tyrant, than of what they contribute to maintain thoſe, whom they pleaſe to call lazy and uſeleſs drones. Yet they know that their occupation is, not to hear only the words of Chriſt, but to meditate on them, and to ſing the praiſes of his name. Is it much to ſupply a few earthly goods for the many ſpiritual advantages given in return? And the ſlaves of the world ſhall deem it diſhonourable to ſerve the children of heaven! Under the old law, the liberty of repoſe was ſanctioned to the tribe of Levi. They enjoyed no landed property, that nothing might with-hold them from their functions; and they were ſupported by the labour and contributions of their brethren.

Should you reſolve, on the article of faſting, to add any thing to the general diſcipline of the church; I beg you will weigh it maturely, and conſider how far it may be proper for us. In my opinion, the great chriſtian faſt is rather to abſtain from ſin.—In the diſtribution of our church ſervice, and in the arrangement of our prayers, be likewiſe as indulgent

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his, quæ tyranni rapiunt, minus conqueruntur, quam quæ deſidioſis (ut aiunt) iſtis & otioſis exſolvere coguntur. Quos tamen non ſolum verba Chriſti audire, verum etiam in his aſſiduè legendis & decantandis occupatos conſiderant eſſe. Nec attendunt non eſſe magnum, ut ait Apoſtolus, ſi eis communicent corporalia, à quibus expectant ſpiritualia. Nec indignum eſſe, ut qui terrenis intendunt, his, qui ſpiritualibus occupantur, deſerviant. Hinc et enim ex ipſa quoque legis ſanctione Miniſtris Eccleſiæ hæc ſalubris otii libertas conceſſa, ut tribus Levi nihil hæreditatis terrenæ perciperet, quo expeditius Domino deſerviret: ſed de labore aliorum decimas & oblationes ſuſciperet.

De abſtinentia quoque jejuniornm, quam magis vitiorum quam ciborum Chriſtiani appetunt, ſi quid Eccleſiæ inſtitutioni ſuperaddi decreveris, deliberandum eſt, & quod nobis expedit, inſtituendem.—Maximè vero de officiis Eccleſiaſticis, & de ordininatione Pſalmorum providendum eſt: ut in hoc ſaltem, ſi pla-

indulgent as you can. Oblige us not often to repeat the ſame pſalms. Bennet, our founder, was ſo little opinionated, as to permit his ſucceſſors, on this head, to make any changes they might chuſe. In proceſs of time, as the ſplendour of the church ſhould increaſe, he knew that alterations might be expedient.—Above all things, we wiſh you ſo to ſettle our night ſervice, that no prieſt or deacon be admitted amongſt us at that unſeaſonable hour. It becomes us, at all times, to be ſecluded from the ſight and approach of your ſex. Our buſineſs is with heaven; and let us be on our guard againſt every danger.

It is now, Sir, your duty, while God gives you life, to make ſuch regulations for us, as may be binding on the Paraclet for ever. You, under him, are the founder of this houſe: be alſo, with him, our legiſlator. When you are

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ſi placet; noſtram exoneres infirmitatem. Ne cum Pſalterium per hebdomadam expleamus, eoſdem neceſſe ſit Pſalmos repeti. Quam etiam Beatus Benedictus, cum eam pro viſu ſuo diſtribuiſſet, in aliorum quoque actione ſua id reliquit admonitio: ut ſi cui melius videretur, aliter ipſos ordinaret. Attendens videlicet, quod per temporum ſucceſſionem Eccleſiæ decor creverit, & quæ priùs rude ſuſceperat fundamentum, poſtmodum ædificii nacta eſt ornamentum.—Illud autem præ omnibus definire te volumus, quid de Evangelica lectione in vigiliis nocturnis nobis agendum ſit. Periculoſum quippe videtur eo tempore ad nos Sacerdotes aut Diaconos admitti, per quos hæc lectio recitetur, quas præcipuè ab omni hominum acceſſu atque aſpectu ſegregatas eſſe convenit: tum ut ſinceriùs Deo vacare poſſimus, tum etiam ut à tentatione tutiores ſimus.

Tibi nunc domine, dum vivis, incumbit inſtituere de nobis, quid in perpetuum tenendum ſit nobis. Tu quippè poſt Deum, hujus loci fundator, tu

are gone, we may have a teacher, who will be diſpoſed to build on another foundation. For us, we fear, he may be leſs ſolicitous; or we may be leſs attentive to him. Should he be willing to ſerve us, as you are; are we ſure he will be equally capable? Do you ſpeak to us, and we will hear. —Farewell.

Abeillard's reply to this letter is itſelf a volume; I therefore cannot inſert it, nor would it be read if I were. It is dry and unintereſting, as it is prolix.

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per Deum noſtræ congregationis es plantator, tu cum Deo noſtræ ſis religionis inſtitutor. Præceptòrem alium poſt te fortaſſis babituræ ſumus, & qui ſuper alienum aliquid ædificet fundamentum. Ideòque veremur de nobis minus futurus ſollicitus, vel à nobis minus audiendus, & qui denique, ſi æquè velit, non æquè poſſit. Loquere tu nobis, & audiemus. Vale

FINIS.

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